★ Aug.31,1957

Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER

the label to ask for
LONDON
DAVIDOW
NEW YORK

Lanella **checkmates** our Haberdasher®.. a winning manoeuvre everytime you play for a smartly classic look. Imported Swiss Lanella®, a soft blend of wool and cotton that's completely washable. Rolled sleeve shirtwaist, softened with unpressed pleated skirt. Red or blue checks. Misses' sizes 8 to 16. **39.95.**

Peck *and* Peck

MARIA MARTEL

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 2. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Separate Tables—Reopens Monday evening, Sept. 2, with Eric Portman and Geraldine Page again playing the leads. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Simply Heavenly—A Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Claudia McNeil are among the principals in this recent transplant from West 85th Street. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

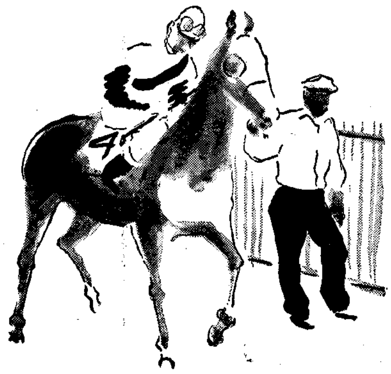
The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Darren McGavin and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard is superlative in the leading role. Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, Sibyl Bowan, and Edward Andrews are also in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.)

Long Runs—**no time for sergeants:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. Now with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Royal Beal, Howard Freeman, and Tucker Ashworth. Wynne Pearce will succeed Mr. Hohman on Monday, Sept. 2. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day. Closes Saturday, Sept. 14.)

MUSICALS

Happy Hunting—The presence of Ethel Merman is just about all the welcome news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Jan Norris, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Betty Garrett and Larry Parks are substituting for two weeks for Judy Holliday and Sydney Chaplin in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)... **damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." At present, Devra Korwin is the lady from Hell, Nathaniel Frey her sinister boss, and Ralph Lowe her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)... **li'l abner:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Edith Adams, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)... **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare (filling in for Rex Harrison, who will return on Monday, Sept. 2) and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—"Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and—except Sept. 1—8:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York Summer Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Macbeth," with Colleen Dewhurst, Roy Poole, and John McLiam, presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. The final production of the season. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Nightly, except Labor Day, at 8:30. Through Wednesday, Sept. 4.)

Theatre Under the Stars—Through Sunday, Sept. 1: A jazz concert by Lionel Hampton and his band, Dave Brubeck's quartet, George Shearing's sextet, Erroll Garner's trio, and Billie Holiday.... ¶ Starting Tuesday, Sept. 3 (with a preview Monday, Sept. 2): Gian-Carlo Menotti's musical drama "The Consul," with Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

Ice Show—The eighteenth edition of "Ice Capades," this one with Ronnie Robertson, Cathie Machado, and Bobby Specht. Included are such production numbers as refrigerated versions of "Carmen" and "Madame But-

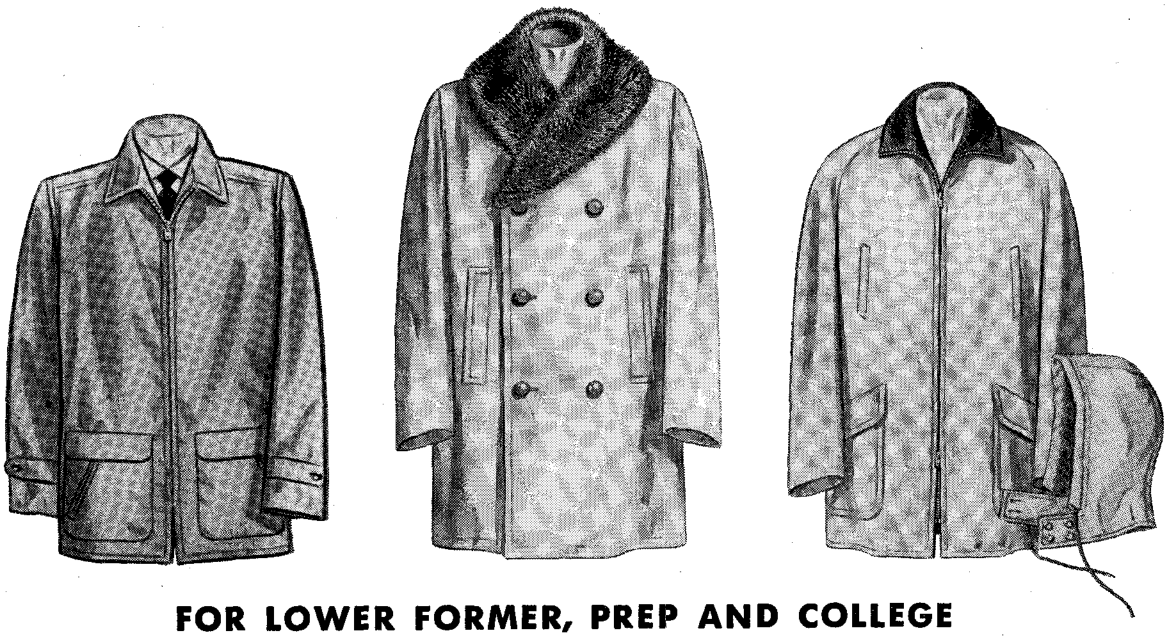
Page
BOOKS 79
THE CURRENT CINEMA 52
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 68
THE RACE TRACK 67

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 28, August 31, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



FOR LOWER FORMER, PREP AND COLLEGE
an unusual selection of attractive, practical outerwear

We are now ready with the most comprehensive selection of warm, rugged outerwear for boys of all ages we have ever offered...all of it styled for us, and made exclusively for us. Included are tweed coats with red wool linings, Duffle coats, two-in-one coats with zip-out Alpaca linings, reversibles of green loden cloth and others. Shown are:

(left) *Short jacket of water-repellent heavy cotton, with zip-in sleeve and body lining of Alpaca, knitted wristlets, and detachable hood. Tan or navy. Even sizes 6 to 12, $26; 14 to 20, $32*

(center) *Good-looking new outercoat of water-repellent heavy tan cotton with raccoon collar. Completely lined with warm Orlon* pile. Even sizes 36 to 42, $85*

(right) *Knee-length outercoat of water-repellent heavy tan cotton, with Alpaca body lining, quilted sleeve lining, knitted wristlets and detachable Alpaca lined hood. Even sizes 14 to 20, $35; 36 to 42, $45*

*Du Pont's fiber

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

terfly" and a salute to Gershwin. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 4, and will rún through Sunday, Sept. 15. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ANDOVER—Through Sunday, Sept 1 (final performances of the season): Henry Morgan in "The Father of the Bride." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 6 and 9.)

BEVERLY—Through Saturday, Sept. 7: "The King and I." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

CLINTON—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Wedding Night." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Sept. 7 (final performances of the season): Lillian Roth in "Lady in the Dark." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Monday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Janus." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Sunday and Monday at 3.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): Peggy Wood in "Jane." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30. A free performance of "Lysistrata" will be presented by the American Theatre Wing Summer Workshop on Friday, Aug. 30, at 2:30.)

FALMOUTH—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Time Out for Ginger." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

FITCHBURG—Through Sunday, Sept. 1: "Tobacco Road." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-8: "An Evening with Guy Palmerton." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): "Oklahoma!" (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

HYDE PARK—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): Sam Levene in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 6 and 9.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final regular performances of the season): Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Sunday, Sept. 1 (special performances): Magic by Fred Keating. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: "The Gypsy Baron." Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 4-7 (final performances of the season): "Don Pasquale." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, Sept. 8: Olsen and Johnson in "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

MAHOPAC—Through Sunday, Sept. 1. "The Pajama Game." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-8 (final performances of the season): "The Boy Friend." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

MATUNUCK—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Groucho Marx in "Time for Elizabeth." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

MONMOUTH—The American Savoyards in the final performances of a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 31: "The Gondoliers." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7: "Princess Ida." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: Mony Dalmes and Francis Lederer in "The Dazzling Hour." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7: Kim Hunter in "A Hatful of Rain." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

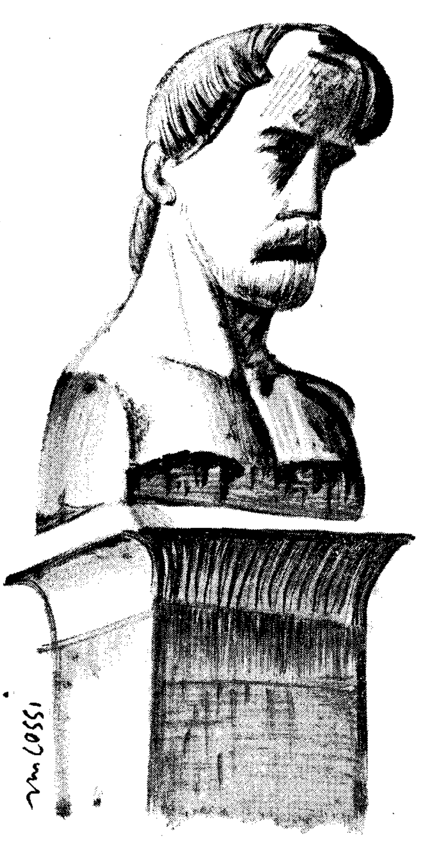
NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: Frances Farmer in "The Jamison Affair," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7: T. C. Jones in "Mask and Gown," a new revue. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: "The Pajama Game." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7 (final performances of the season): Peggy Wood in "Jane." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Janus." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): "Liliom." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly at 8:40.)

* * *



STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Giuseppe Mazzini

RYE—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "South Pacific." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 5:30 and 9.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: "The Reluctant Debutante." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7 (final performances of the season): "Gramercy Ghost." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): "The Reluctant Debutante." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

STRATFORD—"Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Thursday evening, Aug. 29; Saturday matinée, Aug. 31. Wednesday evening, Sept. 4; and Saturday evening, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Much Ado About Nothing," with Katharine Hepburn and Alfred Drake: Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 30-31; Tuesday evening, Sept. 3; Thursday evening, Sept. 5; and Sunday matinée, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Sunday matinée, Sept. 1; Wednesday matinée, Sept. 4; Friday evening, Sept. 6; and Saturday matinée, Sept. 7. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call WA 5-1378.)

WALLINGFORD—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: "Kiss Me, Kate." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

WESTBURY—Through Sunday, Sept. 1: "Mr. Wonderful." Starting Tuesday, Sept. 3: Jeffrey Lynn in "Plain and Fancy." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: Celeste Holm in "Back to Methuselah." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 2-7: Gloria Vanderbilt and Philip Bourneuf in "The Minotaur," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. The John Butler Dance Theatre will present a recital on Saturday, Aug. 31, at 2:30. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Inherit the Wind." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40, and Sunday at 7:30.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Benjamin Harkarvy Ballet Company, Lotte Goslar, Carlos Antonio Fernandez, and Wisnu and Bagong. (Lee, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

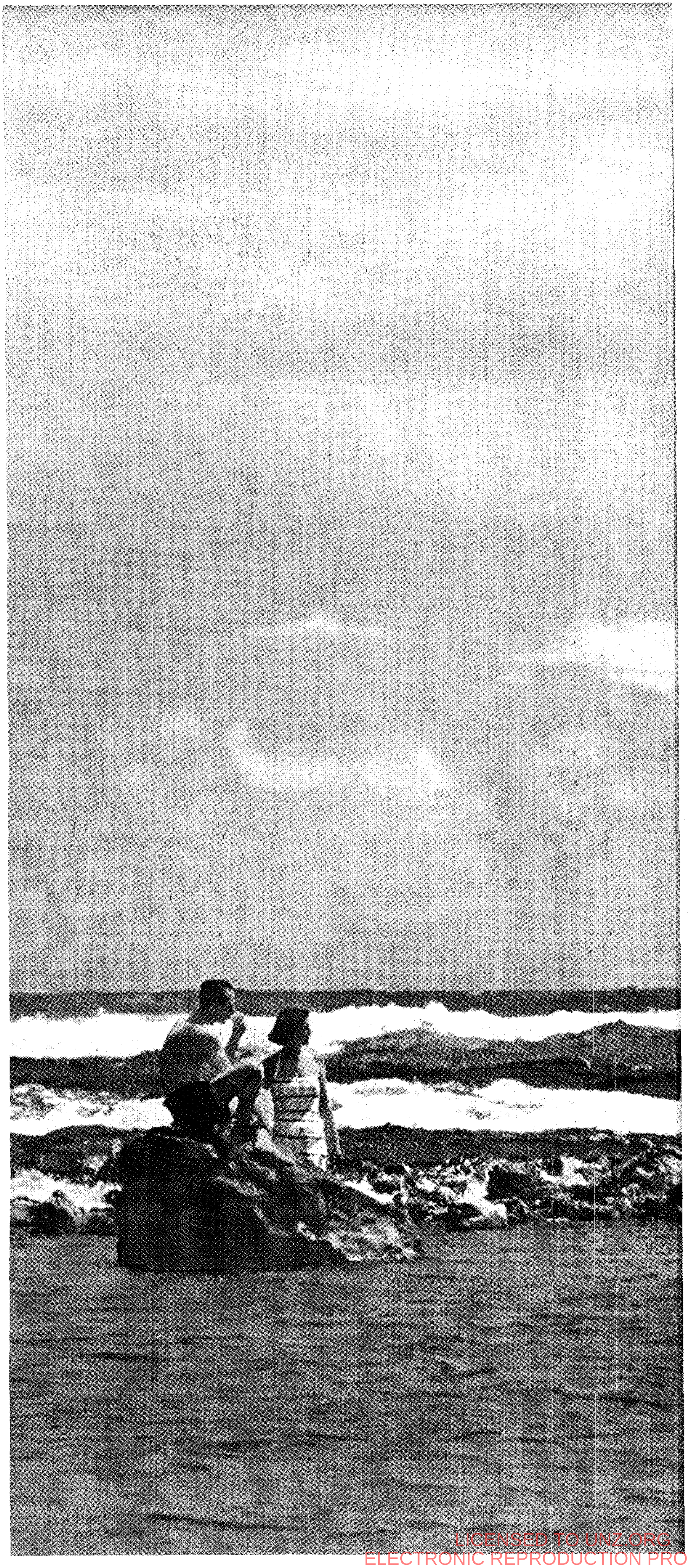
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Summer comes to an end on Tuesday, Sept. 3, for the winter sports who like to hibernate in the Embassy Club. They'll find this bit of Park Avenue functioning unchanged—dinner music until ten, dance music (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band) thereafter. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every



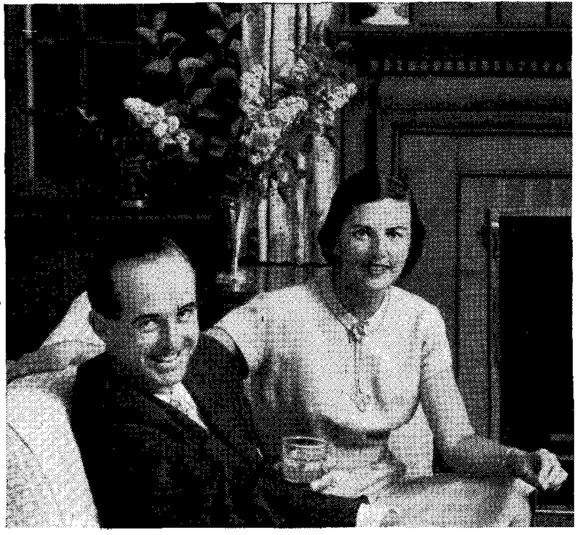
"We learned about rum in Puerto Rico—and brought the good news back to Darien,"

say Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Van Vleck

"Lee and I had always thought that rum was a drink for sailors, to warm their cockles," says Elliott Van Vleck.

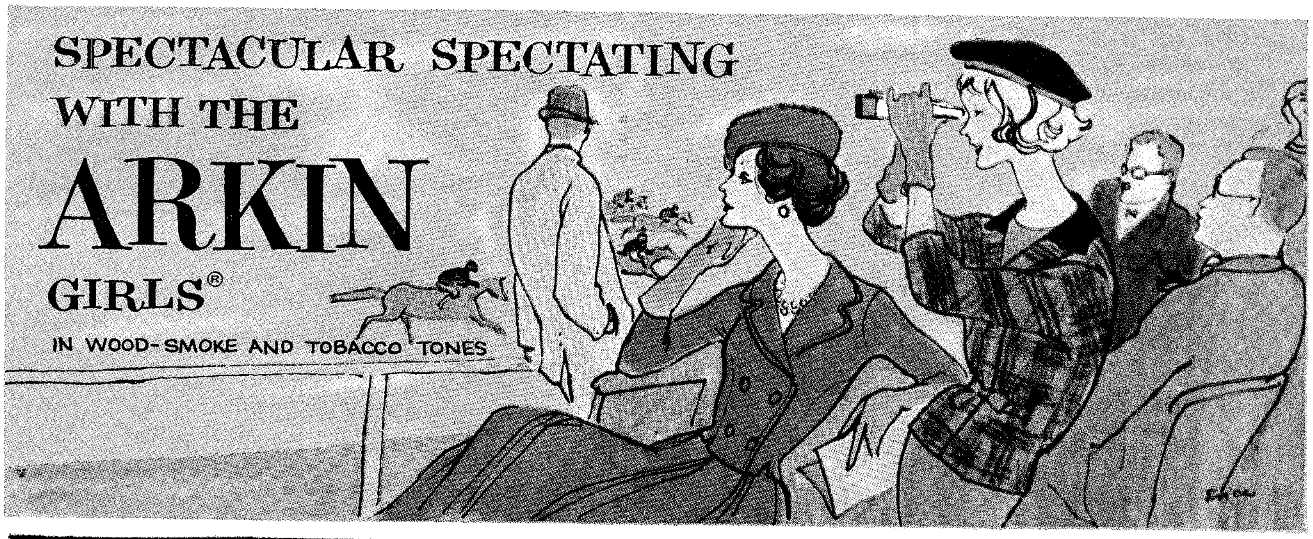
"But a friend of ours in San Juan gave us rum-on-the-*rocks* and we liked it enormously. The picture will give you some idea. This Puerto Rican rum looks like white wine. And it tastes like sunlight on snow—*dry* and *brilliant.*

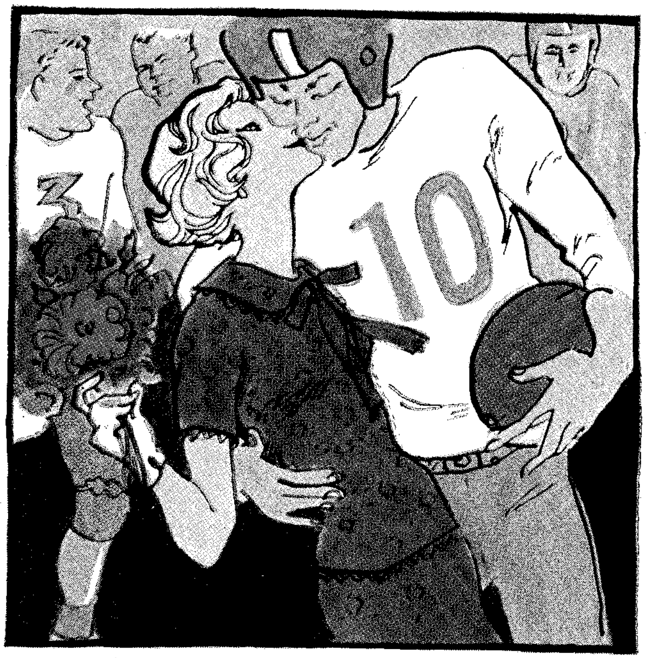
"Puerto Rico is really great—as close to paradise as man will ever see."



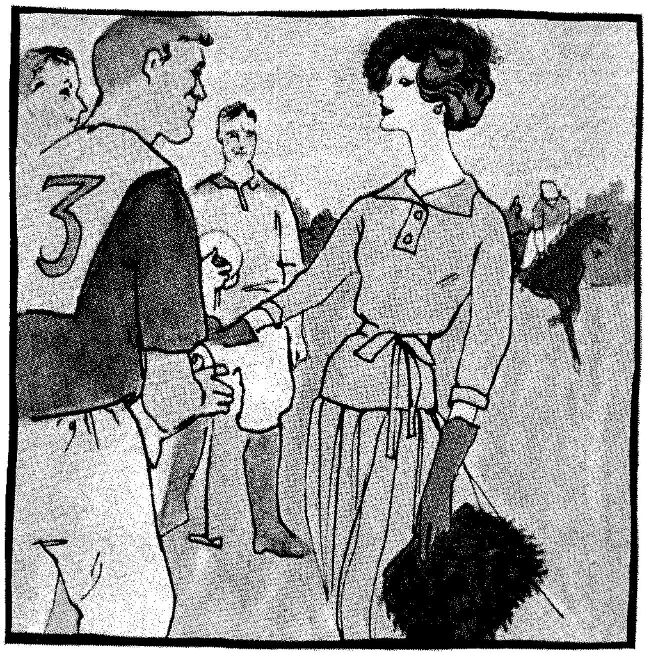
Back home in Darien, the Van Vlecks serve and enjoy their new drink discovery—rum-on-the-rocks.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Economic Development Administration, 579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

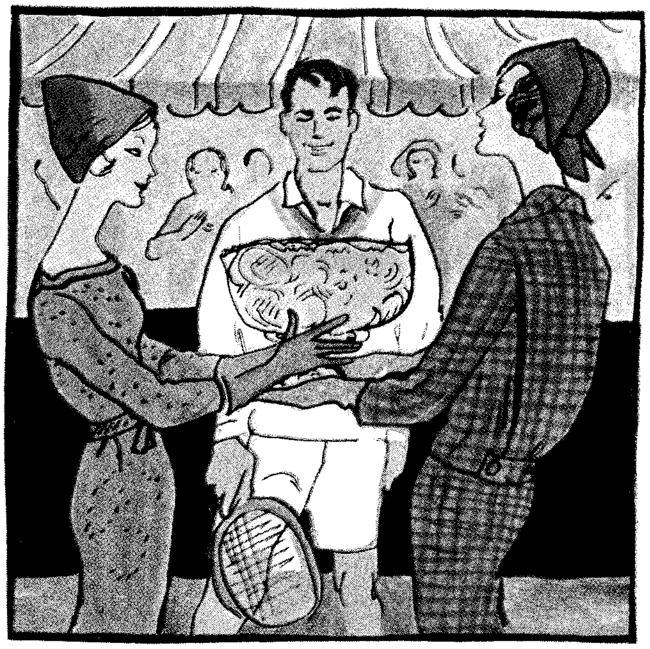

SPECTACULAR SPECTATING
WITH THE
ARKIN
GIRLS®
IN WOOD-SMOKE AND TOBACCO TONES



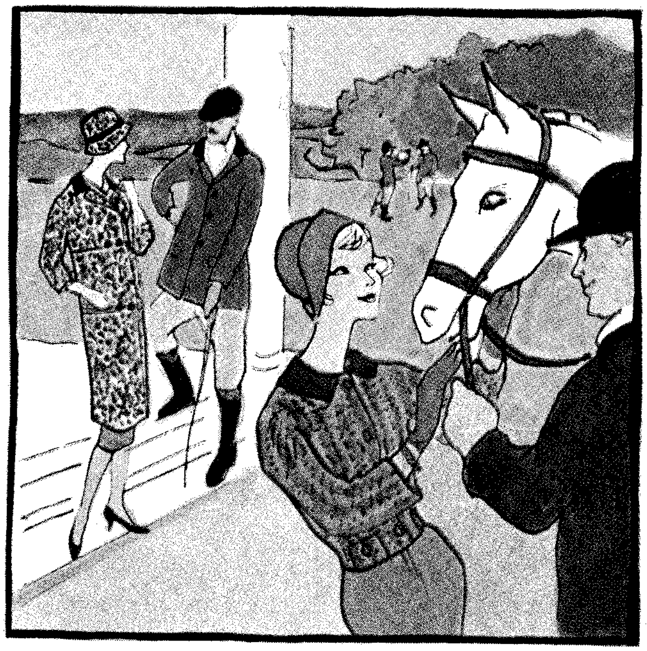
TOUCHDOWN AT SOLDIER'S FIELD, CAMBRIDGE



RECOGNITION AT THE OAK BROOK POLO CLUB, CHICAGO



REWARD AT FOREST HILLS, LONG ISLAND



INSPECTION AT THE WARRENTON HUNT, VIRGINIA

You'll find the Arkin Girls' wardrobes are in your favorite store or write The Arkins, 530 Seventh Ave., New York 18. Lee (the brunette) wears **Leonard Arkin's** couturier fashions. Andie (the blonde) wears **Andrew Arkin Petites.**

(Advertisement)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly deluxe operation, where also, except Sundays, Renato Rossini plucks a guitar that speaks of love more eloquently than words.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's dance group, mostly average American citizens, is on duty at dinner and supper in the big old Grill. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—No more dancing on the ceiling after Wednesday, Sept. 4, when the Roof shuts down. The place will have an earlier and briefer holiday on Sunday, Sept. 1, and Labor Day. The Roof's two little bands, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's, will be put away until next year down in the cellar, where the Maisonette will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 5. Constance Moore, a Hollywood blonde who wisely does all her shopping for clothes and songs in New York, will be displaying these commodities at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge reopens on Friday, Sept. 6, with Buddy Morrow's band for dinner and supper dancing. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Outdoor boys and girls may foot it featly under a canopy of pure, unadulterated smog on the terrace, where there's rattletrap dance music from dinnertime through supper by a couple of small bands—one Latin and one Manhattan.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Count Basie's exultant band, now aboard the luxurious Starlight Roof, is at last being allowed by the authorities to sound like itself, which makes for sleepless nights. Sarah Vaughan, who owns one of the best change-of-pace voices in the realm of jazz, and Joe Williams, who cries blues in the night, have likewise, fortunately, been given carte blanche. A gypsy orchestra, which goes with the lease, helps with the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's trio from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Roof's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—Pie in the sky, as well as other pastries and other canapés, to say nothing of cocktails—all in the Rainbow Room, a quarter of a mile straight up from Fifth Avenue. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

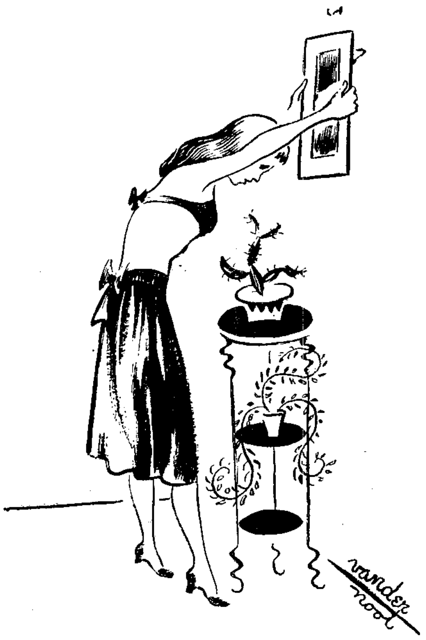
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is again on point duty at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only race-track clubhouse that's open all year. At one end of it, Kurt Maier plays piano the evening long. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Mostly old friends well met for a bite to eat, a bit of news, and a bunch of piano. Goldie Hawkins serves the two latter dishes in his hustle-and-bustle fashion; more sentimental keyboard études are supplied by his alter ego, Bill Taylor. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Friday, Aug. 30, through Labor Day. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): All roads will lead to Rome on Wednesday, Sept. 4, which is when operations resume for the season. The leader of the choir of romantic stringed instruments is definitely Teo Fanidi; the chef is very probably Lucullus. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

his ten-finger specialties in a fashionable watering place from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The return to circulation of Mabel Mercer, a diva of vast aplomb, who sets forth in the best of songs her rueful conviction that, for better or worse, love conquers all. She's a supper-hour delight, but there's piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, some of it by Don Evans, a true architect who works in ivory. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, as fancy a split-level ranch house as has come our way, is occupied from five-thirty to eight and again from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday by Rack Godwin, who now and then slips rather special fingerwork into his pianoforte études. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Another sort of museum piece, converted into a small but elaborate inn, where Fred Witmer plays piano at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henri IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): After the dinner hour, the gathering of those for whom every night is their night out. The permanent objets d'art are the floor-to-ceiling gallery of oils; the transient ones are the songs and piano of Hubbell Pierce (like the portraits, often tongue-in-cheek), and the sparking of Lee Evans' trio, which has Denzil Best at the drums. Mr. Pierce moves out on Saturday, Aug. 31; another trio moves in on Monday, Sept. 2, to join the Evans group. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of perambulating minstrels whose music is all valentines and the after-dinner songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and soprano, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 4, with (most notably) Carol Burnett, a young lady with an aria that has made John Foster Dulles, hitherto unknown worker in foreign vineyards, a famous man. Also around: George Matson, a parodist who has worked both native and foreign vineyards; Luc Poret, a comic little French guitarist, singer, and expatiater; and the Accidentals, a boy-and-girl collection of part singers. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard will provide a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty will again conduct his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there'll be a session by the Lyonses, too. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): As it was in Paris, so it is here—Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross, two little girls for whose far from idle hands the Devil has found plenty of mischief, still collaborating on lighthearted, not to say lightheaded, ballads. The *régisseur* of this little Bohemia is Julius Monk, the very spirit of mischievous amusement, who is assisted in the music-making by Francy Boland and Eddie De Hass. They sound nice and cool these hot nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): This Village smithy will recommence on Friday, Sept. 6. The most rantipole activists will, as usual, be Tony and Eddie, burlesque buffoons; more orderly humor will be supplied by Charlie Manna, who is skilled enough to extract merriment from the most impractical jokes. A further ingredient will be the love songs of Felicia Sanders, to whom passion and *bel canto* are second nature. The other old-timers are Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; and the Three Flames, headed by Tiger Haynes, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance. Closed Mondays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Othella Dallas got to be a high-style French pepperpot while she did the Continent, and here she is (through Saturday, Aug. 31, anyway), bright and brittle in three or four languages. Her chansons are, unhappily, accompanied by a group of bandsmen who must be one of the lost tribes. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who rarely have a serious moment. Both are off Sundays, when old movies are added.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor's voice, full of dizzying heights, is sometimes in a fragmentary language all its own; Stan Free's trio plays follow-the-leader. The other musician of note is Slim Gaillard, one of the last speakers of still another language, and an almost dead one—bop. On Sundays at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by the incumbents, as well as an evening seminar. The room is closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228):

Miss Bergdorf

$35

Tweed Runabout.

Little dress that's always on the run, gives non-stop daily service. Easy wool tweed sheath by Hayette in an exclusive Ria Herlinger plaid, with soft shoulders, baby-cowl collar, removable linen bib for quick-change artistry. Blue plaid with baby blue bib or brown plaid with beige bib, in sizes 5 to 13.

Mail and 'phone orders filled.

Please add 35c for sending beyond our delivery area.

BERGDORF
5th floor GOODMAN
746 Fifth Avenue New York 19 N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

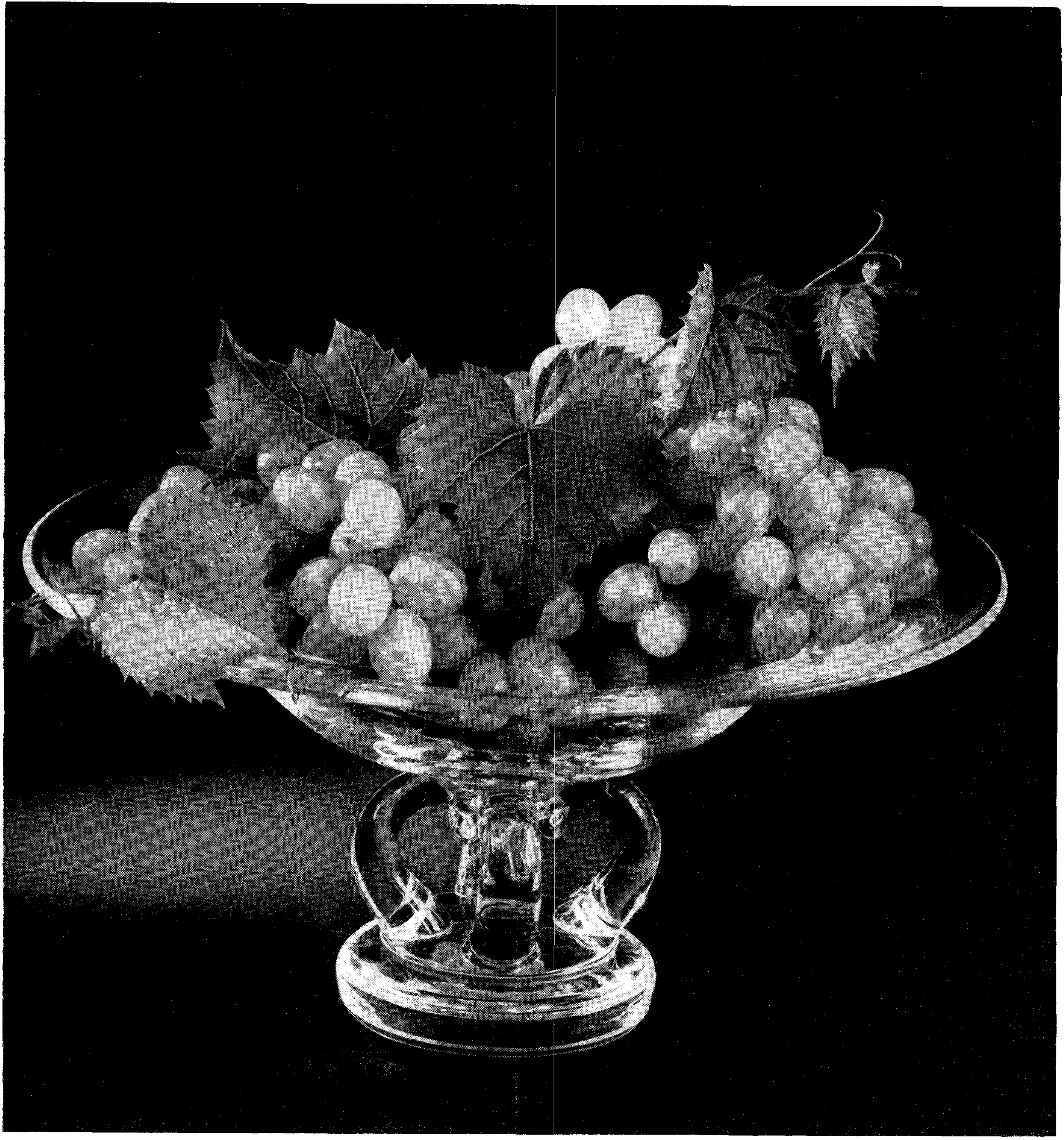
George Shearing's flights-of-fancy quintet and Jack Kelly's workmanlike trio—i.e., music to listen to, not outtalk—will be around through Saturday, Aug. 31. On Monday, Sept. 2, the quartet of Phineas Newborn, Jr., a pianist with his eye on a new horizon, and Alex Kallao's trio will take over. The music starts at eight-thirty. Sundays, when the hired hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses of the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American Primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. (Sept. 1, when Phinney's Favorite Five, from Williams College, will appear, will be the one exception to this rule.) Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, a far too modest primrose, has consented again to come to the river's brim. Her piano, the forerunner of a great deal of present-day thought, is the main event of her trio. The party (also a trio) of the second part is in charge of Marian McPartland, a pianist who's been doing independent thinking for quite a while now. The Williamses are off duty on Sundays, the McPartlands on Mondays. George Wallington is at the piano from six to nine in the evening, except Saturday, when he stays home. He'll probably give way, right after Labor Day, to Johnny Mehegan. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current hero, and a reasonable one, is Stan Getz, who can keep a cool head in the midst of his airiest sorties on the saxophone. He's armed with a quartet; Maynard Ferguson, who's armed with a big band and a trumpet, has a mild case of the screaming meemies. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, the little-girl pianist who runs the progressive trio that's ensconced here, was obviously under American influences long before she left her native Japan, but these influences happen to have been all for the best. The music starts at nine-thirty. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The carefully organized work of Turk Murphy's thoroughgoing septet, prominent junior executives from San Francisco and ardent supporters of the most ancient and honorable school of jazz. They live, by the way, in the most carefully maintained block on Bourbon Street. Visiting blowhards take their place on Sundays; at the moment, they're under the wing of Wild Bill Davison. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, proof that the South is rising again. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **JAZZ CITY,** 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): The acoustics in this new venture are not what any doctor of music would have ordered, and neither is the ornamentation. Not altogether lost in its arms are Ruby Braff's fine old traditionalists (Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Donaldson, Steve Jordan, Walter Page, Benny Morton, and the like) and Don Elliott's brave New Worlders. The Elliotts finish up on Labor Day, when the Braffs have a night off; Erroll Garner's trio arrives on Wednesday, Sept. 4. One thing more—the noise starts at ten. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): It's really the old ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel, which will be reconverted into a music room by the arrival (on Friday, Aug. 30), of Bobby Hackett's band. This will include Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres, and the sound will be an evocation of the glorious American past. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Uproar that's a form of ancestor worship—or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, the mob scene will include Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Sammy Price, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are mostly conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. At the moment, the principals are, or were at latest reports, the quartet of Buddy Rich, that veteran drummer boy, and the very recent quintet of Reese Markewich, which is supposed to leave, or so the story goes, on Sunday, Sept. 1. The replacement should be Ronnie Bright's trio. The place is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays (except Labor Day) and Tuesday, Sept. 3. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays (except Labor Day). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays (except Labor Day). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLEN COVE, L.I.:** Villa Pierre, formerly Villa Victor (GLen Cove 4-2890); through Saturday, Aug. 31, the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon; closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings, as well as Labor Day; closed Mondays (except Labor Day). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays (except Labor Day) and Tuesday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening through Labor Day, and on Fridays and Saturdays thereafter. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays (except Labor Day) and Tuesday, Sept. 3. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-

BAIT
FOR SALE
as



FRUIT OR FLOWER BOWL WITH SCROLL PEDESTAL · DIAMETER 10¼ INCHES · $37.50

MADE AT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER · CORNING, NEW YORK

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

BONWIT TELLER
Manhasset

Plaid master planning...

a Bonwit first. Bright fall view with pattern news woven right in... its bowed leather belt, that's news, too. Adele Martin's easy dress of Orlon and wool, the bias cut bodice matched line for line. Sizes 8 to 16 in oxford and gold or brown and royal. 29.95

Mail or phone orders filled.

New York Manhasset Chicago
White Plains Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2628); piano every evening except Tuesday, Sept. 3.... ¶ Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. ... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays (except Labor Day) and Wednesday, Sept. 4.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays (except Labor Day) and Tuesday, Sept. 3.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Sept. 13. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Sol Wilson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Tuesday, Sept. 3.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart J. Davis, William Chaiken, and Stanley Twardowicz; through Friday, Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HERVÉ**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Marie Laurencin, Matisse, Jansem, and others; through Sept. 30.... **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by—to name a few of the artists—Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30.... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Knaths, Léger, and Maldarelli; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Sept. 28. ... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Sept. 13.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Friday, Aug. 30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Thursday, Aug. 29, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 29.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others.... ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman.... ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings. Prints and drawings will be shown through Monday, Sept. 2, and the rest of the exhibit will close on Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second part of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alechinsky, Klee, Duchamp-Villon, and others; through Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Labor Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Oct. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: The yearly members' show, consisting of works in all mediums; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 6.)... **MANCHESTER, N.H.** Currier Gallery of Art: "Twentieth-Century Sculpture," including objects by Picasso, Brancusi, Manzù, and others; through Sunday, Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Art Center: A loan exhibit of paintings by Winslow Homer and the twenty-eighth annual display by southern Vermont artists; through Monday, Sept. 2. (Daily, 10 to 9.)... **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Original Currier & Ives prints; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 2 to 5.)... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: The thirty-seventh national annual, containing oils, water colors, caseins, and pastels by, among others, Aldro Hibbard and Gordon Grant; through Monday, Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Art Museum: Oils, water colors, sculptures, and graphics by Long Island and New York City artists; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Ariel Rubstein *conducting, with Charles Edward O'Neill,* tenor. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 2, at 8:30.)

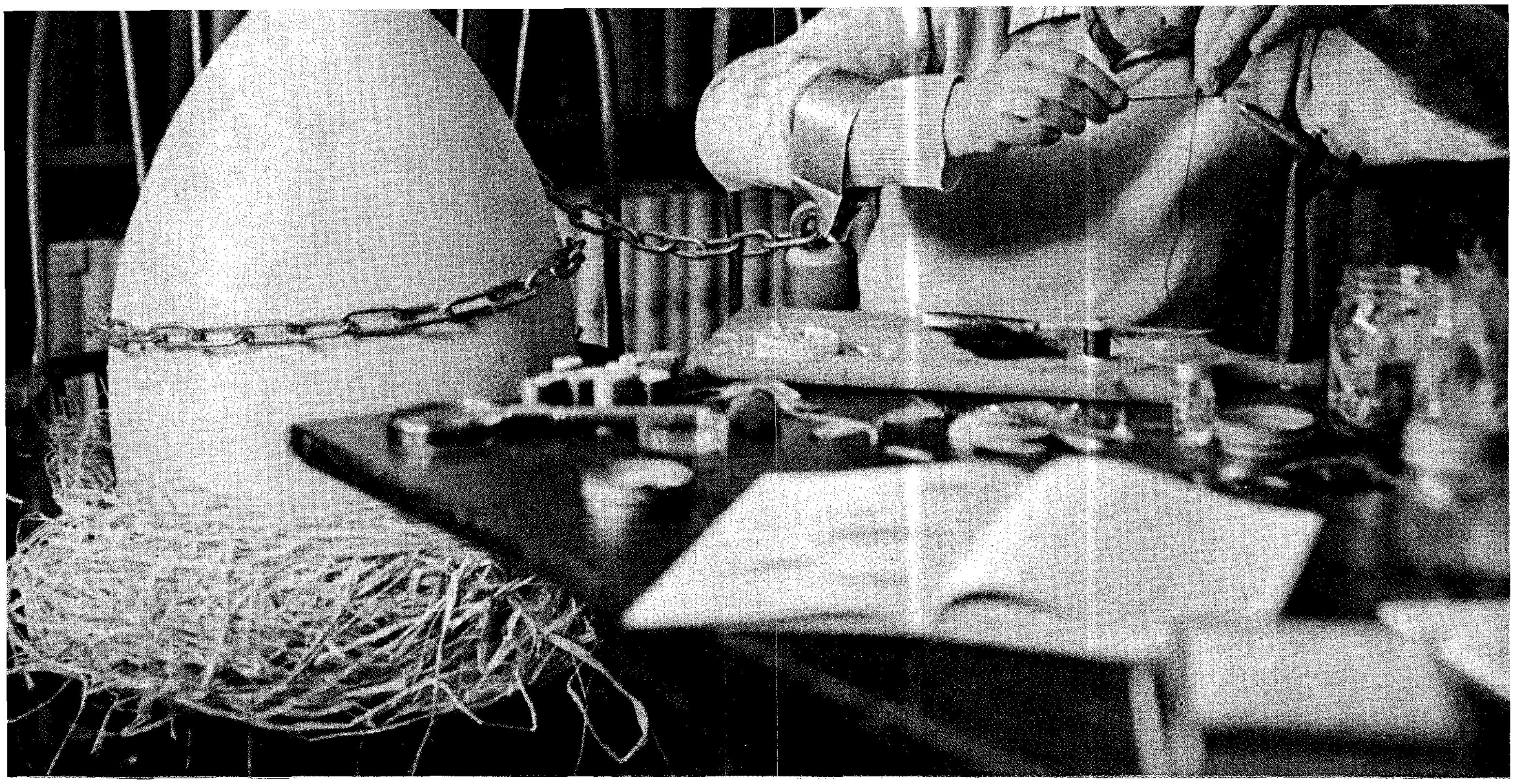
IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Final jazz and folk concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 29: A jam session by students and faculty members of the Music Barn's school, including Jimmy Giuffre's trio, Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, and Max Roach. For the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31: The Weavers.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 1: The Modern Jazz Quartet, Sonny Stitt, and Coleman Hawkins. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:40.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Eleanor Miller, piano, in the final concert of the season. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 1, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Aug. 30, at 2; Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8:15; and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8:15, and Thursday, Sept. 5, at 2.... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Aug. 30, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, both at 2.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Sept. 2, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Sept. 2, at 1:30 (double-



For a better way to protect your nest egg talk to the people at Chase Manhattan

We submit that the intricacies of the dry fly are better mastered when somebody else ponders your nest egg problems.

Small as they are, such details as stock rights and records, call dates and coupons are frequently a nuisance to the nonprofessional.

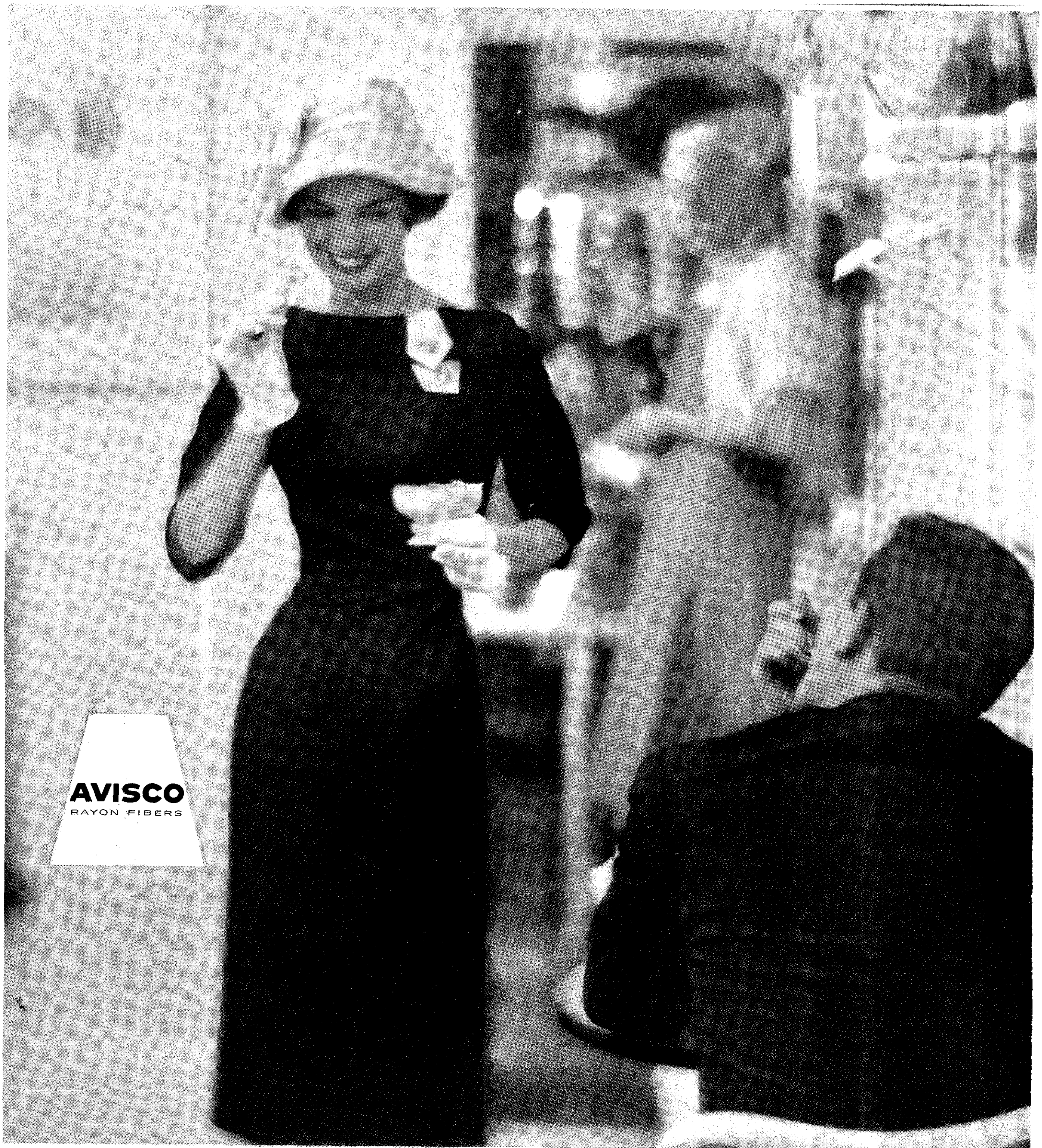
That's one reason why Chase Manhattan has a Trust Department.

A more important reason is to help you keep your nest egg intact, and to make plans with you for ultimately conveying it to your heirs with as little confusion and tax loss as possible.

These nest egg services are immediately available to you at Chase Manhattan. The Bank will act as your Executor and Trustee, serve as Custodian of your securities, advise you on your investments, and plan your estate with you and your lawyer.

For detailed information about the nest egg service that most interests you phone HAnover 2-6000 or write to: Personal Trust Department, The Chase Manhattan Bank, 40 Wall Street, New York 15, New York.

**THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK**



"JACKPOT" RAYON FABRIC BY LOWENSTEIN. DRESS BY ANN MARSH. BLACK. RED OR BLUE. SIZES 10-18, $23.

The fine figuring here starts with modern Avisco® rayon fibers in a weave with the sleek look of fine broadcloth. It keeps true color, texture in dry-cleaning. Designer Ann Marsh adds the tag you know means *tested* fabric quality!

AVISCO
INTEGRITY
TAG

New York, Franklin Simon • Pittsburgh, Joseph Horne • Chicago, Charles A. Stevens
Los Angeles, The May Co. • Or write Ann Marsh, Dept. H, 1400 Broadway, New York City

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORP., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

header), and Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8.... ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2.... ROOSEVELT STADIUM, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8.

GOLF—Walker Cup Matches. (Minikahda Club, Minneapolis, Minn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31.)

HORSE SHOWS—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 29-30, and Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 3-6.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 5-7.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 7.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Sept. 2, through Monday, Oct. 14. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Sept. 2; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 4; and the Sysonby, Saturday, Sept. 7. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays between 10:45 and 1; Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25; and Labor Day between 10:15 and 1:25.)... SARATOGA SPRINGS: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Friday, Aug. 30, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 31. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 2, at noon.

TENNIS—Tournament of Champions. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Thursday, Aug. 29, and Saturday, Aug. 31.)... ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday, Aug. 30, through Sunday, Sept. 8. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, Sept. 5, through Saturday, Oct. 12.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 4-8.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Tuesday, Sept. 10, when the eleventh session of the General Assembly will be resumed. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays (except Labor Day) through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. (Thursday and Friday, Aug. 29-30, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Labor Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 3-6, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

De Pinna

YOUNG MEN ARE WELL-GROOMED IN FINE SELECTIONS FROM OUR FAMOUS UNIVERSITY SHOP

For over 75 years outfitters to men and boys—University men look to De Pinna for correct, comfortable cut, up-to-the-minute styling.

Ready for Fall, our popular suit of grey worsted flannel—3-button, natural-shoulder jacket cut with lap seams, centre vent, set-in pockets with flap. Trousers are slim and tapered, with plain-front. Sizes 35 to 42, regular and short; 37 to 42, long. 65.00

Our famed button-down shirt of fine cotton oxford cloth. 4.50

Our plain-front, back-strap slacks in wool flannel. 16.95

UNIVERSITY SHOP, SECOND FLOOR

DE PINNA UPPER FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET, N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Labor Day, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

A Hatful of Rain—Sound enough melodrama about a man who can't give up dope. Adapted from a play by Michael V. Gazzo and directed by Fred Zinnemann, the movie is slow in starting, but winds up with plenty of excitement. Don Murray is the unfortunate addict, and Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan support him skillfully. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Aug. 29.)

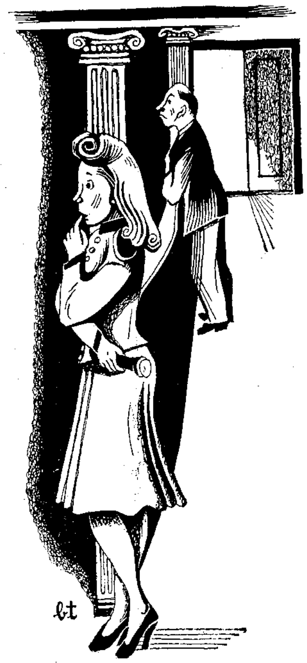
It Happened in the Park—A great deal goes on in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, during the course of the five stirring vignettes, all of them concerned with *amore* of one sort or another, that make up this picture. Franca Valeri, Vittorio De Sica, Giulia Rubino, Anna Maria Ferrero, and many other distinguished actors are on hand, and are all splendid. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Love in the Afternoon—Audrey Hepburn chases Gary Cooper through the confines of the Ritz, in Paris, with success and charm and grace, accompanied by a mad gypsy band of musicians. A delightful romp, produced and directed by Billy Wilder, who (with I. A. L. Diamond) also wrote the script. Maurice Chevalier, in top form, plays a private French detective. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Man on Fire—A compelling film of a broken marriage, with Bing Crosby as a father who will not permit his son to return to his mother. Crosby is superb, and so is Malcolm Brodrick, as the son, and Anne Seymour, as a judge who has to make a heart-rending decision. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Red Balloon—In this charming fantasy, written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than the half hour it takes to unravel. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 4.)

The Sun Also Rises—Mr. Hemingway's fine novel has been made into an impressive film, if a somewhat attenuated one. Tyrone Power is a sympathetic Jake Barnes, Ava Gardner an enticing Lady Brett Ashley, Errol Flynn a persuasive Mike Campbell, and there is more darn bullfighting than in "Death in the Afternoon." (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)



Sweet Smell of Success—The most conspicuous characters in this movie about some denizens of Broadway are a megalomaniacal gossip columnist and the slimy press agent who acts as his stooge. They make an unsavory team, and the picture builds up several dramatic moments in describing their efforts to prevent the columnist's sister from marrying an honest guitar player. Put together by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman, the picture was directed by Alexander Mackendrick. Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis lead a competent cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Sept. 3.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays and Labor Day at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—In this more than usually successful adaptation to the movies of a television show, an oddly assorted group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Written by Reginald Rose and directed by Sidney Lumet, the picture has a fine cast headed by Henry Fonda. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 3-4.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 1-3.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 30-31.)

The Great Adventure (1955)—A Swedish film that tells of a ten-year-old boy and the woods and lakes, teeming with wildlife, that he explores. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

The Mudlark (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 30-31.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 3-4.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Aug. 31, at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "Le Ciel Est à Vous" (1944), with Madeleine Renaud. . . . ¶ Sept. 1-3, at 3: "Children of Paradise" (1947), with Jean-Louis Barrault. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 4, at 3 and 5:30: "La Libération de Paris" (1944 newsreels); and "Le Retour" (1945). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"3:10 to Yuma," Glenn Ford, Van Heflin.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Aug. 29: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.
From Aug. 30: "Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler, Agnes Moorehead.

Central, B'way at 47th. (JU 2-4778)
"Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Pajama Game," Doris Day, John Raitt.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

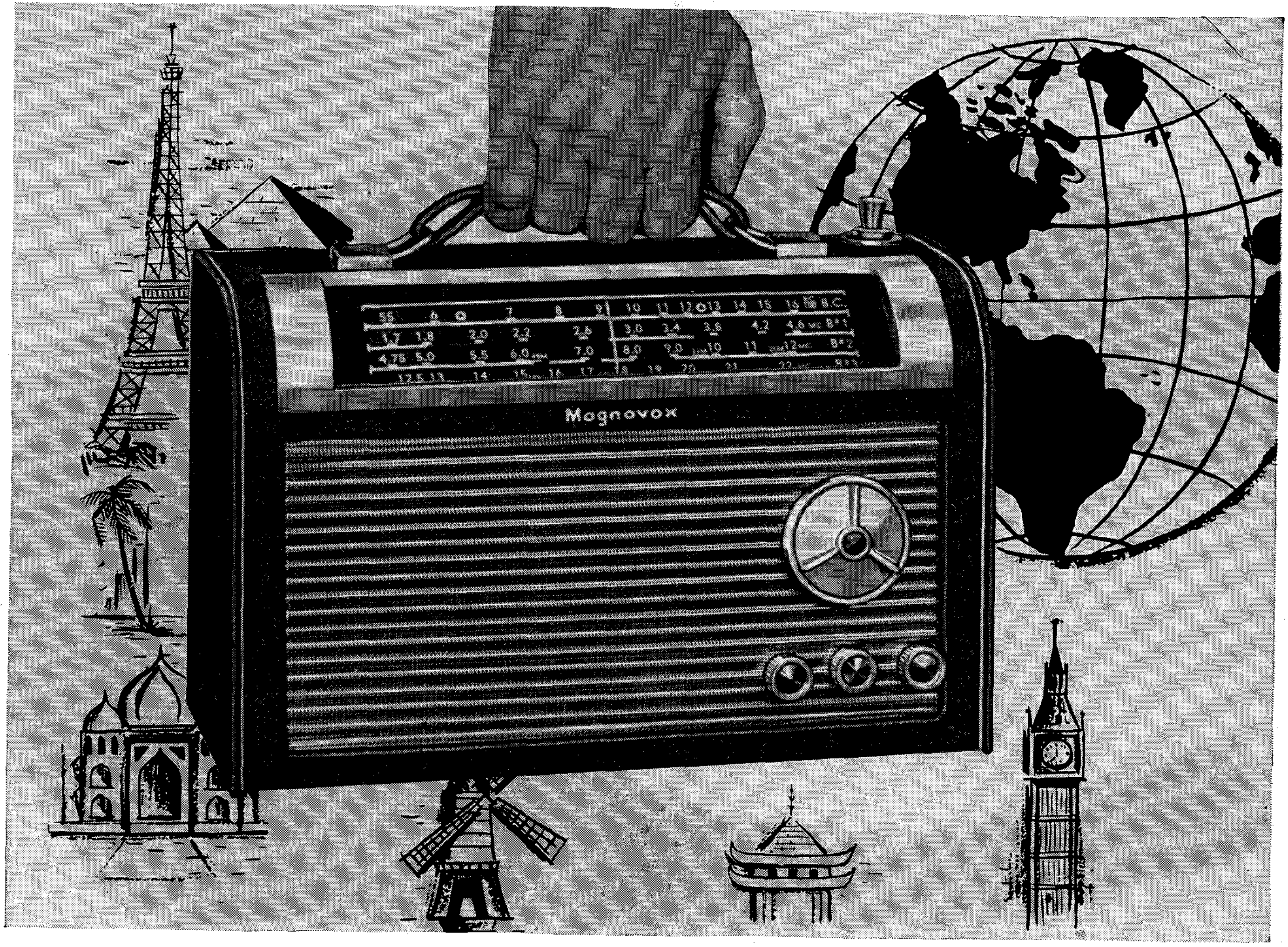
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE SUN ALSO RISES.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MAN ON FIRE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Aug. 29: **A HATFUL OF RAIN.**
From Aug. 30: "Chicago Confidential," Brian Keith, Beverly Garland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Labor Day at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).



ANNOUNCING...

The smallest, most powerful all-transistor Global Radio!

The all-transistor INTERCONTINENTAL*, so small, so powerful it puts the world in your hand*

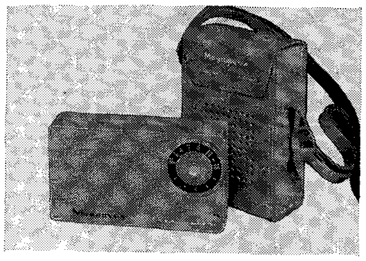
MAGNAVOX presents the new INTERCONTINENTAL, the only *practical* around-the-world portable, so light its weight is only one-fourth that of other radios. Such compactness coupled with brilliant world-wide performance is achieved by the all-transistor design (there are no tubes) that gives many months of peak performance on a single, inexpensive battery.

The whole world of entertainment is yours when you own the Magnavox INTERCONTINENTAL—enjoy hearing Paris, Rome, Rio or Capetown—even ship-to-ship and plane-to-plane messages . . . and with tonal quality that is superior to most conventional radios.

The INTERCONTINENTAL is the newest in a long history of distinguished engineering achievements by Magnavox in the field of quality electronics.

Magnavox is sold only by America's finest retailers, selected for their integrity and their ability to serve you.

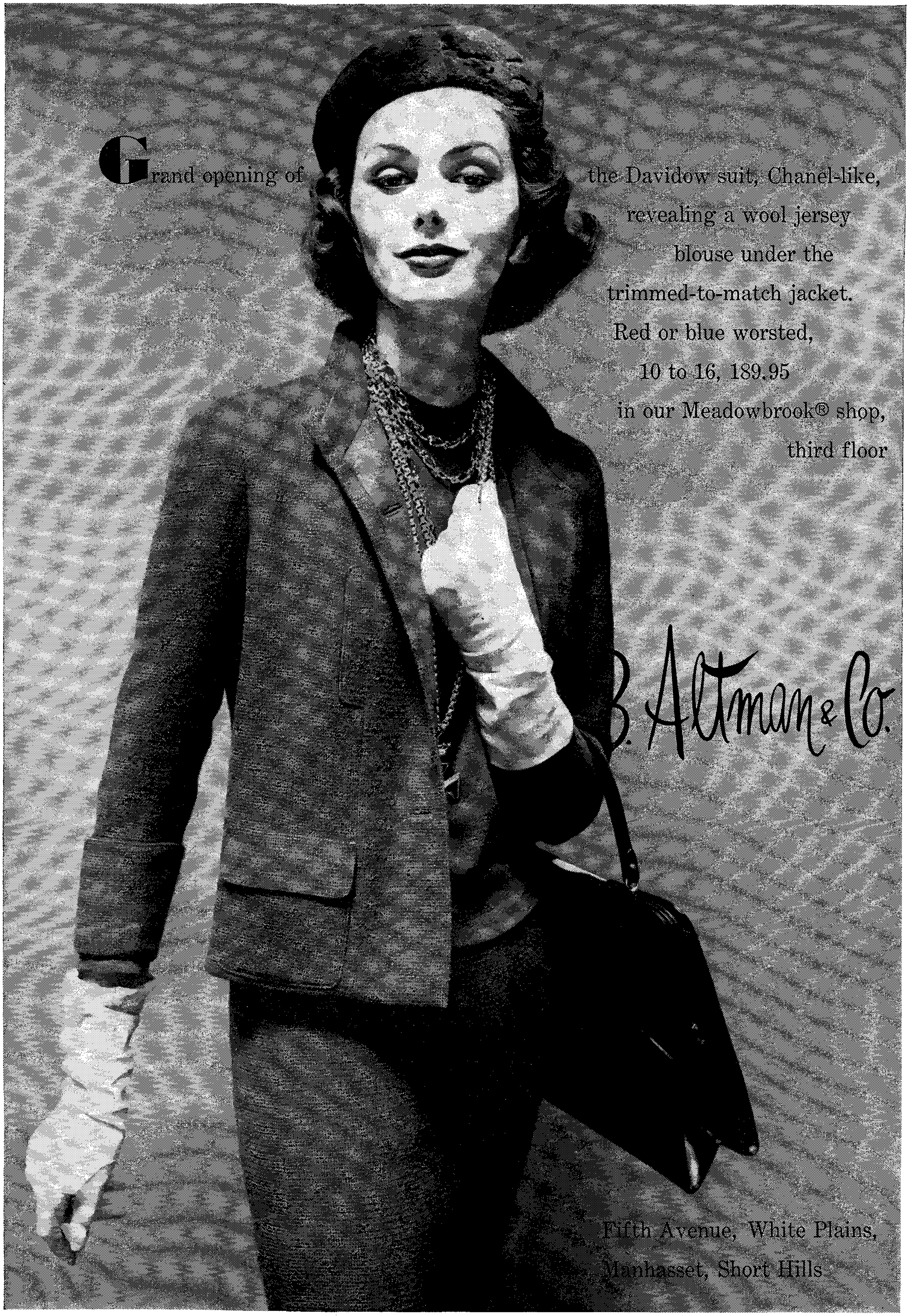
The Magnavox Co., Ft. Wayne, Indiana.



The Companion, *all-transistor AM Radio brings in even far-off stations with room-filling tone and volume. Hundreds of hours from one battery. Complete with leather carrying case and battery, $59.90. Earphone optional.*

magnificent **Magnavox**

high fidelity • television • radio-phonographs



Grand opening of the Davidow suit, Chanel-like, revealing a wool jersey blouse under the trimmed-to-match jacket. Red or blue worsted, 10 to 16, 189.95 in our Meadowbrook® shop, third floor

B. Altman & Co.

Fifth Avenue, White Plains,
Manhasset, Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE dog days of August were enlivened, and our spirits raised, by a *fête champêtre* thrown by David McDowell and Ivan Obolensky to celebrate the opening of their new publishing house, McDowell, Obolensky, Inc., in the garden of their editorial offices—a brownstone house in the East Sixties, which was the home of Mr. Obolensky's mother, Mrs. Alice Astor Bouverie, until her death last summer. We were greeted at the door by Mr. Alexandre Tarsaïdzé, the genealogist of the Russian Nobility Association. "Only geniuses here," he said. He thrust a vodka on the rocks into our hand and introduced us not only to our hosts but to Mr. Andrew Lytle, author of their first book, "The Velvet Horn," which is a novel of the post-Reconstruction South; Colonel Serge Obolensky, of the Ambassador Hotel, who is the publisher's father; Miss Marianne Moore, the poetess; Miss Jean Stein, the feature editor of the *Paris Review;* Mr. Frederic G. Melcher, of *Publishers' Weekly;* and Miss Nancy Randolph, of the *Daily News.*

"I'm fed up with the South," Miss Randolph said as Mr. Lytle posed for a photographer. "The porch is always falling in."

"Dr. and Mrs. William Carlos Williams," Mr. Tarsaïdzé announced, introducing another McDowell, Obolensky author.

"I'll give you my middle name, too, if you want to use it," Miss Randolph said to us. "My name is really Julia McCarthy. I hate shaking hands—it's so animal. That isn't original with me; it's from 'The Chalk Garden.' "

"Prince Kropotkin," Mr. Tarsaïdzé said. "Kin to *the* Prince Kropotkin." The Prince bowed.

"Another Mr. Obolensky," Mr. Tarsaïdzé said, introducing us to a young man with a deep sunburn.

"Another *Ivan* Obolensky," this Mr. Obolensky said. "I'm Ivan P., for Peter; the other is Ivan S., for Serge. We're double cousins. I am Obolensky on both sides. Our fathers were big friends, as well as relatives, in Russia. I'm in the champagne business—represent Taittinger in this country. Summers, I'm in Southampton. That's where they drink the most champagne—not in New York."

"The famous Miss Roosevelt," Mr. Tarsaïdzé said, and we chatted briefly with the pretty Miss Edith Roosevelt.

"I'm a contributing editor of the *Fisherman,*" she said. "The largest magazine devoted exclusively to fishing. Two hundred and fifty thousand circulation. Published in Oxford, Ohio. It's sort of the *Esquire* of the sports world. I write conservation pieces for it. We must save our vanishing shoreline."

"I'm Cedric Larson," a man said to us. "I'm doing a book on the Marquis *Who's Who* publications for McDowell, Obolensky. In and out of *Who's Who;* sixty years of American eminence. It's the sixtieth anniversary of the Marquis firm. I'm not in *Who's Who* myself."

Mr. McDowell held out a visitors' book for our signature and said, "Very touching scene at the end of the garden. Martha Graham is kissing the hand of William Carlos Williams."

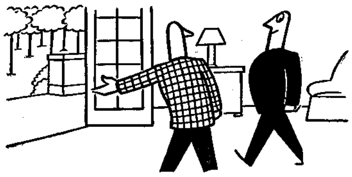
Next, Mr. Henry Staden, the new firm's sales manager, took us on a tour of the house. "We sort of keep this as an hors d'oeuvre," he said, ushering us into a second-floor office full of ballet drawings and Empire furniture. "It was Mr. Obolensky's mother's library. Some of her books are still here. She had a great interest in Blavatsky, Egyptology, and the occult. We plan to publish no more than twenty trade books a year, and to reaffirm personal author-publisher and bookseller-publisher relationships as a prime requisite of good publishing. The third and fourth floors contain offices and Mr. Obolensky's living quarters. We have an intercom that works on all telephones."

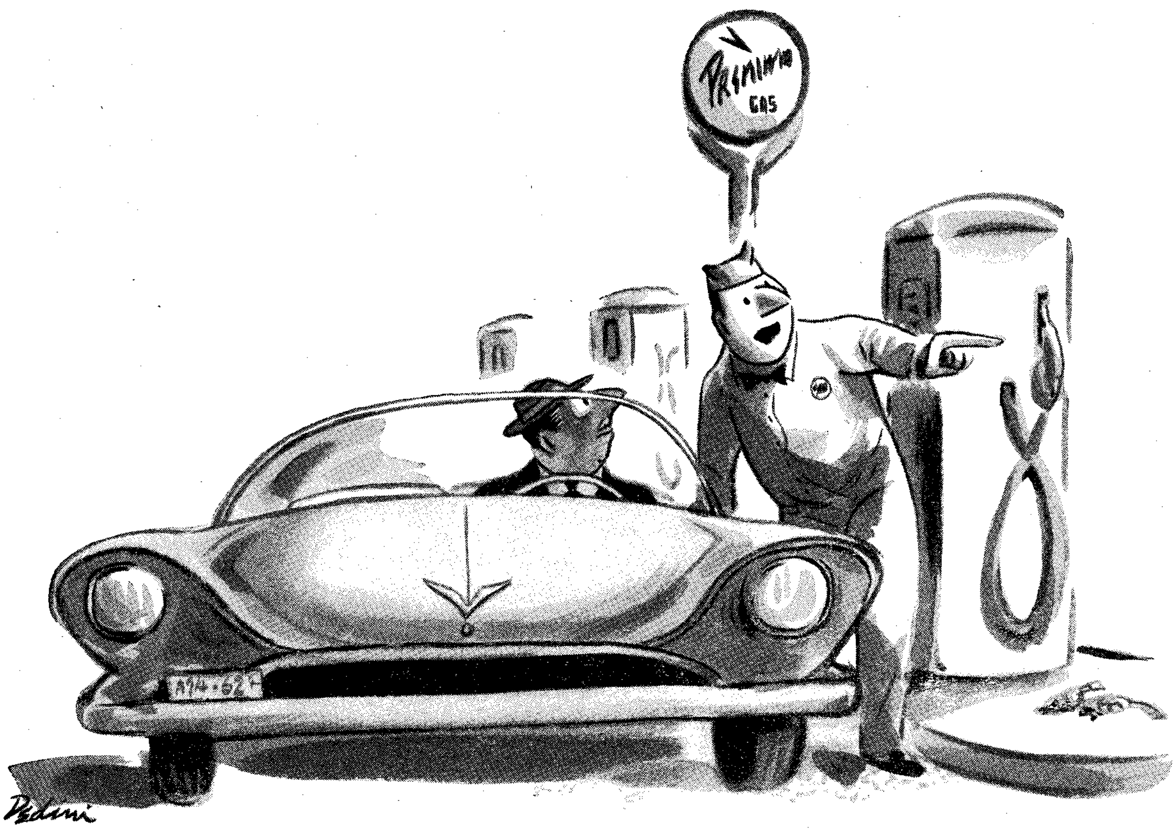
Thanking Mr. Ivan S. Obolensky as we left, we admired a beautiful white suit he was wearing.

"Dunhill's ready-made," he said. "The roughest linen you can get. You just put it under the shower to clean it."

Mr. Frankel's Folly

EVAN M. FRANKEL, a highly successful local designer-builder, real-estate dealer, and theatrical investor, who has a summer place at East Hampton, has gained an edge of a dozen centuries on the resident antiquarians out that way by constructing a Roman ruin as the setting for his swimming pool. The fast-spreading fame of Mr. Frankel's ruin having reached us, we called him when we were in East Hampton the other weekend, and he hospitably offered to show us around. Mr. Frankel's house, a roomy and well-appointed bachelor's establishment on Hither Lane, is the remodelled carriage house of an old estate; the brick foundation of the original main house, which, until it burned to the ground half a century ago, stood some two hundred feet distant, has served as the basis for the ruin. "The whole place was Wuthering Heights when I found it, back in 1946," Mr. Frankel, a crisp, alert-looking man, said as he graciously





“Crawl straight along here about half a mile till you hit a jam at the junction with 15. Take a right there, and about four miles up you’ll see a bottleneck at the thruway construction. Inch left along the bridge there onto 25A, and you creep right on into town on that.”

waved us to a chair in his living room. “Before we go out to the ruin, a word about the philosophy behind it. I’ve been interested in Roman antiquities ever since I was fresh out of Columbia, when I did some excavating in Pompeii. I was born in Austria and grew up in New York. In recent years, I’ve become concerned about the tide running against beauty in this country—billboards along the roads, houses crowded together on tiny development plots, and so on. Since I came out here, I’ve been trying to do something about it by buying up tracts of beautiful, unspoiled land in and around East Hampton, not for resale but simply to be looked at in their natural state. I call them ‘living paintings,’ to the slight annoyance of some of my artist friends. Well, last spring I was thinking about getting a pool and wondering what to do with that old foundation, and suddenly I thought, Wouldn’t it be a wonderful thing to re-create honest classical feeling in a Long Island fishing village?”

By way of demonstrating how he had answered this query to himself, Mr. Frankel ceremoniously led us out a door, across a stretch of manicured lawn, and through a dense copse. As we came out of the copse, the pool and the ruin burst dazzlingly upon us. The pool, a blue-green oblong, was enclosed on three sides by the walls of the ruin, which had stone sculpture standing in niches in its brickwork and an astonishing variety of flowers growing on its irregular top and out of crannies between the bricks. At the open end, a tumultuous stream, fringed by some more astonishing flowers—and fed, our host told us, by invisible pipes—cascaded down to the pool over huge boulders. “The inspiration for the stream came from the cover picture of a phonograph album of ‘Harold in Italy,’ brought to me by some weekend guests,” Mr. Frankel explained. “Those niches in the walls were originally supporting arches for fireplaces above. The sculptures are modern—they’re by Raoul Hague and Amy Small—but primitives, as you can see, and they’ve got a timeless quality. The flora—cannas, mimosa, tamarisk, portulaca—is all characteristic of Italy. Just what you might find at a villa off the Appian Way. As for the pool itself, no free-form stuff, no kidney shape. Its lines are classic enough for a Pompeian bath.”

Rome was not built in a day, but Mr. Frankel’s Roman ruin, he told us, leading us a merry chase over rocks to give us a new perspective on his handiwork, was built in the thirty-three days between last May 28th and July 1st. Having just put the finishing touches on Executive House, an apartment building on East Forty-sixth Street, he decided to devote himself to the ruin as a sort of sabbatical. The old foundation was completely covered by the debris of the burned house and by fifty years’ overgrowth; when all this had been bulldozed out and the site of the future stream cleared, Mr. Frankel posted himself at a vantage point in a director’s chair and instructed a crew of workmen as to just how jagged he wanted the walls left and exactly where each boulder was to go. The boulders, several of them weighing over ten tons, were imported from several Long Island beaches. While Mr. Frankel was hard at work, some East Hampton friends brought him an English book entitled “Follies and Grottoes;” leafing through this, he learned with satisfaction that his ruin, because it was “a useless [structure] erected for ornament on a gentleman’s estate” and was, in addition, “at once jolly and morbid,” qualified handily as a folly. “The extraordinary thing is the range of people who are moved by it,” he told us. “Children are so enchanted that they want to keep coming here to swim, in preference to the beach. On the other hand, movie directors who have made and broken royal palaces by the dozen say, ‘This is it. This is real.’ There’s something about it that takes you out of yourself.”

•

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE (COALS TO NEWCASTLE DIVISION): The curries served by Air India International on its trips from India to England are prepared in London by Lyons, flown out to India, and stored in the pantries of westbound air-planes for the delectation of homing sahibs and outgoing Hindus.

End of Stable

ONE of the last of the local carriage-renting livery stables—Wainess Stables, at 427 East Ninetieth Street—has finally gone the way of practically all horseflesh in this motorized city. To us, the surprising thing is that it held on so gamely so long. For the past half century, Wainess, like most other livery stables for miles around, had subsisted mainly by providing a highly varied assortment of animals, and occasionally a phaeton or surrey, to the Metropolitan Opera, Broadway theatres, and television studios. In 1952, following the death of the proprietor, Jake Wainess, the stable was sold to three sisters named McNamara, who kept the old name and operated the enterprise fairly briskly until a couple of weeks ago, when they sold the whole kit and caboodle—the last of the horses, goats, ponies, lambs, and pigeons; the carriages; such miscellany as a wooden dachshund and some stuffed deer heads; and the five-story building itself—at auction.

We learned most of this, and more, when we went up to East Ninetieth Street a few days after the auction, took a turn around the building, and watched some of the purchasers collecting their wares. We found the street and sidewalk crowded with the purchasers' vans and trailers, and with reminiscent onlookers. "I knew Jake Wainess well," a patriarchal gentleman, who was accompanied by a black-and-white terrier, told us before we had been on the scene two minutes. "A fine man he was, God rest his soul. Why, I can remember back to the days when East Ninetieth Street still had wooden sidewalks, and there stood the stable, same as a week ago!"

Sidling past a man who was loading a white motorcycle aboard a truck marked "Jersey Jungle—Cowboy City, Rt. 33, Farmingdale, N.J.," we went through the stable's main double door. The floor of the entrance room, we discovered, was incongruously littered with photographs of chorus girls of the twenties. "Watch out for mice," someone warned us as we climbed over a heap of old tires and entered a room labelled "OFFICE." We proceeded dauntlessly through the office and up a narrow wooden stairway to the second floor, where we found the walls hung with old Metropolitan Opera programs and the empty horse stalls still bearing name tags—"Allegro," "Major," "Irish," "Dusty Boy," "Boy." The horses were gone, but the horseflies were still there. Having climbed another flight—the ramp for the horses looked pretty treacherous—we came upon more stalls, and an enormous iron contraption, plastered with grain and stamped "National Oat Crusher, No. 10, Style A. Pat. June 18, 1911." We peered into a barrel full of horseshoes, and spotted on the floor a green box labelled "J. Wainess. Heave Powder. Dose: teaspoonful with feed morning and night."

The fourth floor was full of carriages—buggies of all sizes and shapes, an elaborate yellow coach with taffeta curtains and handsome wicker seats, a red-and-yellow flower cart with an old silk hat perched jauntily on one corner. Several of the buyers were milling around here. "I'm Hopalong Abramowitz," one of these, a short, broad, white-haired man, informed us. "I'm fifty-five years in the business of hiring out horses, donkeys, carriages, and sleighs—mostly to television lately. I just retired to go to Texas, but I can't seem to break away. When this auction came along, I bought some Roman chariots they had up on the top floor. I've sold all my animals, but if I don't care for Texas, I got the chariots to come back to."

"You like this?" a thin, unshaven man of about sixty asked us as he patted the fancy yellow coach. "I bought it. Name's James J. Quartier, Jersey City, New Jersey. Bought some old treadmills at the sale, too. On TV, the horses run on treadmills, so they don't go nowhere. I'm looking to get a corner on treadmills locally."

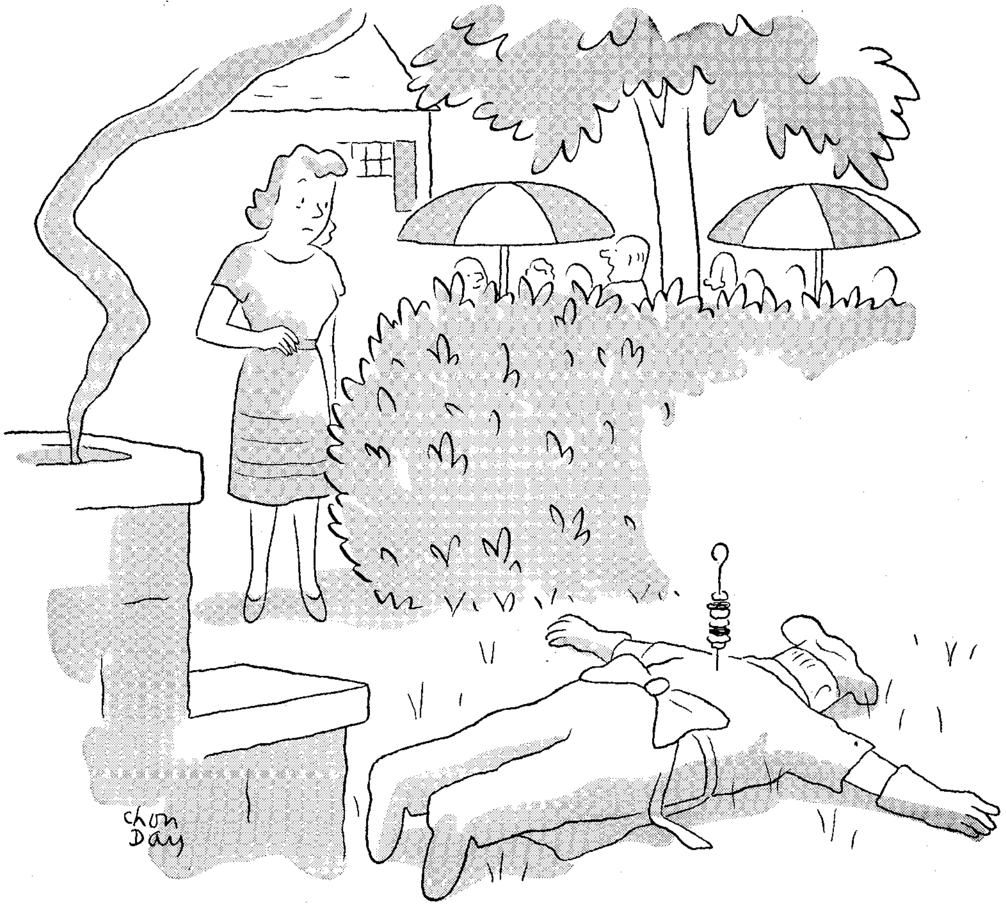
We rode down on the building's freight elevator, accompanied by a big, pleasant-faced man who gave us a card reading, "D. Kelly, Shamrock Sales & Exchange, Paterson, N.J." "Our main market is among the farmers in Pennsylvania," Mr. Kelly told us. "I bought fifty-six traps and buggies, and I'm going to sell them down in the Amish country, at New Holland."

Glad to know that at least some of the stable's contents were destined to serve nature rather than art, we reached the street, where a purchaser, pausing in the act of pulling a phaeton to his truck, said reflectively, "Funny thing—just before the auction began, one of the horses died. Just plain died. Kind of spooky, eh?"

"There was a time Jake used to have around a hundred horses," said our friend with the terrier. "Son, we've seen the last of the horse on Ninetieth Street."

Scale of Values

TWO ladies, apparently Billy Graham regulars, were overheard the other night outside the Garden dis-



cussing the rally at Yankee Stadium. "It was inspiring, and I liked it, all right," the elder of the two remarked, at length, "but I like Madison Square Garden better, really. It's so much more intimate."

Republican H.Q.

THE mayoralty campaign has been softly getting under way, and we've dropped in at Republican Headquarters, on the third floor of the Sheraton-McAlpin, to look matters over. (We called on the Republicans first because they got themselves set up first, but, in our severely nonpartisan way, we'll later give equal time to the Democrats.) When we arrived, we bypassed a deserted reception desk and a long row of straight-backed waiting chairs, also deserted, and found Clarence Greenbaum, the Party's public-relations director for the campaign, in a hot little room containing two desks, two typewriters, two filing cabinets, and his assistant, Miss Sally Christenberry, who is the Republican candidate's daughter—a tall girl with dark, page-boy hair and a determined manner. Greenbaum was in shirtsleeves, and he gave us a resounding punch on the back.

"Good to see the public coming around," Greenbaum, who is regularly a director of public relations for the New York Republican County Committee and the National Republican Club, said with enthusiasm. "Just the way I've been telling Sally, the people want our guys. The people are aroused. It's a little quiet here now, but it's only August. We're saving our big guns for after Labor Day. And just because Bob Christenberry used to be a Sheraton Hotel man, don't think we're not paying rent here. We don't have a lot of millionaires around, like the Democrats. We've got seven little rooms, all without air-conditioning. We don't breathe too good, but we're happy. Right, Sally?"

"That's right, Mr. Greenbaum," said Miss Christenberry.

"Sally learns fast," Greenbaum went on. "She never did political work before."

"I was co-producer of a summer-stock company in Shawnee, Pennsylvania," Miss Christenberry said. "We made money, which is more than I can say for the others."

"Sally takes after her old man," said Greenbaum.

"He's a businessman," said Miss Christenberry. "What New York City needs for mayor is a good businessman."

"This is the first time we've had headquarters so far downtown," Greenbaum said. "Usually, headquarters are in the Times Square area. Coming down here is a stroke of genius. Guess why. Did you see the big campaign poster on the outside of the hotel?"

"No," we said.

"All right, then," he went on. "You have here Macy's, Gimbel's, Saks. Millions and millions of women come down here to shop, and they look up when they come out of the stores from spending their husbands' money, and they see 'For a greater New York, vote for Robert K. Christenberry.' What have you got around Times Square? Only shooting galleries!"

"No woman with any sense should be on the streets after ten at night in *any* city of the world and regardless of *who* is mayor," Miss Christenberry said reflectively.

"Sally, dig up the bios and releases," Greenbaum said, and then turned back to us. "Too bad you missed Bob Christenberry. He just got through having a skull session with the county leaders. Bob had to scram. After all, it's only the beginning of the fight. It's quiet around here, but the quieter you are, the more efficient you are. We're running a campaign without all the hoopla and baloney. And, believe me, we're gonna win. The people are aroused. The jig is up!"

We were interrupted by a sudden wail from a hillbilly singer on a nearby radio. "We're next door to the hotel valet service," Greenbaum said. "They like to listen to music, but we have the advantage, when the campaign gets rolling, of being able to get our pants pressed without taking our minds off the big issues. Ah, here they are!" he exclaimed as Miss Christenberry gave him a batch of mimeographed papers, with a large, smiling photograph of Robert K. Christenberry on top. He handed the package to us. "Read all about the big fight," he said. "For the first time in the history of this wicked city, we're running a *woman* for a major office—Caroline K. Simon for President of the City Council. She'll give you a good pitch. I want you to meet her." He paused, put on his coat, smoothed his neatly pressed trousers, and said, "Sally, you stay in the office and work on your list of issues."

We followed Greenbaum into the hotel corridor, where he was stopped by a tall man with bushy black eyebrows who was carrying a paper folder. "Aha, here's the guy who's gonna be our next Borough President," Greenbaum said, introducing us. "Meet General Melvin Krulewitch. What did you do today, General?"

"Just got through meeting with a bunch of ladies interested in furthering my campaign," said the General. "Now I'm rushing off to meet with a bunch of veterans interested in furthering my campaign. This is the way we ran the battles, and this is the way we run a campaign."

"The General served in the Marines in the last three wars," Greenbaum said. "Right, General?"

"I want you to read about me," the General said to us. "Here, hold my gear, Greenbaum, while I go back to my office and get my biographical data about me."

Greenbaum took the General's paper folder.

"The General's excited about being a candidate," Greenbaum told us. "He never ran for anything before. The General is gonna make a wonderful Borough President."

The General returned and handed us his biographical data. "Pay no attention to anybody but me," he said to Greenbaum, and threw him a long laugh.

"Let's shove along to our future Council President," Greenbaum said, and we trudged after him to another hot little room. There we found Mrs. Simon consulting from behind her desk with two campaign workers, whom she introduced as her daughter, Miss Cathy Simon, and Commissioner Arthur S. Hirsch.

"My daughter is a Democrat, but she's for me," Mrs. Simon said to Greenbaum.

"Don't apologize," said Greenbaum. "There's gonna be thousands of Democrats for you. The people are aroused. We're gonna be the liaison between the public and a decent administration. The jig is up!"

"That's good to hear," Commissioner Hirsch said sadly. "I used to be Deputy Commissioner of Licenses under LaGuardia, and I'm glad to hear you talking along those lines."

"I sound pretty good," said Greenbaum. "I don't want to pat myself on the back, but I've been the big sparkplug around here."

"I got up at five o'clock this morning to water my plants," Mrs. Simon said to us.

"We both have green thumbs," said Miss Simon.

"Soon as we really get going, neither one of you will have time to think about plants," said Greenbaum. "You'll have a one-track mind on the campaign, like me. Wait till we start shooting our big guns."

Leading us into the corridor again, Greenbaum said, "Let's look in on Bob's office, just to be sure he's not back." We walked into a somewhat larger office, equipped with several chairs, a television set, an American flag on a floor stand, and a desk that was bare except for a blank pad of lined yellow paper and two telephones. "He's very neat," said Greenbaum. "Let's go on to see Judge William Mertens, our campaign director. He was once a City Court justice, so we call him Judge. Now he's a lawyer in the Chanin Building."

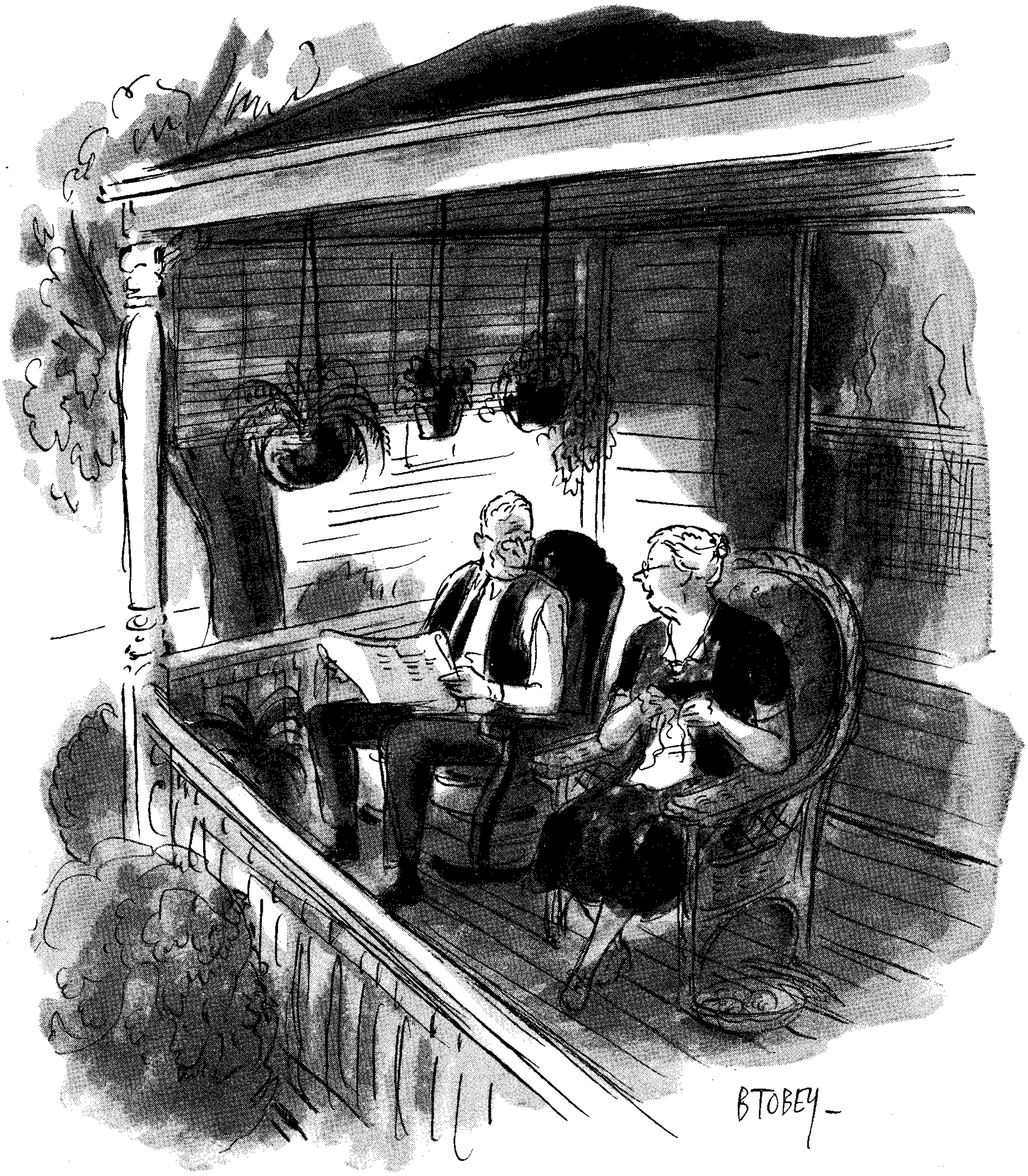
He took us into another office, said "Greetings, Judge," and introduced us to a dapper gentleman with a small mustache and hair parted on the left side.

"This is only the beginning," said the Judge. "I've had a hectic afternoon laying plans for the campaign and checking on our progress up to date. I'd rather not go into details. All I can say is we've been making a lot of decisions. Today is my seventeenth wedding anniversary, and I'm taking a folder of stuff home to work on. I've got an air-conditioner there."

"Wouldn't Wagner love to know what we're doing!" Greenbaum said. "Talk about issues! We've got a long *list* of issues! The jig is up!"

"You should be out electioneering," said the Judge.

"A helluva lot of people wanted *me* to run for mayor, but we need a businessman," Greenbaum said.

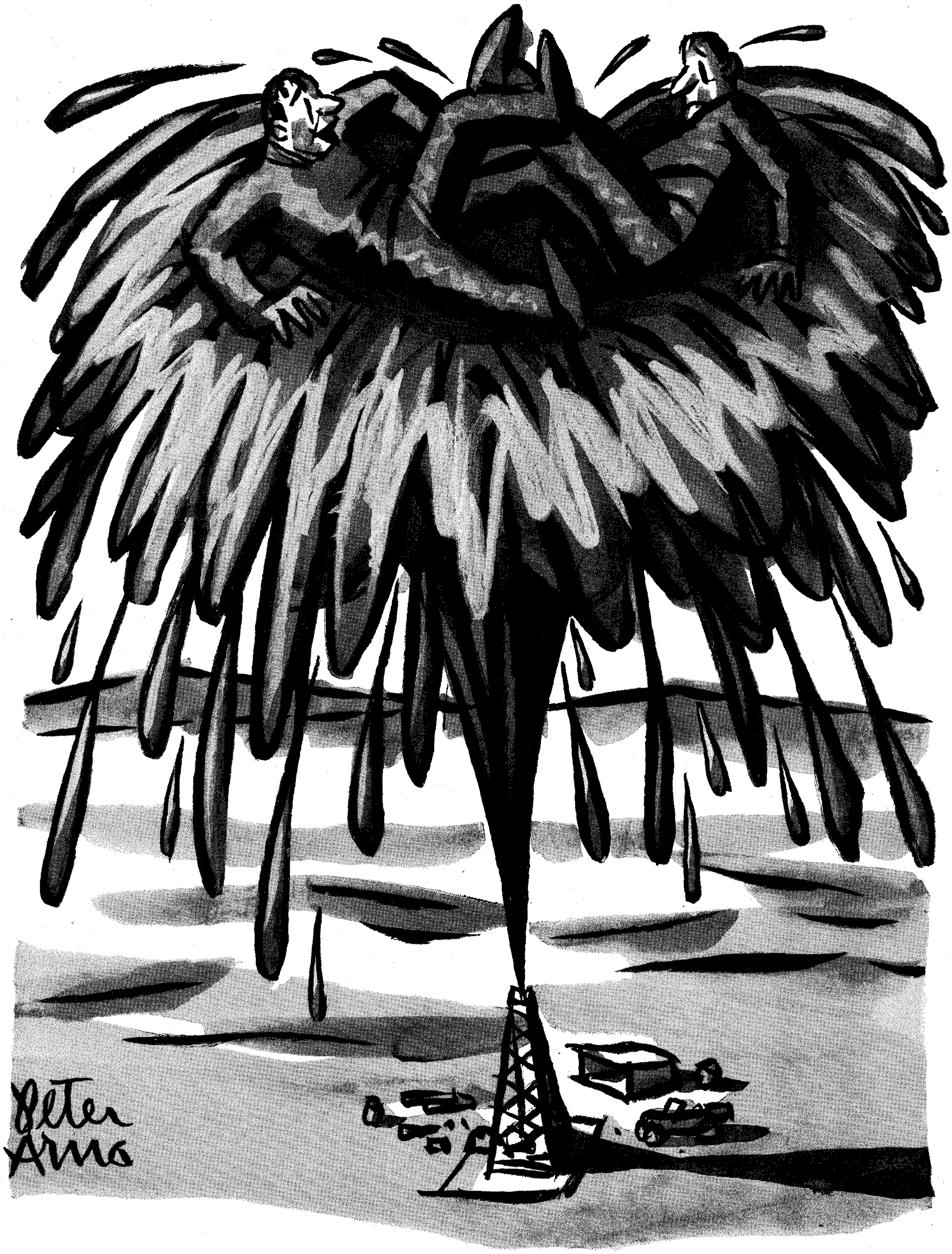


"Henry, what ever happened to the best that was yet to be?"

• •

Example

A FATHER we know, taking his four-year-old son to the dentist for his first checkup, sought to calm the boy's fear of the chair by climbing into it himself with a hearty air of nothing-to-it, and even letting the dentist poke about in his mouth with a few instruments. This did the trick, and, what with no trouble being turned up by the examination and only a cleaning to go through, the visit was happily non-traumatic for the lad. "There, you see," the father said when it was over. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" As he was steering the boy toward the door with a flow of like sentiments, the dentist stopped him. "By the way," he said, "I got a look at that lower left incisor of yours, and you've got a really wicked cavity going there. Better stop at Miss Simpson's desk on your way out and have her give you an appointment."



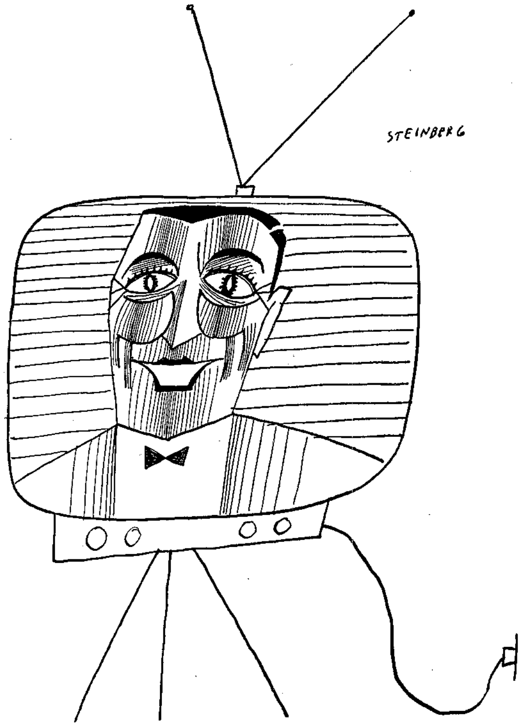
"We'll sure be sitting pretty . . . if we ever get down."

ONCE A LADY

THE west wind was blowing damp and cold from the distant Welsh hills across the Midland plains of England, and Eileen Carter was not sorry when bedtime came. She tightened the cord of her sandy Jaeger dressing gown around her full waist, for the routine of preparing for bed was a lengthy one and her boy's-style pink-and-white striped flannel pajamas were loose and inclined to impede her actions. Habitual though all the preparation was, she went at it doggedly, her heavy face—a rosy-cheeked bulldog's—set in childish concentration. First, she heated milk in a little saucepan on the spirit stove in a corner of her bedroom; then she poured three dessertspoons of whiskey into the milk. She placed the milk and two Marie biscuits on her bedside table, with her reading glasses, her sleeping pills, and "The Cloud of Unknowing" (the treatise of the anonymous medieval mystic—Miss Underhill's edition). Then she knelt beside her bed and said the Lord's Prayer.

Once in bed, she kicked her hot-water bottle to rest at her feet, and slowly drank the milk and ate both biscuits while she read from the book: "All men will they reprove of their defaults, right as they had cure of their souls: and yet they think that they do not else for God, unless they tell them their defaults as they see. And they say that they be stirred thereto by the fire of charity, and of God's love in their hearts: and truly they lie, for it is with the fire of hell welling in their brains and in their imagination." But the passage seemed inapposite to her this night. She had, of course, been guilty of moral righteousness and censoriousness in the past, often and often—lonely people, she reflected, are prone to this sin—but at the moment she wished only to dwell on one person's virtues, to give praise to the one she loved. And this, too, was a sin to which lonely people were prone.

She tried to deflect her mind by reading other passages, but the obtrusive thoughts kept breaking in. She was not unaware that the Devil sometimes increased his power by forcing his victims to fight him, and that often in withdrawal lay victory. She therefore put by her book, put off her dressing gown, and, taking a small green pill with the last drains of the milk, prepared for sleep. It came quite quickly, but just before she slept, she saw Esther's dear face smiling at her, and she smiled lovingly in return.

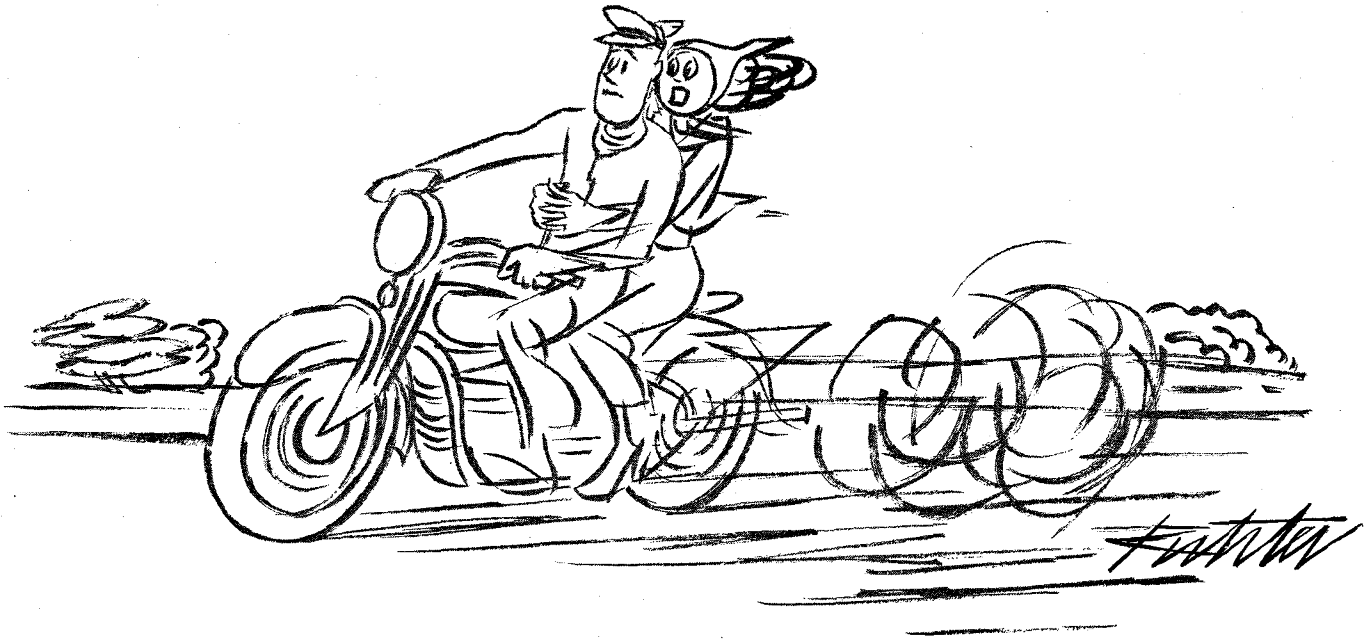


FAR across the village, beyond the pond and the pub and the crescent of new council houses, Esther Barrington lay awake beside her husband, Jim, in the big bedroom above their general store. Esther was used now to waking suddenly in the night, sometimes from alarming dreams, sometimes just from nothing, but always to find herself appallingly and hopelessly awake. Tonight she tried, as she had so often, to attribute her wakefulness to the screech owl that nightly settled on the telegraph wire above the outside lavatory, or to blame it on a sudden stirring of young jackdaws in the eaves. Presently, she was tempted to wake Jim and tell him it was all his fault, for despite his deep sleeping, he constantly turned and muttered. When the despair at being awake became urgent, she thought of getting up and running into Jim's mother's room and telling her it was her fault, for having become senile and for moaning senselessly in the night. You're not *my* mother, she thought to shout at her. Just because you stood by Jim and me "at the time" doesn't mean that we have to support you forever. You must leave! But how could a semi-paralyzed old woman of seventy leave? In any case, Esther's hysterical attempt to put the blame for her wakefulness on others did not last long, for the wakefulness seemed to come from so deep within her that it pushed out everything except consciousness of herself. She could think of nothing, see nothing, feel nothing, but herself awake.

She tried desperately to force some issue—some thoughts or, at the least, some memory—out of this blank selfness. In earlier years, when she was not drained by work and futility, she had been able—curiously able for one with only a genteel girl's education—to imagine and think with willed concentration. Now memory came only in pictures that jolted shakily before her eyes, as though projected by a badly operated magic lantern, and trembled there for a moment before flicking out. As for thoughts, they led nowhere. She heard Mother moaning in the next room, and told herself that it was like a child's crying, with no more meaning than that, and then she set herself to reflect whether indeed a child's crying meant so little, whether childish terrors were indeed so transitory. Her mind, however, would make nothing of the question. Scenes of her own childhood misery—of the closet in the vicarage nursery where she had taken her sorrows, or of the dank ground, covered with rotting leaves, behind the berberis, where she had fled grown-up solicitude—came before her sharply and were as sharply gone. And then, like words flashed on the local cinema screen, her old, tedious generalities: *You* have no children. It's worked out badly. Perhaps *you're* to blame.

I'm to blame—I'm tired of it all, she thought. She heard, in recollection, Lottie Washington's dismal off-key droning from the house next door to the shop: "Oh, I never felt more like crying all night,/For everything's wrong and nothing ain't right."

Defeated by the fact that her whole attempt at thinking had ended only in recollection of a vulgar popular song, Esther turned to doing sums in her head; after all, her true anxieties were practical. She went over the biscuit orders she and Jim had placed, did the confectionery accounts, and measured the dwindling returns from egg sales against the possible returns from homemade jam. But everything depended on bills and figures that lay downstairs in the sawdusty, soapy-smelling dark of the shop. Past accounts now came into her head, and the large sums that had spelled the failure of an earlier farming venture became inextricably involved with the little



"Is there anyone else? Are you crazy?"

• •

bills of the shop. The shop, she thought, kept Jim's head and hers just above water, and she saw herself and Jim swimming in the water-filled shop, their heads bobbing up and down like ducks. She thought indignantly, An *absurd* position for a woman who had once brought scandal to her family, a woman who had married beneath her, for love, a woman who had stolen another woman's husband. She checked a sudden loud laugh as she realized she had reduced the central action of her life to the terms of a popular novelette. The laughter turned to bitter sobbing, which, in turn, she checked. She had no right to add to Jim's already cruelly heavy day by disturbing his sleep.

The church clock sounded four. I'm not a bit tired, she told herself; sleeplessness is harmful only if you allow yourself to think it so. She knew, though, how tired she would be when the alarm went off at half past five. And now, to calm her, came the reflection that nowadays increasingly supported her resolution to hold on: It took great courage for someone brought up as I was to do what I did. She hated the snobbish implication of the thought; nevertheless, she moved away from Jim in the bed, and pride at her thought gave her calm.

POLLY WASHINGTON, the little girl from next door, climbed over the fence into the Barringtons' garden, the next morning, and began talking to the hens—those somewhat dreary survivors of the failed farming venture. Since Miss Cleaver had taken her up in Sunday school, teaching her little poems to recite and encouraging her to invent little dances for herself, Polly had become ever so ladylike, and hardly played with the other village children any more. She was forever picking little bunches of flowers and holding little conversations with the animals. At first, Lottie and Reg Washington, her mother and father, had encouraged her, too, and had made her show off her dances in a little peach silk party frock every Sunday afternoon to visitors. After a while, they had lost patience with her whimseys. Lottie was too busy to have a child hanging around her all day; even old Granny Washington had slapped Polly and called her "a little madam." So Polly spent more and more of her time now at the Barringtons', following Esther around telling her stories, or giving "presents" to old Mrs. Barrington, who was too senile to grasp that they were not real, and said, "Thank you, my dear," making the little girl break into giggles.

"Good morning, Mrs. Speckly Hen," Polly said to a Plymouth Rock fowl, speaking in the special prissy, ladylike voice that Miss Cleaver had taught her to use for games of pretense. Esther had already given Jim his breakfast and had sent him out on the milk round he made for the dairyman, to earn extra money, when she came out into the dust-blowing gale to feed the hens. This was one of the days when, after the milk round, Jim worked as a jobbing gardener, and she had had sandwiches to cut for him, as well as her usual chores—beds to make, Mother to put on the commode—before opening the shop. Gusts of cold wind blew up Esther's sleeves and licked around her legs, reminding her of winter, whose approach she so dreaded. How long would Jim's obstinacy refuse to accept that the fowls, the last, sentimental relics of their farm's high hopes, added nothing but trouble to their lives? "Good morning, Mrs. Barrington," Polly said, in a special sweet voice. Miss Cleaver had told her that she must always be a very kind, polite little girl to poor, pretty little Mrs. Barrington.

Esther started into recognition of the child's presence with irritation. Polly under her feet at seven o'clock in the morning! There seemed to be no hour of the day at which those wretched people cared for their offspring. Did the child get no breakfast? They trade on the weakness of my barrenness, Esther thought bitterly. "Good morning, Polly," she said. "And a very busy morning for everybody!" The hard lines that lay beneath the soft surface of her pretty, birdlike face snapped into place as she spoke.

"My mummy isn't busy," Polly answered. "She's listening to the wireless."

Esther made no reply as she forced open the rickety henyard gate and fought her way through the acrid-smelling, clucking birds. Polly ran excitedly behind her, increasing the hens' alarm, getting in the way of the scattering corn. "Mrs. Speckly Hen had a dream last night, Mrs. Barrington!" she cried, and then she paused, her face red and bursting with imaginative effort—for despite all Miss Cleaver's encouragement, she was a girl of very limited fancy. "She dreamed she laid a big, big, big chocolate egg!" Polly said triumphantly. "Oh, look, look, Mrs. Barrington! There's the greedy one with the little yellow patch on her foot. What shall we call her? Mrs. Yellow Patch?"

"I haven't time to give hens names this morning, Polly." Esther could hear Lottie Washington, on the other side of the fence, droning, "I never felt so like singing the blues," and, out of the corner of her eye, saw the cigarette dangling from Lottie's fresh, full mouth, and her lazy, easy, sensual movements as she reached up to fix clothespins on her line. "You *must* not come over here so early, Polly," Esther said loudly and sternly.

Lottie immediately called raucously, "Polly! Polly, come back here at once!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Washington," Esther said. "I cannot have Polly here at all hours of the day."

Lottie did not answer, but when Polly had scrambled, red-faced, over the fence, she caught the little girl by one arm, twisted it, and slapped her face. "Don't you go where you're not wanted!" she said, and pushed the crying child toward the house.

Esther scattered the last of the corn and returned indoors, feeling sick.

ESTHER was already behind the counter, serving—or, rather, listening to—old Mrs. Sumper, when Jim returned from his milk round. "She were like a little sleeping child as she lay there," Mrs. Sumper was saying. "Doctor said 'e'd never seen one to go so peaceful, not as 'ad gone with the cancer."

Through the old woman's words, Esther saw her husband for a moment as if he were a stranger entering the shop—swarthily handsome, strong but gentle; a strong, steady face set in heavy lines of patience. People said that, for her part, she had kept her prettiness; as for the lines, they only gave more interest to the face. Well, let them say so; it would be all right if every line didn't speak of past worries and of backbreaking labors. And as for Jim's gentleness and patience, if only she didn't resent them! He ought to be more angry, more resentful, she thought. I've cheated him, and he ought to hate me for it. What does love mean if it breeds only gentleness? She indicated his sandwiches to him, but he simply smiled and went upstairs.

When he came down again, Mrs. Sumper had finished her story. "Well, there it is," she said. "You 'aven't got 'em, so I'll 'ave to get 'em at Rayner's when I go in to Lichfield Saturday." She sniffed, and waddled out of the shop.

"Mother's waiting for her breakfast," Jim said.

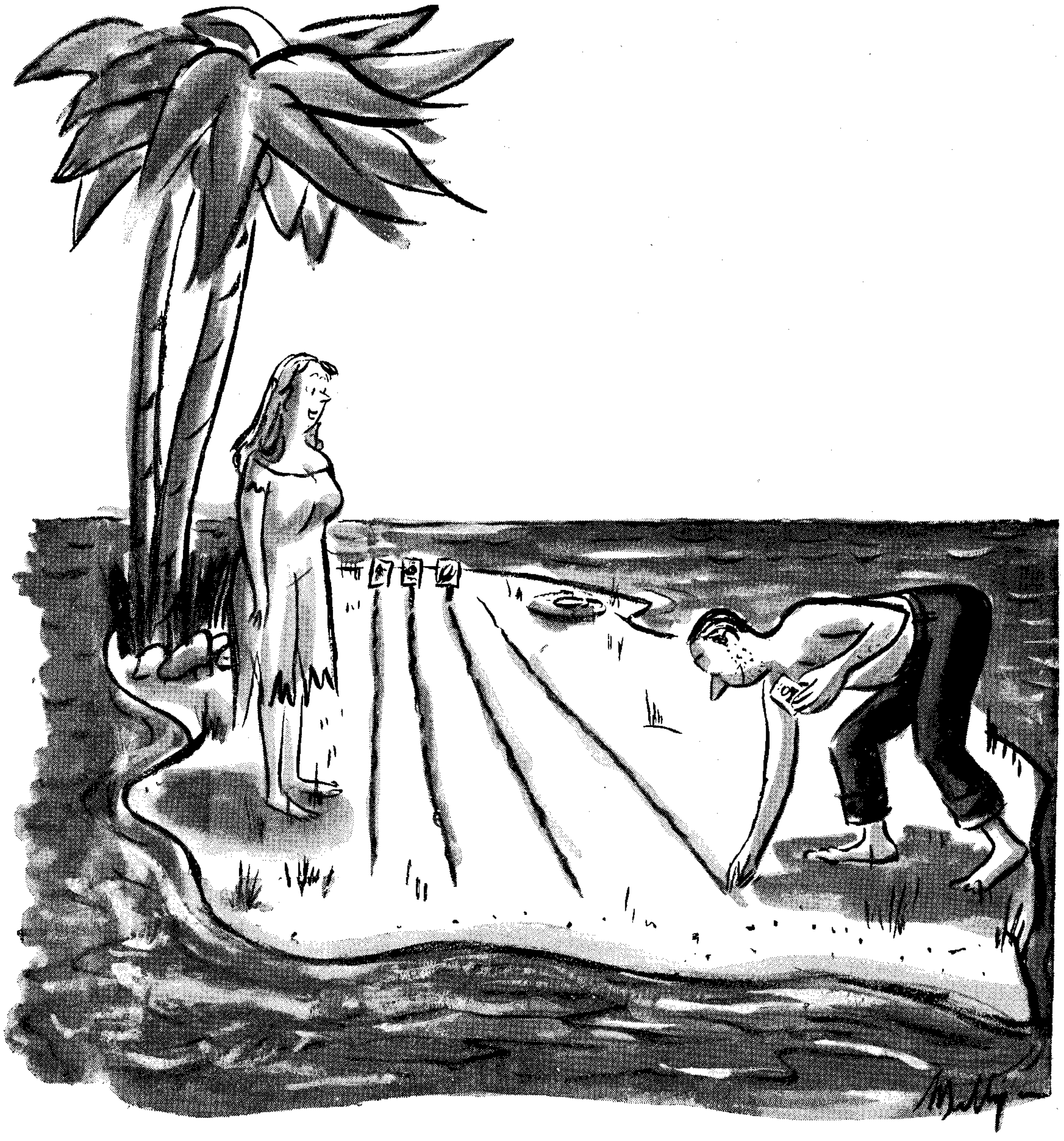
"Oh, Jim!" Esther cried. "She's had her breakfast! I gave it to her half an hour ago."

"Ah! The poor old thing's forgotten, then," Jim said.

"Well, she really shouldn't have done. I gave her two sardines, and she insisted on dipping them into her tea." Esther heard herself laugh loudly, for some reason.

Jim's dark calf's eyes looked hurt for a moment. Then, "You've got enough to do without extra burdens," he said. "We'll have to send her away."

It annoyed Esther that after fifteen years of married life with her his peasant fears and ignorance still showed through his good sense and independence in phrases like "send her away." She ad-



"You're a remarkable man, Mr. Griffin. Not many people would have seeds in their pocket at a time like this."

①

②

mired him so much that it enraged her to think of his humility before authorities such as hospitals and doctors. He had been so meek and uncomplaining three years ago, when the failure of the farm ended, for him, in two bouts of pneumonia. "Don't be silly, Jim. We've discussed all that," Esther said, and she began bustling about behind the counter, rearranging tins on the shelves.

The Maxwell children—a huddle of cheeping, underfed sparrows—came in for their daily supply of assorted licorice. When they had gone, she said, "You'll be late at Major Driver's, Jim. See that they give you some tea with your lunch. It's a biting wind." She felt ashamed of her solicitude for his health, remembering how hostile scandal had said that she had married him only for his physical strength. Now it was her "wiry" strength that never failed.

But this time he countered her sympathy. "I don't like you not sleeping," he said. "You must speak to Doctor about it. They can give you something for that nowadays."

"What do you know about my sleeping?" she cried with mocking indignation. "Snoring your head off!" She was overcome with tenderness for him, and resented it. What could the underlying tenderness do to mend the broken surface of their daily life together? "Besides, today's early closing, thank heaven," she said brightly. "I'm going to tea with Eileen Carter."

"Ah! That'll do you good," he said, smiling, showing the perfect, even white teeth she still delighted to see. But she knew how little he liked her friendship with Eileen—that ladylike companionship of books and gardening and religion, in which he had no part.

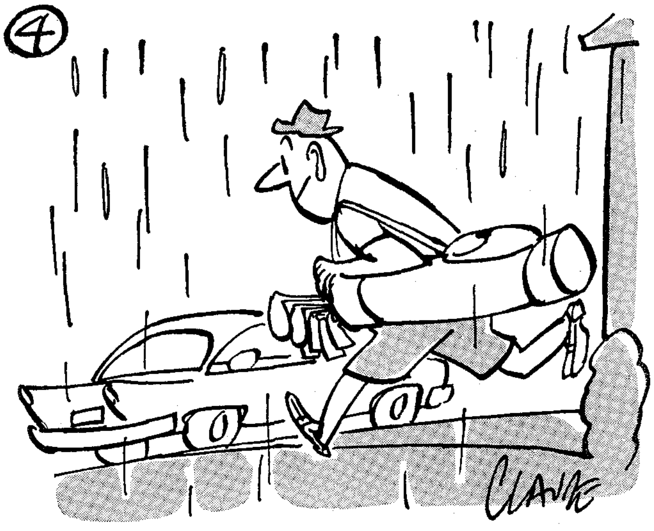
A woman came in for some elastic, but Jim disregarded her presence. He went up to Esther and whispered, "It'd be far better to let the old woman go, as the doctor wants."

Esther shook her head in reply. She had brought him no children to care for; she was not going to let his mother be taken away. She moved past him to the woman, and as she went, he pressed the back of his hand against hers and whispered, "Thank you, my old Esther." It was a gesture he had not used for a long time—a gesture that recalled intensely the days of their clandestine lovemaking, their occasional secret pressures and touches when they met in shop or market square or wherever there were people who, in the days before the scandal broke, made open recognition impossible. The tenderness that filled her now was so little touched by irritation that the woman, receiving her card of elastic, said, "The cold weather agrees with you, all right, Mrs. Barrington. But there, you're always on the move."

PERHAPS Esther's reawakened and unalloyed tenderness for Jim would have died beneath the anesthetic of the day's tedious chores had not a chance customer revived the past in her feelings. During all the years she and Jim spent in the remoteness of their Yorkshire farm, she had dreaded an utterly improbable chance contact with neighbors from her old home in Sussex, who would revive the memory of scandal—who might even break down the wall she had built around Jim's wounded self-esteem. In these recent years, with her father dead and her mother gone to join a daughter in Kenya, the Sussex faces had faded out, the fear of their intrusion had ceased. But here, of course, in the shop, remote though this Midland village was from Sussex, the possibility was far greater, and on that very morning it turned to certainty.

The face of the man who entered the shop was familiar; the voice that asked for cigarettes made Esther sure. The man was Charles Stanton, still bearing traces of the fourteen-year-old boy who, round-eyed, had once stared at her with fascination because she was the subject of mysterious adult whispering. The visual memory of childhood was less enduring than hers, however, for he left the shop without recognizing her. When he had gone, she peered between the stacked boxes of Puffed Wheat and tins of cocoa in the window, and there, indeed, in a Ford Consul, sat Mrs. Stanton—motherly, vulgar, overdressed, hardly changed from the woman who, with her curiosity more highly titillated than her young son's, had befriended Esther after the scandal broke. For a moment, memory of the old woman's kindness made Esther start for the door, and then a sharp recollection of how difficult even kindness had been to endure forced her to stop while she was still in the shop's safety. With relief, she heard the car drive off, but Mrs. Stanton's love of touring and Charles Stanton's momentary impulse to stop for cigarettes had broken through the blanketing mist that had finally been interposed between Esther and "the worst fortnight of my life."

If Esther had had her way—or, for that matter, if her mother's will had prevailed—she would not have stayed one day at the vicarage after Jim's wife made her scene. But her father had been determined that she should not go. "If you care for me at all, Esther, you will stay and fight it out. I will try to help you, even to forgive you, as long as you do not run away. I can forgive anything else—indeed, I should hardly be a min-



ister of Christ if I could not—but cowards I will not forgive." His words had had nothing to do with her, of course; they were merely part of his relentless fight against his parishioners. "I will teach these people Christ's charity, even if I can do so only with the rod of shame," he had said. Of course, he had not been able to teach it to them, and at the end of a fortnight he had been frankly relieved when she ended the fight for him by running away.

And why should the parish have forgiven her? She had betrayed her class, her church, and her sex. The parish had not shared the passion that had sustained and driven her. If she had been outside that passion, she would have been on the side of the parish. Only Mrs. Stanton had been kind to her: "My dear, you're always welcome here, I'm sure. Not that that'll help you with the county, I'm afraid. You know what they think of Henry and me. Rich trade, that's us. But who cares what they say? They think the days of carriage folk are still with us, stupid creatures." She had, of course, been full of sentimental curiosity: "Well, love certainly suits her, doesn't it, Henry? I've never seen you in such good features, my dear." Old Mr. Stanton had been just a little more familiar than he should have been. Esther had hated herself for needing their support and had also hated herself for disliking it, but still she had not been able to bear their coating her passion with their sticky sentimentalism: "You must always follow your heart, my dear." She had longed to reject Mrs. Stanton as Marianne Dashwood rejected Mrs. Jennings, but then Marianne had not committed adultery with her Willoughby.

Little by little, at the chivying and poking of the day's demands—the accounts, the customers' gossip, the orders by telephone—the memories faded from Esther's mind. She was left, as she closed the shop early, at one o'clock, only with an overwhelming tenderness for Jim.

As teatime approached, Eileen Carter became as excited as a schoolgirl. Although a strict guardian of her conscience, she was not inclined to be conscious of her own moods; to be so would have seemed to her dangerously near to emotional fudge. Her present elation, however, was too violent to escape her notice, and she told herself sharply not to be swoony. Esther Barrington was a good, brave little woman; it was lucky for both of them that they had broken through the barriers of shyness, for loneliness helped nobody in this world. Eileen was only pleased that her comfortable sufficiency in life allowed her to brighten the drudgelike existence of someone so decent; that was all there was to it. All the rest *was* fudge.

As Eileen passed through her kitchen on the way to the garden, old Madge, her cook, glowed warmth at her. "I'm making some of those griddlecakes Mrs. Barrington loves," she said. "It does one good to see her enjoying herself, doesn't it, Miss Eileen?"

Eileen's gruff notes were almost a bark as she answered, "All right, Madge, but don't worry me with it. I'm up to my eyes in work." And so she was, she thought, with twenty herbaceous plants to move; the work ought to have been done a week ago.

It was, therefore, a vast prospect of buttocks stretching tight a chocolate-and-white striped cloth skirt that confronted Esther as she turned in to the garden at a quarter to four that afternoon. "Heavens above, Eileen!" she cried. "Surely you're not putting *more* plants into that border."

Eileen's pink cheeks were scarlet almost to the point of apoplexy as she rose, swung her broad shoulders around, and faced her visitor. "I'm only moving these damned phloxes," she said, with a grunt. "Every one of them's got a hell of a great root. God knows whether they're worth moving. They're probably riddled with bloody eelworm." It was a mark of her shyness that she used to Esther the "bad language" that she normally employed only in her voluntary social work in order to show that she was not an old frump.

"But surely you can tell," Esther said.

"No, I *can't*," Eileen said emphatically. "The damned leaves are all floppy, but that may be due to this summer's drought."

"You should let Jim come and advise you," Esther said. In her present mood, she rushed to get her husband's name in as soon as possible.

Eileen ran her hand through her untidy, graying black bob with impatience. "I have some pretensions to being a gardener myself, Esther," she said.

"A very good one," Esther replied. "But Jim, poor dear, has to know these things professionally."

"Professional gardeners, in my experience, always make a ball-up," Eileen said.

Esther's pretty blue eyes, in her thin, lined face, flashed angrily for a moment, and then she decided that the poor old thing was in one of her moods. "Most of them do, of course," she said. "Double begonias and calceolarias! They couldn't have more ghastly taste." Her voice, as she spoke, took on the upper-middle-class drawl she had

THE THOUGHT-FOX

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:
Something else is alive
Beside the clock's loneliness
And this blank page where my fingers move.

Through the window I see no star;
Something more near,
Though deeper within darkness,
Is entering the loneliness:

Cold, delicately as the dark snow,
A fox's nose touches twig, leaf;
Two eyes serve a movement that now,
And again now, and now, and now,

Sets neat prints into the snow
Between trees, and warily a lame
Shadow lags, by stump and in hollow,
Of a body that is bold to come

Across clearings, an eye,
A widening deepening greenness,
Brilliantly, concentratedly,
Coming about its own business

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox,
It enters the dark hole of the head.
The window is starless still; the clock ticks;
The page is printed.

—Ted Hughes

• •

found again recently, in her friendship with Eileen.

They talked for a while about gardening, and as they talked, Eileen lost her shy coarseness and Esther slipped more completely into drawling assurance. "Well, and how is the mum?" Eileen asked as, later, they sat over China tea, griddlecakes, currant bread, and homemade quince cheese. "Dotty as ever?" She habitually referred to the mothers she visited in her family-welfare work as "the mums," and it was a mark of her attitude toward Jim that she called old Mrs. Barrington by this name.

"Oh dear!" Esther said. "Poor old thing, her memory gets worse every day. She was such a good, kind person, Eileen, even if she was always a very simple soul. I can't bear to see her in this childish state. I gave her sardines for breakfast, and nothing would stop her dipping them in her tea."

Eileen threw back her bulldog head and wheezed with laughter. For a moment, Esther was on the point of joining in; then she remembered Jim. "It isn't a laughing matter, Eileen," she said. Her handkerchief was rolled into a ball in the palm of her hand. She dug her nails into it with anger at betraying Jim; she should never have spoken of Mother's pathetic childishness.

Eileen looked at her unperturbed. "Oh, yes, it is, my dear," she said. "Sickness, death, even sin—all have their absurdities. And God intended that we should laugh at them. As long as it's not cruel laughter." She lit one of her small cheroots—her only capitulation to eccentricity. "Jane understood it well enough, as you know. She could laugh at Mrs. Musgrave's fat tears over her scapegrace son, but Emma's cruel gibe at Miss Bates could not be forgiven. It's as simple as that—or, rather, like everything else in life, as difficult." When she spoke her ethical convictions, her gruff voice became almost ridiculously offhand and flat.

Esther took a last piece of currant bread to finish her quince cheese. "Jane Austen was awfully clever," she said, "but even when I'm enjoying her books most, I sometimes wonder whether she ever knew what it was like to be laughed at."

"What?" Eileen said. "A surplus old maid?" Then, embarrassed by this degree of self-revelation, she added, "The trouble with you, my dear, is that you're a Jane Bennet, and not an Eliza. You take too good a view of the world. You let it trample on you."

"Oh!" Esther cried. "I've had enough of revolt to last me for my life. I don't ever want to fight people again. I just want to be left alone to get on with my work, and God knows there's enough of it." Then she looked at Eileen's glowing fire, at the samplers, the bellows, the etchings of Lichfield Cathedral. "What I'd most like in all the world," she said, stretching her thin body with an easiness unusual for her, "would be some comfort, some ease of living, like this. Or, rather," she added earnestly, "I should like it for Jim."

Eileen's heavy face seemed to lose all life, to become a smooth, fleshy mass. "I can't quite see dear old Jim at Throckings," she said, with a chuckle that was somehow not warm.

Esther still stretched, at ease. "Can't you?" She spoke from far away. "You don't know Jim at all, do you, Eileen?"

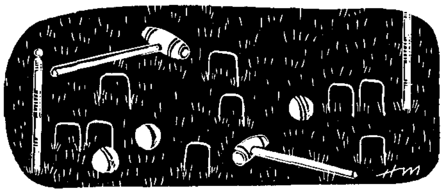
"He's not very easy to know," Eileen answered stiffly.

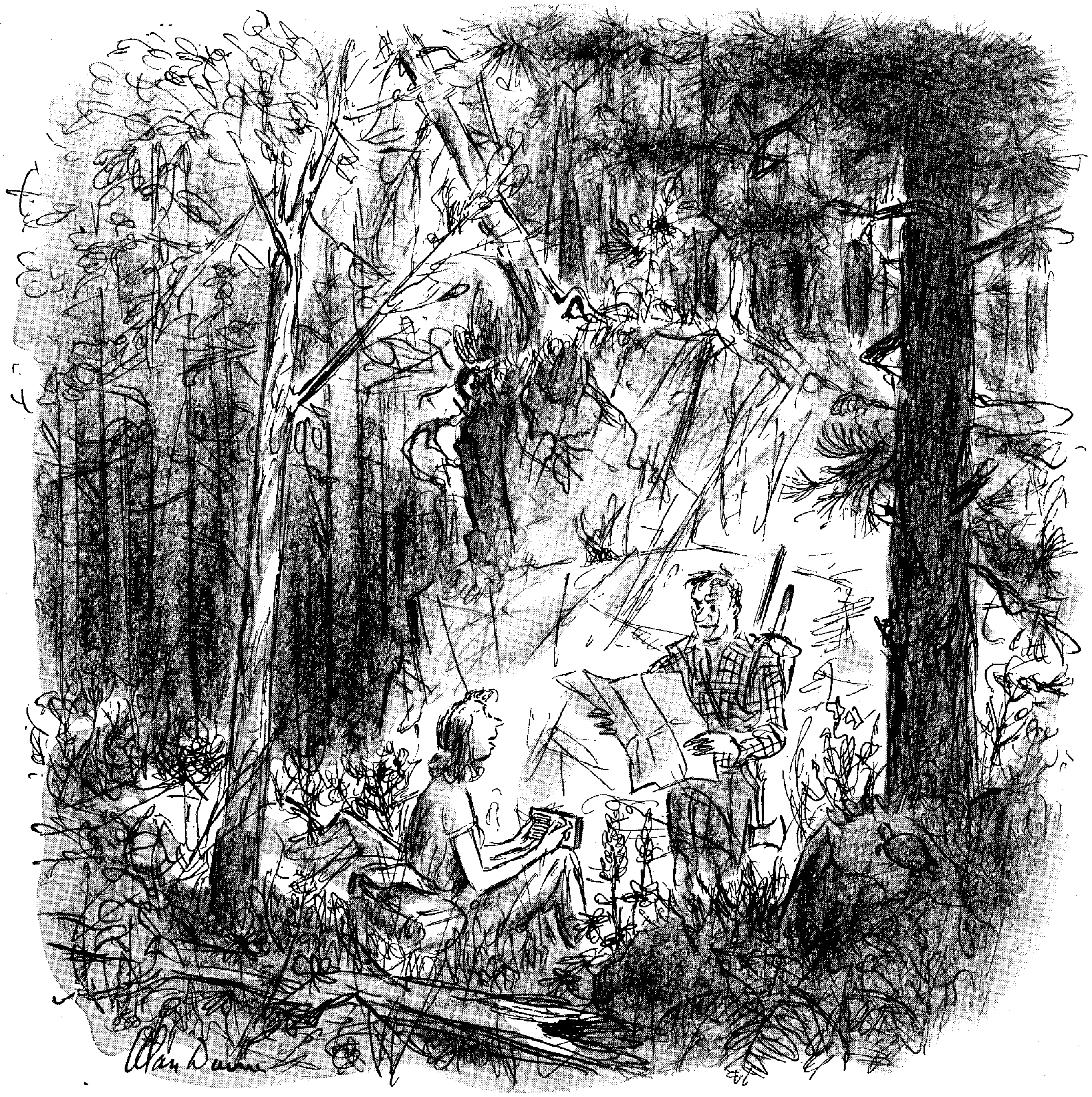
"Isn't that the best kind?" Esther asked. Then, as though she had returned to the room suddenly, she said, in a light, gay voice, "Oh, Eileen! You can't think how much it means to be able to come and relax here. You *are* a dear person, you know."

Eileen's heavy head bent down for a moment in girlish shyness. "I wish you would come far more often," she said.

"Oh, my dear! If I could . . ." Esther laughed. "But how could I? Who's to give Jim his tea?"

Eileen got up and stood for a moment by Esther's chair, her thick legs set apart in an ungainly way. "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," she said. She moved across the room and fingered the dried hydrangeas on the window table. "It's awful here on rainy days," she said absently. Then, coming behind Esther, she placed a square hand on her shoulder and pressed it. The gesture of intimacy was familiar to her friend. "You're worth such a lot more than you think," Eileen said. Then she stroked Esther's graying fair hair. This was a gesture entirely unfamiliar to her friend, who got up, hurriedly pushing Eileen's hand to one side. She went over to the mirror above the fireplace and patted her hair into place. Eileen sat down on the sofa,





"Somehow I don't feel that we're really lost as long as I can still get 'Luncheon at Sardi's.'"

• •

squat and lowering, legs apart, heavy bosom forward.

Esther stared into the mirror and spoke without turning around. "I suppose I've lost the art of friendship," she said. "You've no idea what it's like to be a lawbreaker in decent society. And that's what Jim and I were. We broke every rule in the book. I pray for forgiveness, and God, I trust, will forgive me. But the world—especially the village world—isn't God."

Eileen laughed. "Oh, you make it sound like one of those novels I used to read as a girl. By Sheila Kaye-Smith, or someone. Why, all that was fifteen years ago, in Sussex! My dear, times have changed."

"Oh, I know." Esther still did not look at her friend. "But the county haven't. About adultery, perhaps, but they don't forgive anyone who oversteps their precious class barrier."

"You live in the past," Eileen declared. A gleam appeared in her usually dulled eyes. "Besides, even if you're right, it isn't as noticeable as all that. You've acquired a good deal of protective coloring through the years, you know."

Esther swung around; for a moment her soft blue eyes showed horror.

"Oh, my dear!" Eileen boomed. "I've said the wrong thing! If that's what worries you, put your mind at rest. 'Once a lady,' as our mums used to say. For what it's worth."

—ANGUS WILSON

•

LIFE IN AMERICA AT QUARTER OF FIVE

4:45 (4) MODERN ROMANCES
Gordon tells Laura that Tom could not have phoned Harry.—*TV and Radio Magazine.*

THE SECRET SECRET

BY children, a secret can still be sensuously appreciated as if it were a ripe plum bitten into—or, rather, like the surprise a chocolate peppermint, allowed to dissolve upon the tongue, gradually divulges. For the secret that involves a receptacle is the secret of secrets, as children recognize. Thus, when Jinny Welch—the one of the Welch children across the street nearest to my age, and my best friend—and I discovered a secret drawer in the mahogany highboy in our dining room, we gave each other one intense look and within minutes had founded a club about it.

First, to check up on the authenticity of our find, we consulted my mother. She was making a charcoal drawing upstairs in her bedroom, seated before her easel in a low chair beside the window, outside which snow was slowly falling.

We had dashed up the narrow old staircase in our excitement, but we slowed down on entering the room, and edged in, our skirts switching. "I was just looking for something, in the highboy," I began cautiously. I had never actually been forbidden the highboy, where table linen was kept, but on the other hand one never knew what would suddenly arouse sleeping prohibitions.

My mother looked away from her drawing, over the tops of her glasses. She appeared to be considering my remark. Dark-haired Jinny, ever more passionate and more trusting than I, was unable to persevere with such tactical maneuvers.

"Did you know that the sticking-out thing at the top of your highboy pulls out, and you can put things inside?" she demanded.

My mother smiled. "The molding," she defined it. "Yes. That's the secret drawer. Your grandfather used to keep securities in it," she added to me. "Just don't pull the whole piece of furniture down on top of yourselves."

But we were out of the room. A secret drawer! And from her placid tone she might have been speaking of fish balls.

We knew just what our next step must be. Jinny would be president, I would be secretary and treasurer. It would be called the Secret Drawer Club, and we would keep May, Jinny's younger sister, out. The boys, Tom and Royal Welch, would hear only enough of it from us to know they were being kept out, too. As for the secret drawer itself, we would use it to hide things in. The bylaws, for one thing, could be hidden in it, once we had them drawn up.

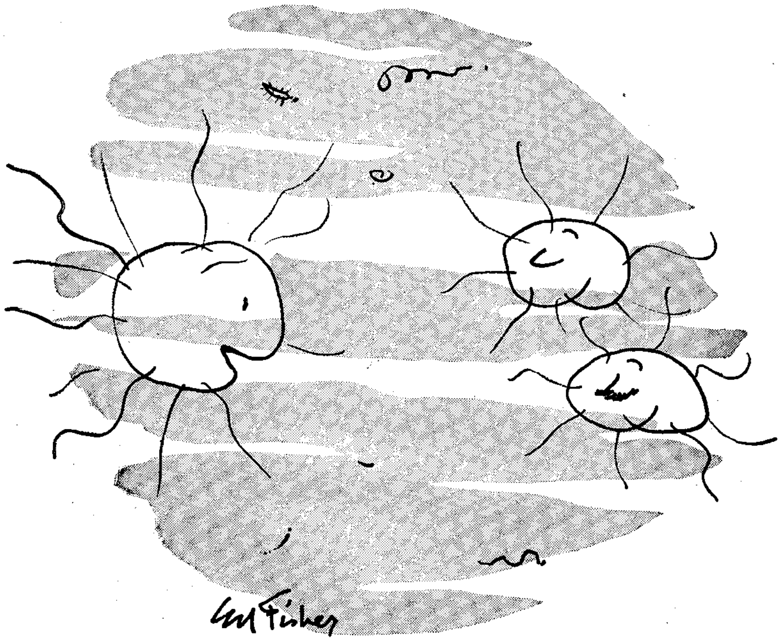
We sat right down at the round dining-room table to start work on them, with a pad of lined school paper, and some pencils, from my father's study, that smelled of cedar. A pale white light came in through the windows as, outside, snow continued to fall. "1. The members of the Secret Drawer Club must be honorable," I wrote, and licked the delicious graphite. "2. The members of the Secret Drawer Club must have grit. 3. The Secretary and Treasurer is not allowed to open the Secret Drawer unless the President is present. 4. . . ."

Almost as beavers are led to build dams, at the occurrence of any striking or unusual event we tended to form a club about it. Sometimes it was one of us who was left out of a new organization, sometimes another, but it was part of the very soul of club-forming to leave somebody out. Once I even had a club with Tom and Royal against the girls. That club had something to do with a pine tree we had found, far back in the woods, whose branches hung low to the ground and made a dark shelter. It was called the Pine Tree Club and its bylaws began, "All girls except the Corresponding Secretary are forbidden to get within ten (10) feet of the Sacred Pine Tree."

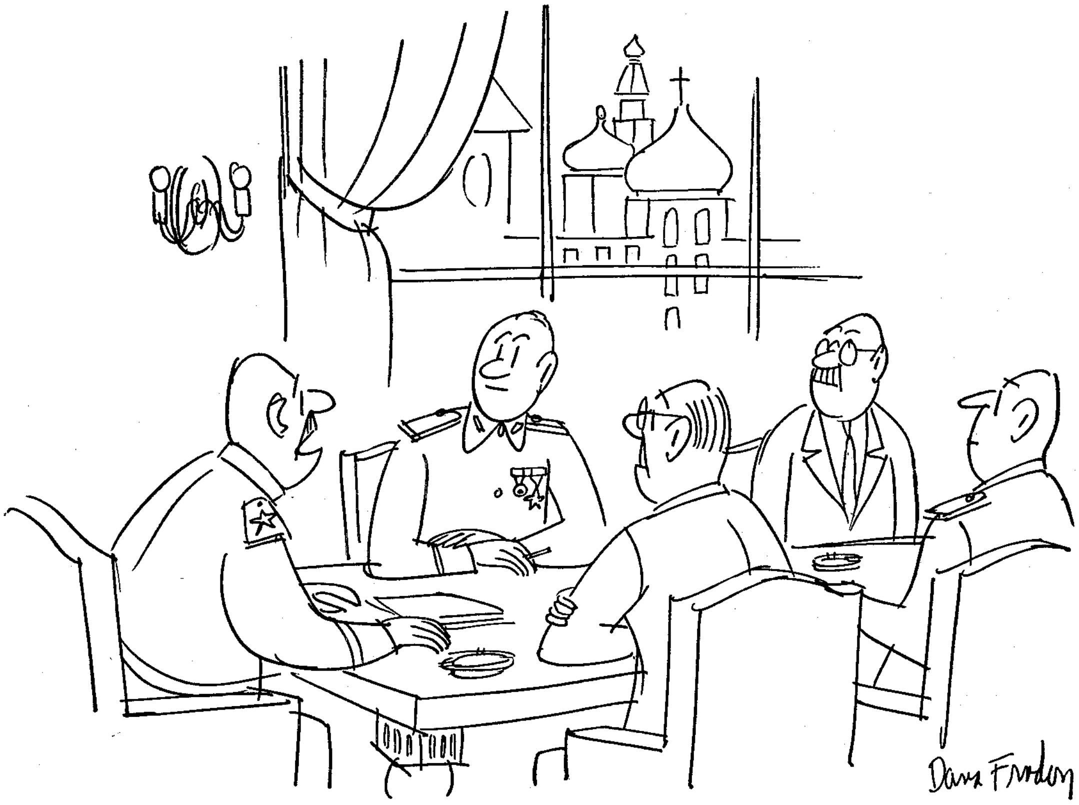
The bylaws of our clubs invariably had a high moral tone, and were strong on the stoical virtues as requirements for membership—Loyalty, Courage, Silence Under Torture. Mr. Thompson Welch—who was a widower and a lawyer, lived during the week in an apartment in Boston, and ran his country houseful of children like a military platoon—once in a while got wind of one of our clubs and forced it out into the open. "The children must be made to go through with their projects" was his favorite maxim. At such words my parents, who wanted only to be left in peace to paint, would groan, when they thought I was not around.

The Legion of Honor was one of the clubs that Mr. Welch exploited. Originally called the Pantry Club, it had had a membership composed of May, Royal, Tom, and me, Jinny being the one it was against. It had met to suck lemons and eat cookies, raisins, and whatever other provender offered, in the Welches' pantry on Thursday afternoons, when their cook and waitress were off. Its bylaws expressed the usual high-minded ideals, of which May—the youngest Welch child and the only one toward whom Mr. Welch made an occasional demonstration of affection—unfortunately let drop some details while sitting on that sharkskin knee.

May was, at that age, a naturally cuddly child, fond of kissing, and furthermore she was fundamentally rather stupid. Poor May was never to learn to distrust the keen, close-shaven face pressed against her plump one in the way that the other Welch children did, at the same time that they maintained an absolutely sincere filial awe and regard. Proud declarations of "Father says" and "Father believes" were mingled, by them, with rigid caution about ever telling Father anything,



"Tell me. Are you cells any happier now that you've divided?"



"Data from the recent tests prove that our K-4 missile is superior to their Navy's Y-7J, inferior to their Army's 6-F2, and equal to their Air Force's X-100."

• •

in a combination only beset children could achieve.

That was how the Pantry Club came to turn into the Legion of Honor—an organization dedicated to character-improvement, with tattletale features built in, and a membership which, of course, had been enlarged to include Jinny. Its officers were Mr. Welch, as General, and, with great reluctance, my parents, as Colonel and Major. On meeting one of these superiors, a Legionnaire was supposed to salute and, if required, to recite the by-laws, now called regulations, which had once been those of the Pantry Club. "I will put honor above all. I will be upright in everything. I will be pure in word and deed. . . ." Naturally, this institution soon died on the vine, as it lacked at least two of the essential ingredients of a satisfactory society—secrecy and exclusiveness.

Once in a while I, an only child, would make some important discovery, and then I faced the tremendous choice between sharing it and possessing a secret all alone. A secret secret is not the same as a shared secret. It belongs to the order of loneliness, not to the order of societies. But loneliness is not to be despised. Its private joys are especially burning. The day I found a fortune in bills, hidden away in a secret hiding place in the dining room, seemed to set me apart from the Welches in a way both painful and exalting.

Our dining room was always a place for discoveries and surprises, if only of new sights and the sensations that went with them, such as the after-dinner coffee cups on the top shelf of the china cabinet. I had climbed on a dining-room chair to see what I could see, and what I saw was those tiny cups—round-bowled, thin as eggshells, painted with bouquets of imperishably lovely flowers, with grass-green rims and handles. Another time it was a plate, at the bottom of a pile of ordinary white Wedgwood plates that I had lifted out of the cupboard, having spied a scalloped rim that did not match. What but the pink-and-white face of Louis XIV, of all people, should be gazing up at me off that plate from under his curly full wig!

I found the money in an old-fashioned card table with a lyre-shaped base, which was used as a serving table. My parents referred to it as the Duncan Phyfe, though with an air of doubt. Fiddling with its top, I felt the top slide. I pulled the table a little out from the wall and slid the top farther around—it moved as though on a pivot—and there, underneath, in a shallow flat space, lay the green bills. I counted them. There were four. They were mine. I was rich. Worlds spun, and exploded in showers of gold.

"Look what I found!" I announced to my mother, who was passing through the dining room at that moment, wearing the distracted expression she assumed when domestic duty called and she wanted to get back to painting.

"The money for the china horse!" she exclaimed, and reached out her hand. "I knew I'd put it somewhere. Was it in the card table?"

I stared at her.

"I *found* it," I said.

My mother appeared to recollect something of juvenile mores. She withdrew her outstretched hand and sighed. "I don't know when I shall be able to get that horse," she complained. "It's still at Carbone's, but I don't know how much longer it will stay there." She departed on her hurried errand, and I was left alone with the pelf, feeling powerful, Midan, and guilty. I would not share my secret with the Welches, I knew, for then I would have to share what I had discovered, too.

What we discovered one rainy spring afternoon in the Welches' attic was far more than an ordinary secret and at the same time something less than one. Mr. Welch, of course, had to know about it, and at once began telling his fashionable friends, as he took them on tours of the old house. And yet, for all its airing, what we discovered always retained for us the quality of a secret, something that could be tasted in private, forever, upon the tongue of imagination.

The Welches' was an ancient New England house, with a gambrel roof, that had been a tavern in Colonial times. It had no third story; the attic was an unfinished space under the eaves on the second floor, reached from one of the bedrooms by a small, low, crooked door. We used to play in there—as we were doing on that particular afternoon—when we couldn't go out; it was a useful place for getting away from the cheery rallying of Miss

Perkins, the English governess. She did not like to stoop to go through the crooked door, or risk her hair net against the rough beams festooned with cobwebs.

Dingy light came sifting in through a small, square window at each gable end of the slant-roofed, long, narrow room. Jinny and May were playing checkers on the floor under one of the windows. I was drawing a castle with four turrets that pierced through some clouds and came out at the top again. Tom, who had a very precise mind, was standing beside the checkerboard, criticizing his sisters' play. "You can take three of her men," he observed as May's plump hand hovered above the board. "Can't you see it? No, naturally I'm not going to tell you."

Royal had that morning found, lying on the table beside Tom's bed, a copy of a book called "Youth Faces Life." Now he had it propped within the coils of his long, leggy frame, down at the other end of the attic, by the window. Who had put the book by Tom's bed? Tom did not know. That was the way improving information often was introduced into the Welch household—a pamphlet entitled "The Christian Faith" would appear by Jinny's place at dinner, a book called "Jolly Tennis Days" on the bedside table of May, who hated physical exertion. It gave a faintly eerie quality to their education, always to be coming upon these anonymously placed guides to perfection.

" 'A cold shower and brisk exercise will be found to prove the soundest medicine for the youthful mind that strays to wasteful daydreams,' " Royal read aloud, snorting.

"Shut up, Royal," Tom said, uneasily. Royal was and always had been unpredictable, unreliable, and dangerous. His were ever the severest of the penances given out—the whole lawn to mow, the whole hedge to clip, two hours of Latin a morning—at those weekend assemblies when Mr. Welch dealt out, with a cold, legal hand, retribution for the week's errors.

" 'The author views coeducational systems with some misgiving,' " Royal continued. " 'Propinquity often gives rise to daydreams far in advance of the youth's emotional development, which in turn can lead—' "

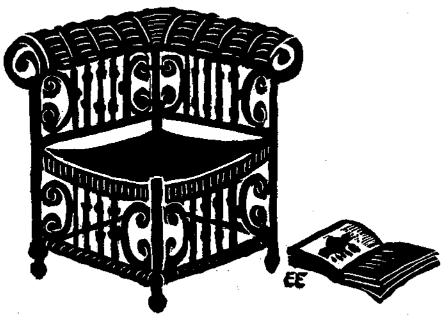
"Shut up!" Tom said, louder. He went down to the other end of the attic and attempted to wrench the book away from Royal. They began to wrestle over it—monkey-faced, curly-haired Royal and his handsome older brother.

We girls were elaborately not paying any attention. Then the struggle had suddenly ceased and Royal was kneeling, peering down into a gap in the boarding of the benchlike structure around the huge chimney that rose through the middle of the attic. "The boards just moved, when I hit against them," he said, in a strangled voice. "It goes way down, inside. I can't see how far."

May ran for her Christmas flashlight. All of us elbowed one another to get a view. Flashlight in hand, Royal prepared to let himself down into the hole, but Tom took the flashlight away from him. "I will go first," he announced, in tones of the eldest, "and see if it's safe."

It *was* safe. It was a secret passage, a real one, built on purpose at some unknown time for some unknown purpose. Hiding from Indians? Concealing fugitive slaves? You let yourself down into the hole by the chimney until your feet struck bottom. Then, crouched double, you went along a narrow walkway around the chimney to the opposite side of it, where a flight of steps went down to the entrance to a room, perhaps six feet long, four feet wide, and five feet high, built all of brick within that wooden house. You were, by that time, on a level with the ground-floor rooms. The brick chamber had a narrow shelf that ran along one end. On it we found lying some rusty nails.

Through an opening between the last beam and the chimney, beside the entrance to the brick room, you could let yourself down the rough stone wall of the cellar. Looking up from there, no one would ever have suspected that where the stone wall met the heavy beams supporting the ground floor was a gap that a slim man could get through.



That slim man Mr. Welch did get through it once, from above, to test the veracity of our breathless claims of having discovered a secret passage. Arrived at the cellar, he brushed off the creases of his trousers and the shoulders of his well-tailored suit. Then, slapping his hands briskly together, he remarked, "I must tell old Appleton of this. Old Corky Appleton, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. And, I understand," he added reflectively, "of the Somerset Club as well."

But even after having heard our secret passage described to expensively scented ladies in summer furs as they paused gracefully at the top of the stairs; even after the house had become, on Mr. Welch's tongue, "my little gem of a seventeenth-century house in the country with, you know, a secret passage whose authenticity my good friend Corky Appleton personally vouches for"—even then, the secret passage remained, for us, a secret. In fact, I think that in some mysterious way it was a secret secret to each of us.

Twenty years later, when May lay dying in that slum where Jinny had finally discovered her, too late for her alcoholism to be treated, the young doctor we had got hold of came out of the bedroom into the dirty parlor where we waited, and said, "You can go in now. She's delirious. She keeps talking about a passage with somebody dead stuck in it. Mean anything to you?"

As we went into the bedroom, we gave each other a searching look, and Jinny said slowly, "Do you know, when I was carrying the children I always imagined them as being curled up inside the brick room."

As for me, it was the Welches' house that I always saw in my mind's eye

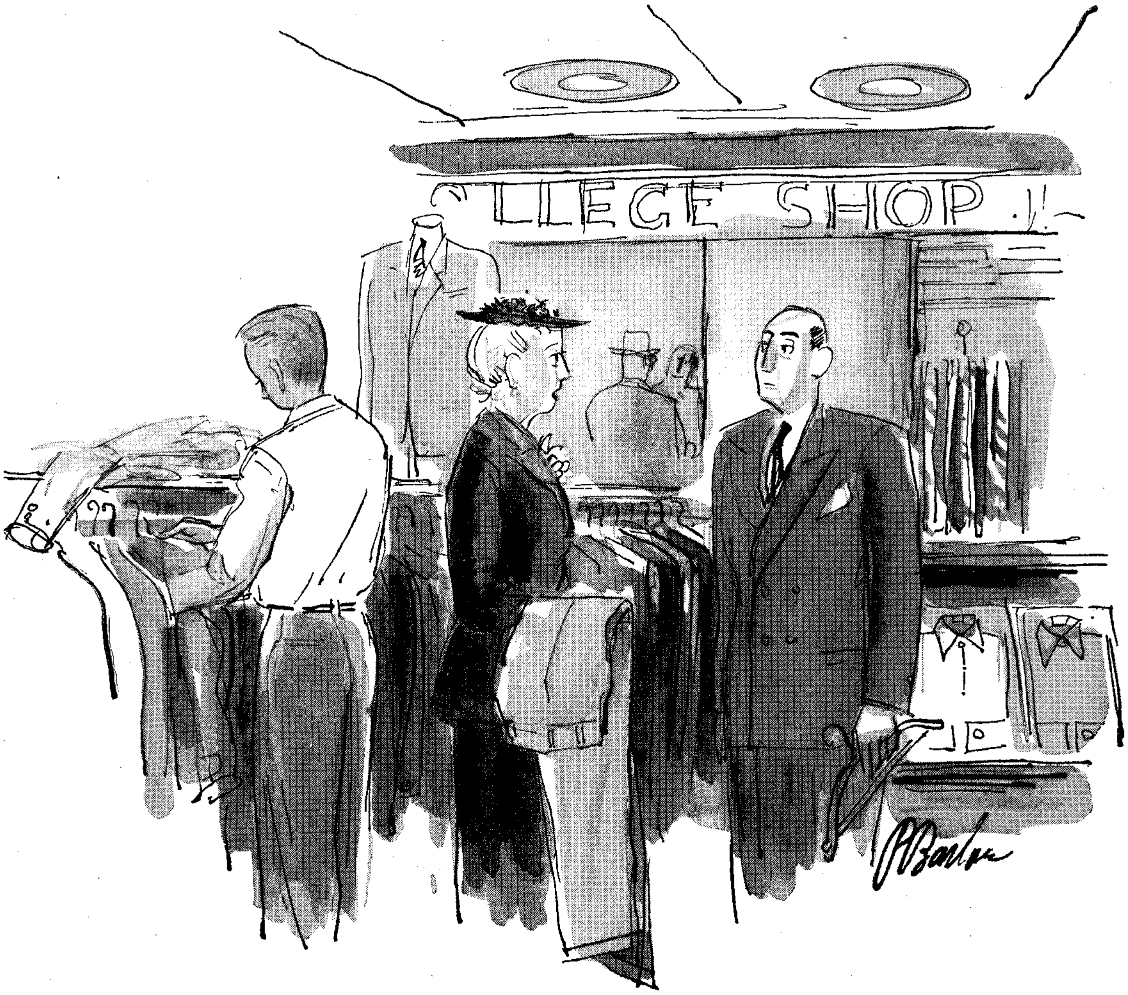
LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING IN THE NEW YORK "TIMES" THAT THE 1958 AUTOMOBILE WILL BE LONGER, LOWER, HIGHER-POWERED, HIGHER-PRICED, MORE EXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN, MORE EXPENSIVE TO REPAIR, AND THAT A BILLION DOLLARS WILL BE SPENT IN RESTYLING TO MAKE THE 1957 MODEL OBSOLETE.

I'm dreaming of a car so long, so low,
That it will touch the ground and will not go.
Then I'll sit still, within my shady pleasance,
And taste the joys of built-in obsolescence.

—E. B. WHITE

• •



"Could he wear an Ivy League suit to C.C.N.Y.?"

• •

when I imagined growing up and going out into the world. It was as if that house across the street *were* getting away from home. And when I was out in the world, I imagined, I would be secure within the secret passage—in the core, the hidden heart, of that house.

THE summer after we discovered the secret passage, we used to play Prisoners' Base and Tag, as we had every summer, with the Harrington children from down the road. In the long dusks after supper, when the light was slowly failing across the poison-green grass of the Welches' lawn, our voices calling out "Not It!" sounded mysterious and far away. We used to play Hide and Go Seek, and a game called Sardines in a Box. In this game only one player hid, and the others went separately to find him. Each player who found him would join him and keep still, until in the end one lone player would be wandering the twilight grounds in desperation, convinced that there had been from the start a conspiracy against him. The secret passage was the favorite for a sardine box—so favorite that it became too easy, once the Harrington children learned of it, and then good again because everybody supposed everybody else was avoiding it, too.

I was the sardine, one evening, and I slipped down the hole in the attic and around the passage we all now knew so well that we needed no flashlight. In the pitch-darkness of the brick room I crouched, and willed Tom Welch to be the first one to join me.

The kind of wasteful daydreaming referred to by the author of "Youth Faces Life" had been running riot in me all summer. In my bedroom at home there was a brownish-tinged print of Sir Galahad, standing beside his charger, that was, it seemed to me, a perfect portrait of Tom—smooth-haired, gallant-faced, and noble. All those exalted ideals that we had expressed in the bylaws of our innumerable clubs seemed all at once to have found their realization in him.

Now I set my mind to the telepathic technique I had been working on lately, which had already yielded up a gold bangle, my first piece of jewelry. I had willed my parents to give it to me for my June birthday. *Come*, I thought confidently, visualizing Tom. I could feel the knot of concentration forming between my eyes that was an essential part of the technique. *Come to the secret passage.*

Soon I heard footsteps moving softly around the chimney. I held my breath. Someone crouched down beside me in that narrow space, an arm was put around me, and little, wet kisses were pressed upon my face.

I was terribly shocked. Those wet lips felt disgusting. But, as usual when I shrank from something, I had an instant reflex to conceal my revulsion. As usual, I feared I was naïve. If this was what kissing was like, I told my fainting mind, it must be nice, because Tom was doing it. Trying to coöperate, I put my hand up behind his head as he kissed me.

The hair I touched was rough and curly. It was not Tom at all; it was Royal.

But I let the odious little kisses continue, because I felt in some obscure way that if I pushed him off it would give away who I had imagined was kissing me. Tom was my secret secret. And a secret secret is against everybody—sometimes even against oneself.

—NANCY HALE

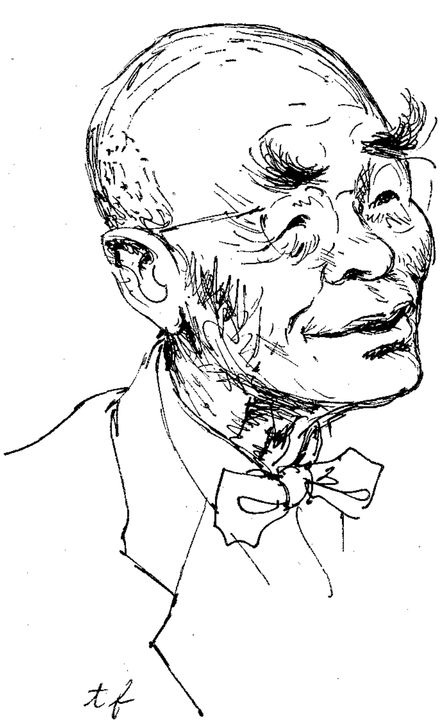
• •

With Fitz-All air conditioning sunshade you will get 5 degrees greater cooling capacity. You use less electricity and protects from sun and Nautical middy blouses that take to sea with rain. Extra large size for 1 to 2 tons.—*Adv. in the Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

The heat has got *you*, all right.

PROFILES

GREAT SIMPLICITY



Dr. Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki

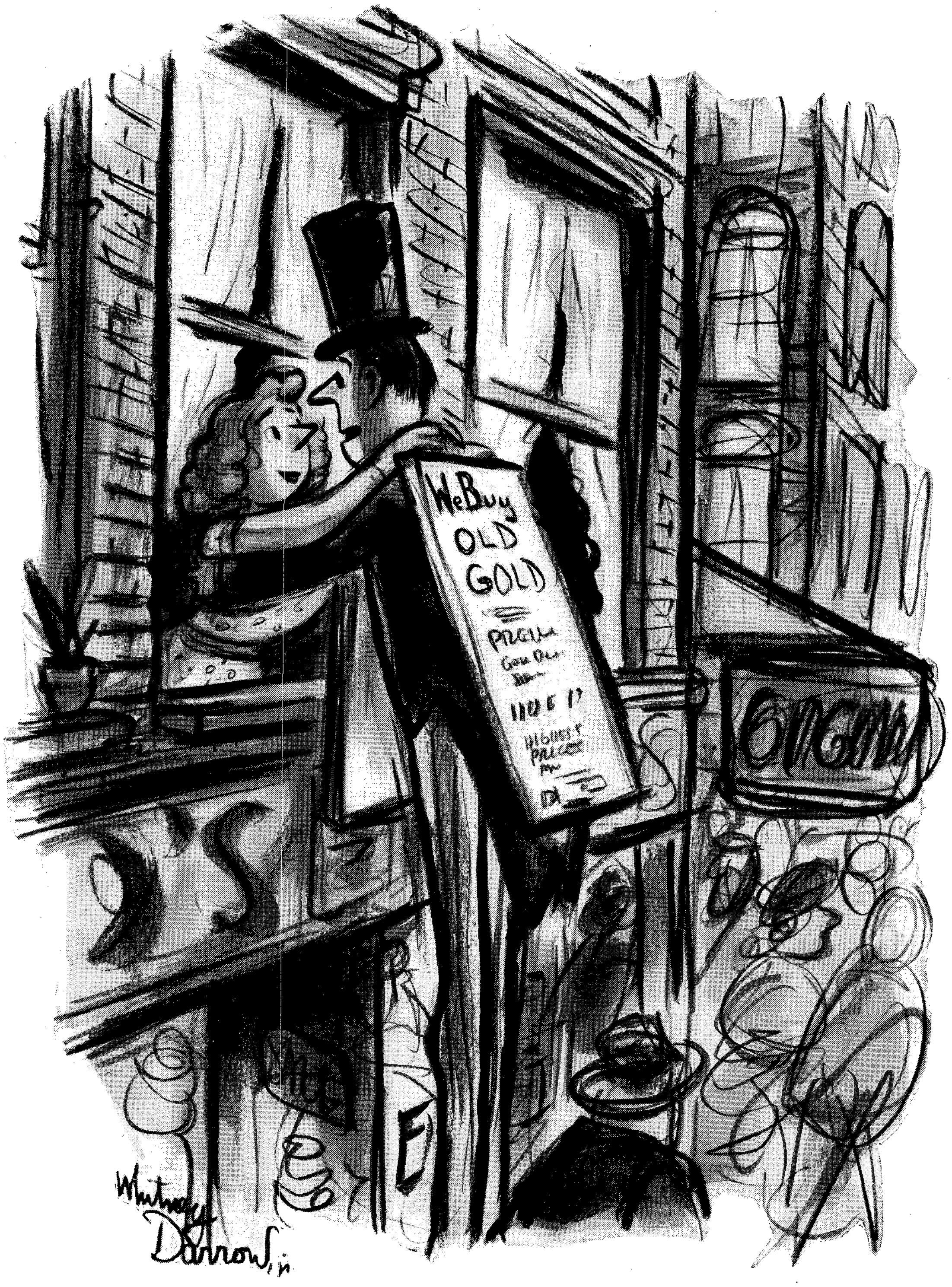
ON Friday afternoons, in a lecture room in the northwest corner of Philosophy Hall, at Columbia University, a small, wiry, and very aged Japanese named Dr. Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki regularly unwraps a shawlful of books in various ancient Oriental languages and, as he lovingly fingers and rubs them, delivers a lecture in an all but inaudible voice to a rapt and rather unusual-looking group of graduate students. On one wall of the room is a framed photograph of the American philosopher John Dewey, who, peering over his spectacles, appears to be viewing the scene with some misgivings, as well he might. For Dr. Suzuki is the world's leading authority on Zen Buddhism—a subject of considerable mystery to the relatively few people in this country who have heard of it at all, and a philosophy (if it can properly be called a philosophy) of extremely anti-philosophical, or at least methodically irrational, character to the even fewer people who have studied it. Dr. Suzuki, however, does not look anywhere near as worried as Mr. Dewey. Despite his great antiquity—he is eighty-seven—he has the slim, restless figure of a man a quarter of his age. He is clean-shaven, his hair is closely clipped, and he is almost invariably dressed in the neat American sports jacket and slacks that might be worn by any Columbia undergraduate. The only thing about him that suggests philosophical grandeur is a pair of ferocious eyebrows, which project from his forehead like the eyebrows of the angry demons who guard the entrances of Buddhist temples in Japan. These striking ornaments give him an added air of authority, perhaps, but the addition is unnecessary. Dr. Suzuki is obviously a man who thought everything out long ago and has reached a state of certainty. The certainty, it appears, is so profound that it needs no emphasis, for it is expressed in quiet, cheerful phrases (marked here and there by the usual Japanese difficulty with the letter "l") and punctuated by smiles and absent-minded rubbings of his forehead. Now and then, he bounces up from his desk to make his certainties even more certain by drawing diagrams on a nearby blackboard, or chalking characters in Chinese or Sanskrit. To the uninitiated, these characters, and the talk that accompanies them, are likely to be enigmatic indeed. "So, as you see," he said at the conclusion of a recent lecture on the ancient Kegon Sutra, one of the great metaphysical documents of Mahayana Buddhism, "at this point, zero equals infinity and infinity equals zero. The result is emptiness." With that, Dr. Suzuki carefully wrapped his books in his shawl again and took his departure, leaning gently on the arm of his secretary and constant companion, a very pretty and very young Japanese-American girl named Mihoko Okamura.

Dr. Suzuki's lectures by no means explore all the ramifications of the mystical doctrine that he concerns himself with, nor do his tireless writings, which in English alone have filled a score of volumes with remarkably lucid prose. Dr. Suzuki is, in fact, merely the most celebrated and most eloquent international commentator on a branch of Buddhist thought that is followed, in a popular form, by millions of laymen in Japan (where it has more adherents than any other Buddhist sect except the Shin-shu, or Pure Land, branch of Japanese Buddhism), and, in a more advanced form, is practiced with rigorous austerity by thousands of monks and acolytes in various secluded Japanese monasteries. Moreover, Zen has recently been spreading, in a modest way, through the United States and Europe, where it has attracted the attention of artists, philosophers, and psychologists, in particular, and is enjoying the status of what some might call an intellectual fad but what many serious thinkers regard as a religious—or, at any rate, cultural—movement of considerable importance. Dr. Suzuki has himself been responsible for a good deal of this Occidental interest in Zen, and those who have given his ideas more than passing notice have included, besides the usual array of specialized scholars and addicts of the occult, a rather imposing list of well-known figures, among them Arnold Toynbee, Aldous Huxley, Martin Heidegger, C. G. Jung, and Karen Horney. American writers and musicians, ranging from J. D. Salinger to the composer John Cage and the jazz trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, have at one time or another come under the influence of Zen, and on a different, purely religious level it has invaded both New York and Los Angeles, where small, dedicated groups of individuals are busy practicing its rites.

In New York, the center of these activities is a Japanese temple that occupies the top floor of a brownstone building, known as the First Zen Institute of America, on Waverly Place. Though the First Zen Institute at present lacks an accredited Zen master to conduct its meditations (the Institute's founder, a Japanese Zen monk named Sokei-an, died a few years ago), its disciples, about twenty-five in number, do their best to keep up the prescribed rituals of the order while awaiting the arrival of a new master, who is expected to come from Japan as soon as he learns English, and who, in the words of the Institute's secretary, Mrs. Nicholas Farkas, has a "sufficiently irascible" personality to get the group's discipline back into proper shape. Mrs. Farkas is not joking. The disciplines that the First Zen Institute hopes to resume are modelled on those of the Japanese Zen monasteries, and though they may strike the innocent observer as somewhat bizarre, there is no doubt about their severity. They involve very little in the way of verbal communication. Books—even Dr. Suzuki's books—are forbidden, since logic and rationality are regarded by orthodox Zen students not only as frivolous but as a positive bar to the perception of truth. The Zen student meditates in silence, facing a wall (the word "Zen" derives from the Japanese "*zazen*," meaning to sit and meditate), or occupies himself with humble and useful household tasks, performing them in the hope that they will somehow reveal to him certain secrets of living that lie beyond his reasoning capacity. From time to time, he consults his master—a monk who has received this title through appointment by a previous master—asking a question or perhaps having a question asked of him, and then retires to meditate upon a new question or a proper answer. These questions and answers, known in the terminology of Zen as *koans*, are quite irrational, and are sufficiently baffling to unhinge the normal thinking person's mind—which, in fact, they are intended to do, since the Zen student, if he is to progress, must learn to leave his thinking mind behind. Thus, the student may ask his master, "What is the true nature of the Buddha?," to which the master may reply by slapping him in the face or roaring "Get out of here, you idiot!" Or he may condescend to say something like "The Buddha is a piece of rubbish." In either case, the student retires to meditate some more, and, with luck and perseverance, his meditations may lead him to a mental crisis that produces a flash of intuitive insight known as *satori*, or enlightenment.

This process, though its workings may puzzle the Western mind, is said to succeed admirably. As it is repeated, the neophyte moves ahead in his understanding of Zen, perhaps even becoming a master himself, if his master finally considers him worthy of the honor. It takes at least ten years of meditation and *koans* to attain even one flash of *satori*, and often several years are spent pondering a single *koan*. In the world of Zen monasticism, however, there are certain hardy souls who have survived as many as three hundred *koans*, and are thus well on the way to Buddhahood, or the state of permanent enlightenment. According to Mrs. Farkas, the initial *koan* that was customarily used at the First Zen Institute during the mastership of Sokei-an started with the master's question "Before your mother and father, what is your original aspect?" This question has caused mental crises of formidable proportions and protracted duration at the Institute. The proper answer is in no sense a logical one, dealing with, say, the Buddhist doctrine of reincarnation; in fact, there are many possible answers, ranging from an enlightened smile or an exclamation like "Ah, this is it!" to an act of hostility toward the master, and none of them would strike the logical mind as having any relevance to the question.

Dr. Suzuki's status in all this is a peculiar one. He holds aloof from the doings at the First Zen Institute. Though he is deeply revered by everyone connected with the sect, he is neither a monk nor a practicing Zen master. His position is that of a lay theologian—a scholar of and a commenta-



"We can't go on like this, Miriam. It isn't fair to either of us."

". . . and so the Tolson family bid farewell to beautiful Lake Wamaragh."

• •

tor on Zen principles. During his early years, he spent some time as a Zen monk, undergoing the discipline, begging his food, answering his *koans*, and presumably attaining an enviable amount of *satori*. From the beginning, however, he showed a rather unorthodox interest in finding a logical explanation—as far as that is possible—of Zen behavior in its relation to Western thought and to Buddhism in general, and this interest has led him into a career that, as orthodox Zen circles see it, has several displeasing aspects. The fact that he has written a large number of books on the subject is enough to disqualify him as a strict Zen practitioner, since the written word is regarded by the orthodox as more or less taboo. Dr. Suzuki's approach to Zen is, in fact, more like that of a Western philosopher than like that of a true Zen disciple. Nevertheless, his efforts to explain the unexplainable, though expressed in a language whose clarity might be the envy of many metaphysicians, are circumscribed by the dilemma that faces any mystic who is at the same time a rationalist. He circles his enigma; he gives hints of what it may be; he traces its history through the rich archaic literature of Chinese Taoism and Indian and Chinese Buddhism; and he describes the experiences of those who have penetrated it. But though he comes as close as anyone can to delineating it, he is powerless to define it logically. This difficulty, however, causes neither Dr. Suzuki nor his avid readers any discouragement. He is convinced—and they soon become convinced—that the fundamental truths of life lie in an area only barely approachable by means of words and reason. Dr. Suzuki often depreciates his own elaborate ventures into philosophical speculation, describing his works as "my sins." Indeed, in one of his essays, referring to his friend the Chinese philosopher Hu Shih, he writes, "The Zen master, generally speaking, despises those who indulge in word- or idea-mongering, and in this respect Hu Shih and myself are great sinners, murderers of Buddhas and patriarchs; we are both destined for Hell."

THE extent of Dr. Suzuki's sins in this respect is unquestionably impressive, for he is a man of immense learning, a tireless manipulator of ideas, and a passionate bookworm. He is one of the few living men who are equally at home in Sanskrit, classical Chinese, Pali, Japanese, and English, the last of which he writes with considerable stylistic elegance. He is also moderately well acquainted with several European languages, and even with Tibetan Sanskrit. The scores of books he has written include, besides his works on Zen, numerous annotations of Chinese and Tibetan classics; translations into Japanese of writings by mystics like Rabindranath Tagore and Emanuel Swedenborg; and commentaries on the thinking of many Western philosophers. His study, on the second floor of a nondescript brownstone on West Ninety-fourth Street, where he lives with Miss Okamura's family, is piled from floor to ceiling with books, which he not only reads but caresses with what appears to be physical affection. His desk, which somewhat resembles the city desk of a small newspaper, is also piled with books, and he sits at it day after day, with an old kimono over his shoulders, studying and, from time to time, writing in a deceptively careless-looking scrawl, which Miss Okamura deciphers at her typewriter. Despite his eighty-seven years and an attack of pernicious anemia that temporarily bothered him a couple of years ago, his literary output has shown no tendency to decline; only last March his latest book, "Mysticism: Christian and Buddhist," was published by Harper. He is a close student of current events, and follows them by reading the New York *Times* every day (without the aid of spectacles, which he uses only for looking at far-off objects), and he loves to go to the movies, having a special fondness for costume dramas like Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet." When he leaves his snug, scholarly hideaway, which he does quite often, to go on lecture tours, he is a tremendous traveller, who delights in doing all his travelling by air; he takes Miss Okamura along on ocean- and continent-spanning flights that sometimes awe her but never him. "In rough weather," Miss Okamura says, "he leans on the plane—he gives his whole body away to it." In recent years, his travels have taken him to the universities in Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and Munich (as well as to several in his native Japan), and he has made stopovers for talks before learned gatherings in Switzerland and in Paris. He has lectured at nearly every celebrated university in America, and he has spent the past two summers in

POUR UN HOMME DE CARON
A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN
CARON
POUR UN HOMME
LES PLUS BELLES LAVANDES
CREATION SPECIALE DE CARON

© Caron, 1956

A&F

Jaeger's polo coat sets the pace

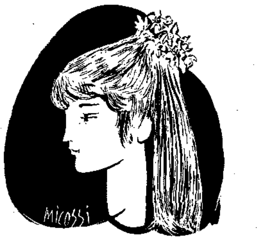
Long the first choice with sportsmen who appreciate Jaeger's individual styling and deft blending of fine woolen with camel's hair. Light, long-wearing and wonderfully warm, it is the coat for town, country and campus wear. In natural only . . . double breasted. **$140.00**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

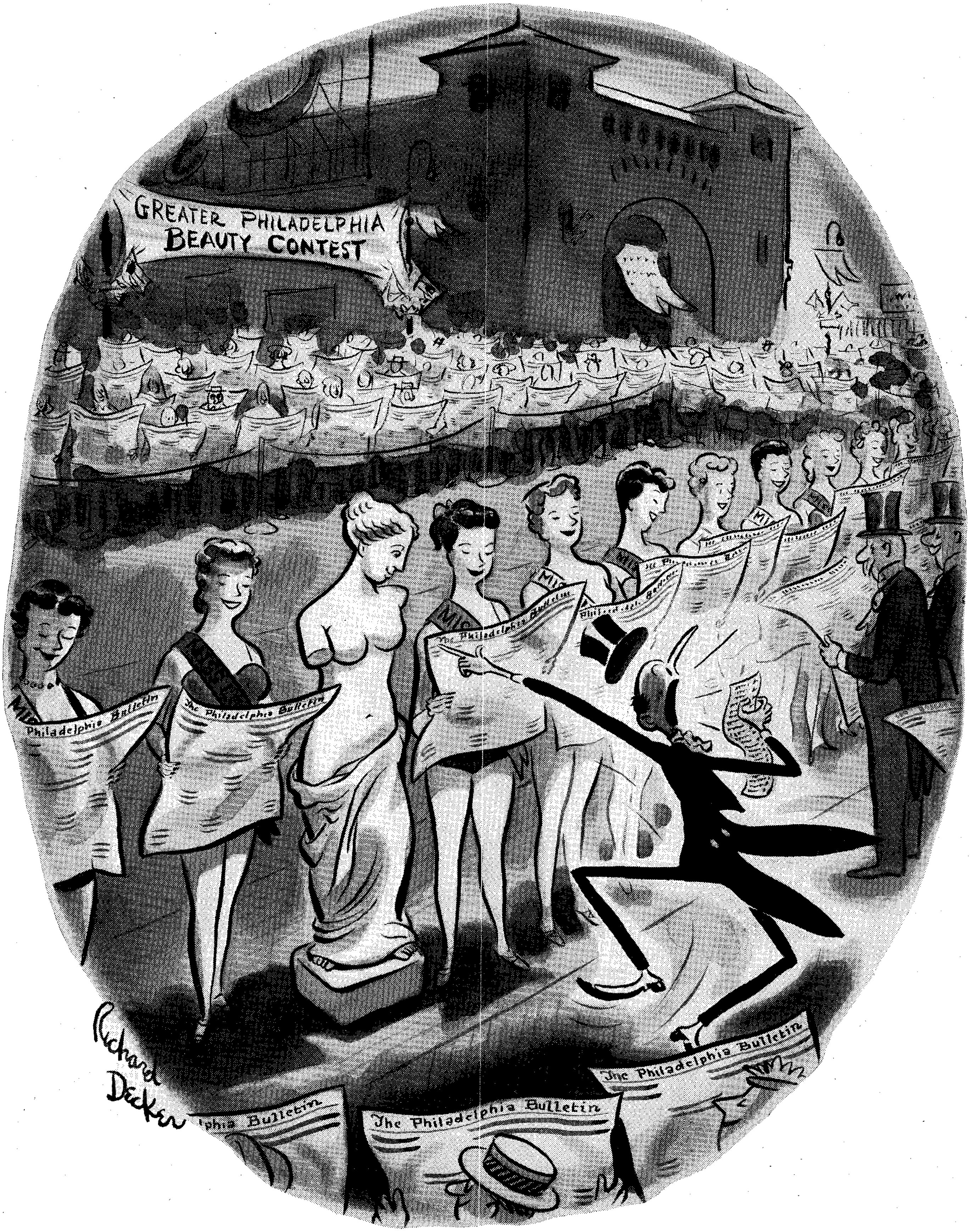
NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH

Mexico, as a lecturer at an annual seminar held by the University of Mexico's Psychology Department. On his travels, Dr. Suzuki's luggage ordinarily consists of a couple of zippered Boston bags, and even these, as a jumpy customs officer in Honolulu discovered just before the war, contain practically nothing but books.

At home on West Ninety-fourth Street, Dr. Suzuki leads a life that is identifiably but by no means self-consciously Japanese. It is Japanese in its simplicity and frugality, at least, and in the décor of flowers and old prints and porcelains with which Miss Okamura and her family have surrounded him and his library. He has been living with the Okamuras since 1953, when Miss Okamura—then a student of his—decided that his bachelor quarters in Butler Hall, on the Columbia campus, were too comfortless for so venerable a sage and persuaded him to move to her home, where she, her sister, and her parents could care for him. The Okamuras are not Zen Buddhists, but they have the traditional Japanese reverence for age, and Dr. Suzuki, who often remarks somewhat ruefully that he is so old he has vastly outlived nearly all his close friends, finds in the companionship of the family a warmth that relieves the austerity of his studies. Miss Okamura's father, Frank Okamura, is a landscape gardener at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, and her mother is a capable housekeeper and cook who is well up to making Dr. Suzuki's favorite Japanese dishes, including specially prepared turnips, *yu-dofu* (a cake made of bean curd), and *azuki* (red rice with beans). Dr. Suzuki is not a strict vegetarian—he is, in fact, far from fanatical about what he eats—but he loves the simplicity and what he calls the "separateness" of Japanese cuisine, by which he means its preoccupation with single substances and flavors. Some of Dr. Suzuki's habits slightly amuse the Okamuras—particularly his reluctance to throw anything away. He saves up used envelopes to write notes on, is an inveterate hoarder of boxes and bits of string, and thinks it a real act of disloyalty to discard an old suit of clothes or kimono. According to Miss Okamura, he reverently cuts up his worn-out clothes into dustcloths, which he sequesters in drawers of his desk against a time when they may prove useful. But the Okamuras are deeply aware of the honor of being hosts to Japan's most noted philosophical thinker, and Miss Okamura—who was born in California, speaks English as glibly as any American college girl, and, in a very feminine way, is quite a shrewd thinker herself—dedicates her time to acting as his secretary, editorial assistant, social hostess, and travelling companion, as well as his most devoted disciple. She brews Japanese ceremonial tea—a curious but pleasant drink that has the consistency of pea soup—for him and his guests. (Dr. Suzuki himself rarely bothers with the elaborate ritual of the tea ceremony, which is one of the ubiquitous rites of Zen Buddhism, but he likes ceremonial tea, and he regularly imports from Japan, by airmail, the powdered shoots of the plant from which it is made.) Miss Okamura not only makes the tea but often tactfully steers Dr. Suzuki's purely social conversation by means of appropriate questions, and she is omniscient about his library, being able to locate in an instant any volume he may require. Her ministrations might occasionally bring to mind those of a cultivated and lovely geisha attending a grizzled patriarch in the pages of Lady Murasaki, but any such resemblance is purely romantic. Miss Okamura, for all her almond eyes and porcelain complexion, is an American girl with ideas of her own, as well as a sound knowledge of typing and shorthand. And Dr. Suzuki himself is not a picturesque legendary figure but a diligent, modern-minded propagandist for ideas that—in his opinion, at least—could do much to soothe the restlessness and spiritual insecurity of the city he lives in. Dr. Suzuki is under no illusion that the conversion of New York—to say nothing of the United States—to Zen principles can be accomplished overnight. "It will take a long, long time," he says, smiling cheerfully. "But when enough *kalpas* have passed"—"*kalpa*," meaning a period of four billion three hundred and twenty million years, is one of those magnificent Sanskrit words by which universes can be exchanged for atoms, or eons for moments, by a mere flick of the imagination—"when enough *kalpas* have passed, we will all undoubtedly become Buddhas."



THE relation between the doctrines of Zen and the more inclusive and more widely distributed religion of Buddhism, of which Zen is a distinguished part, has considerable historical bearing on the character of Dr. Suzuki's thought. The teachings of Gautama Siddhartha, the great Hindu


GREATER PHILADELPHIA
BEAUTY CONTEST
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
phia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

De Pinna
EXCLUSIVE FORECAST

De Pinna prediction: a busy Fall life for Arkay's newest fashionable. This most flattering shape in wrinkle-shunning wool-and-nylon necklaced with a soft, stand-away turtle-neck collar. Crimson, periwinkle blue, black. 5 to 15. 35.00

YOUNG MODERNS, FOURTH FLOOR

Mail and telephone orders invited: MU 8-2000

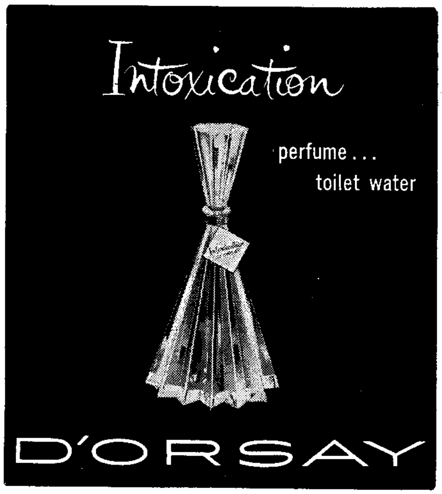
DE PINNA
FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH

sage who first propounded the doctrine of Buddhism, in 528 B.C., and subsequently became known to millions as the Buddha, or the Enlightened One, have undergone an extraordinary number of transformations and refinements in the course of their ramifications throughout Asia. In their original form, Gautama's tenets, as recorded in the ancient Pali texts, are remarkable for their logical purity and their avoidance of the supernatural element that is present in most other religions. After his famous period of meditation under the sacred Bo Tree, the Buddha, as is well known, arose to teach what are referred to throughout the Buddhist world as the Four Noble Truths—that life is beset by suffering, that the cause of suffering is selfish desire, that the cause of suffering may be removed, and that the way to remove it is to practice the virtues outlined in what he called the Noble Eightfold Path, a code of behavior that stresses gentleness and the avoidance of extremes. As a Hindu, Gautama accepted the ancient belief in reincarnation, or transmigration, that Indian sages had evolved long before his time—probably by analogy with the cycles of death and rebirth through which nature renews itself. He believed, however, that the eternal element that passed from incarnation to incarnation and finally emerged, purified, in nirvana, or the ultimate cessation of all desire, was not a personal soul but a mysterious essence that remained after every appurtenance of the human ego had been eliminated. He also taught that "all conditioned things"—that is, all things apart from this eternal essence—change, and that gods as well as men are subject to decay and death, and this has made some thinkers regard the Buddha as an atheist. At any rate, he was conspicuously silent about any beliefs he may or may not have had concerning the existence of a deity or deities; he chose, rather, to lay the stress of his teaching on *karma*, or the fund of virtue accumulated, through successive incarnations, by the individual, independently of any divine guidance or intervention. To him, apparently, good and evil were relative terms—one of those rigid pairs of opposites that wise men sought to transcend—and he laid emphasis on wisdom, as opposed to ignorance, instead.

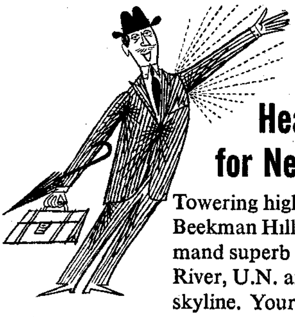
These eminently clear and rational notions of human nature and fate, which may be said to form the basis of Buddhist thought, were expanded and elaborated—often with somewhat grandiose poetic imagery—in the Bud-

TOWN-COUNTRY CONVERTIBLE
Smooth mellow hide contrasted with velvety suede in a versatile handbag for town and country (or to give someone college bound). Convertible arm or shoulder-length handle; leather lined, zippered pocket. Tan or gray. 8" x 11". 20.00*
Mail, phone SU 7-4000.
**Plus 10% tax*

MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

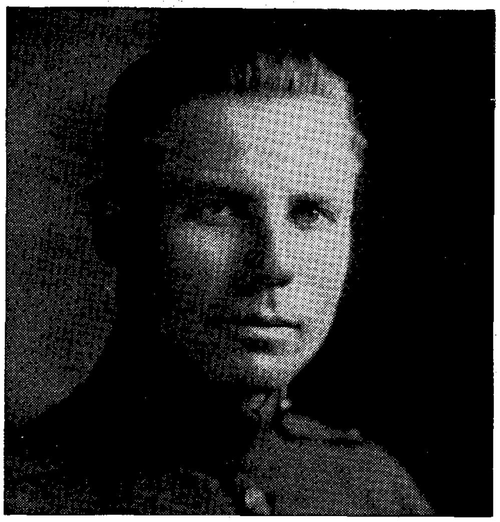


Intoxication
perfume...
toilet water
D'ORSAY



Heading for New York?
Towering high above exclusive Beekman Hill, our rooms command superb views of the East River, U.N. and the New York skyline. Your dollar still buys a lot of good living here! Singles from $7.00.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.
TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Beekman Tower
HOTEL
49TH ST AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



A bullet for Charlemagne

The thickset Caco general got slowly to his feet. Behind him, in the darkness, stood an ugly backdrop of a hundred Haitian outlaws. At his feet, a woman stirred a small fire.

Confronting him, the tattered young man in blackface disguise saw the fire gleam on his white silk shirt and pearl handled pistol and knew this was the murderous chieftain, Charlemagne Masena Peralte. The man he'd come for, through a jungle and a 1200-man encampment, past six hostile outposts, risking detection and certain death.

Charlemagne squinted across the fire. "Who is it?" he challenged in Creole.

There was no alternative; Marine Sergeant Herman Hanneken dropped his disguise, drew an automatic, and fired.

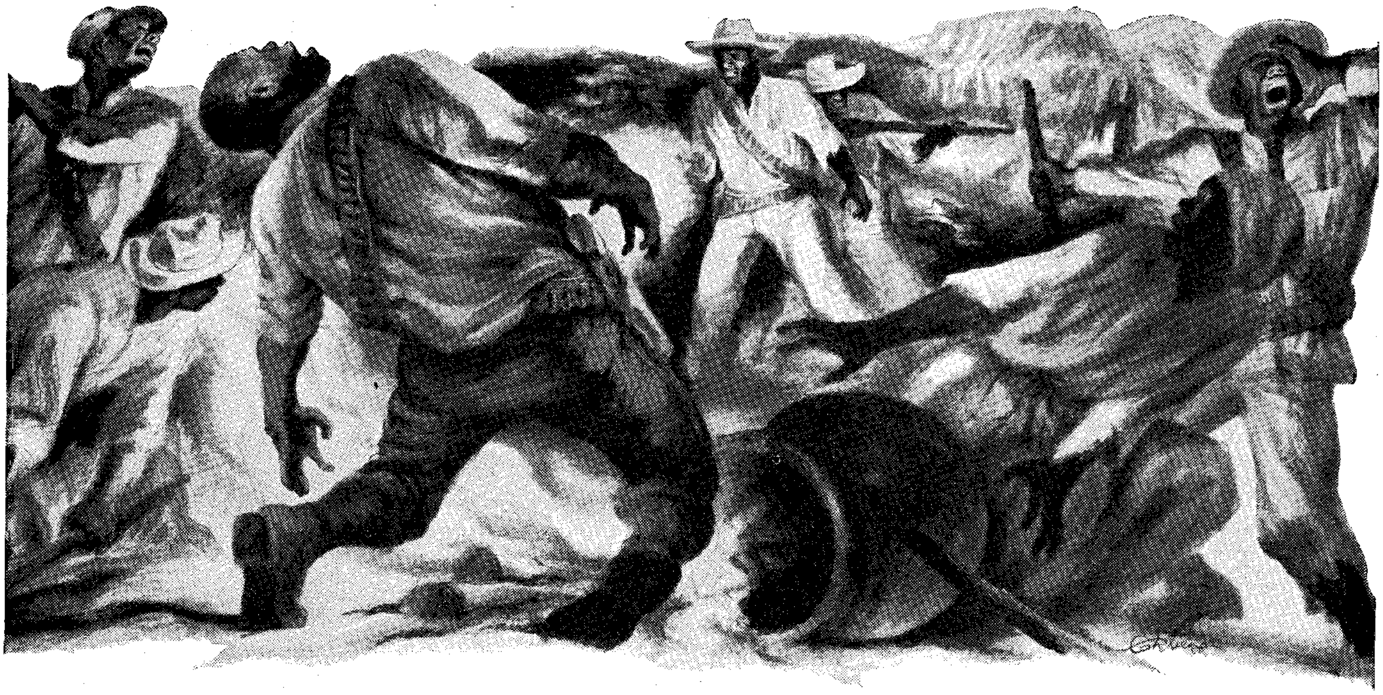
The night exploded into gunflame, most of it from Hanneken's second-in-command, Marine Corporal Button, and his handful of disguised Haitian gendarmes. But the shot that killed Charlemagne was the one which would finally end Caco terror and bring peace to Haiti.

Sergeant Hanneken is retired now—as Brigadier General Hanneken, USMC, with a Silver Star for Guadalcanal, a Legion of Merit for Peleliu, a Bronze Star for Cape Gloucester, a Gold Star, and a Navy Cross. And, for his incredible expedition against Charlemagne, November 1, 1919, the Medal of Honor.

The Herman Hannekens are a rare breed, it is true. Yet in all Americans there is much of the courage and character which they possess in such unusual abundance. Richer than gold, greater, even, than our material resources, it is the *living* wealth behind one of the world's soundest investments—United States Savings Bonds. It backs our country's guarantee: safety of principal up to any amount, and an assured rate of return. For real security, buy Bonds regularly, through your bank or the Payroll Savings Plan, and hold onto them!

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS



EAU DE LANVIN

ARPEGE

ARPÈGE
EAU
DE
LANVIN

4 oz. $6.00 (plus tax)

LANVIN

dhist-Sanskrit and Pali literature of southern Asia, a literature that is still read and pondered by yellow-robed monks in such predominantly Buddhist countries as Ceylon, Burma, and Thailand. These monks, who belong to the Hinayana, or Southern, school of Buddhism, revere the teachings of Gautama as gospel, preserve such holy relics of his physical body as his teeth and the hairs of his head, and follow the Noble Eightfold Path to the best of their ability. In approaching the doctrine taught by Dr. Suzuki, however, one must consider a quite different branch of the religion, known as Mahayana Buddhism, which developed in China and Tibet about a thousand years after Gautama's death and then made its way to Japan, ultimately becoming the dominant body of religious belief there. Mahayana Buddhism differs from Hinayana Buddhism in many respects, but principally in the variety of its schools of thought and in the evidences of its contact with other religious doctrines, such as Taoism, and even, according to some scholars, Nestorian Christianity. On the whole, it is more mystical and less purely monastic than the Hinayana. Some of its schools (the widespread Pure Land sect, for example) have relegated Gautama to a comparatively minor role, elevating in his place an altogether mythical Buddha—the Amitabha Buddha, or Buddha of Eternal Light. This Buddha, who is depicted in the famous gigantic image at Kamakura, in Japan, is a glorious supernatural redeemer, wholly unlike Gautama, who presides over a great Western Paradise (the Pure Land) and has vowed not to enter nirvana until the entire human race is privileged to enter with him. Salvation by prayer is a prominent feature of the Pure Land sect, as well as of many other Mahayana sects, and the Amitabha Buddha is associated in the Pure Land pantheon with a goddess of mercy named Kwan Yin (Kwannon in Japanese), who bears some resemblance to the Christian Madonna, even though historical research shows that she was originally a male bodhisattva (or would-be Buddha), who became transmuted into a female at some remote point—presumably in response to a compelling human need. These, however, are features of popular, as opposed to austere monastic, Mahayana Buddhism, and while they have little bearing on Zen, they do indicate something of the imaginative expansion, the miraculous additions, and the wide popularization that the religion underwent when it made its way from India to China.

CHERRY
BITTERS

Amid the pageantry and myth of Mahayana doctrine in general, Zen Buddhism stands out because of its comparative simplicity and rigor. Like much Mahayana teaching, it is mystical and dedicated to the attainment of "enlightenment" in this life, if possible, rather than through a series of reincarnations. But, unlike other Mahayana teaching, it is devoid of myths, prayers, and elaborate rituals. Its followers do not spend their time reading the sutras or pondering metaphysical subtleties. On the contrary, they are concerned with actual experience—and in particular with the sort of experience that the Buddha himself is thought to have undergone in the process of becoming enlightened, which they believe to have been something in the nature of a sudden intuitive revelation, in no way related to book learning or philosophical speculation. Accordingly, they apply their energies to doing, in order to transcend thinking, and they hope to find wisdom in the performance of life, rather than in reflecting upon it. Such meditation as they engage in has nothing to do with thought but is devoted, on the contrary, to cleansing their minds of thought, so that intuition may take its place. This approach, which differs radically from that of any other Buddhist sect, gives their canon a character that may appear rather puzzling in the light of Western thinking—or, indeed, in the light of any systematic thinking whatever. Still, many students of Buddhism regard the mystic doctrine of the Zen Buddhists as the purest to be found anywhere in the Buddhist world.

There are, as a matter of fact, several precedents for this doctrine in the recorded teachings of Gautama himself—notably the celebrated occasion on which he held a flower in his hand before his assembled disciples and simply smiled, saying nothing. One of the disciples, named Mahakasyapa, smiled back at him, whereupon the Buddha said, "The eye-treasure of the right *Dharma* [law of Buddhism] is now handed over to the great Mahakasyapa"—a mystical pronouncement indicating that a transmission from mind to mind had taken place without the use of words. The emergence of Zen as a distinct sect, however, seems to have started with a ferociously austere Buddhist sage named Bodhidharma, who reached China by boat from India in 520 A.D., spent nine years in silent meditation facing a wall (according to one legend, he even cut off his eyelids in order to concentrate his gaze better), and subsequently taught the Chinese a type of Buddhist practice that was later summed up in the lines:

A special transmission outside the scriptures;
No dependence upon words and letters;
Direct pointing at the soul of man;
Seeing into one's nature and the attainment of Buddhahood.

Bodhidharma was not only a stickler for austerity but something of a terror to contemporary Chinese Buddhists. He met the Emperor Wu, of Liang, who was a great patron of Buddhism, and the Emperor, after telling him of the many temples he had built, the many sacred books he had copied, and the many monks he had supported, inquired what merit he had acquired by these fine deeds.

"No merit whatever, Sire," Bodhidharma replied.

"Why?" asked the Emperor, crestfallen.

"All these," said Bodhidharma, "are inferior deeds that would cause their author to be born in the heavens or on this earth again. They still show the traces of worldliness; they are like shadows following objects. Though they appear actually existing, they are no more than mere nonentities. As for a true meritorious deed, it is full of pure wisdom, it is perfect and mysterious, and its real nature is beyond the grasp of human intelligence. Such as this is not to be sought after by any worldly achievement."

Then the Emperor Wu, somewhat humbled, asked, "What is the first principle of the holy doctrine?"

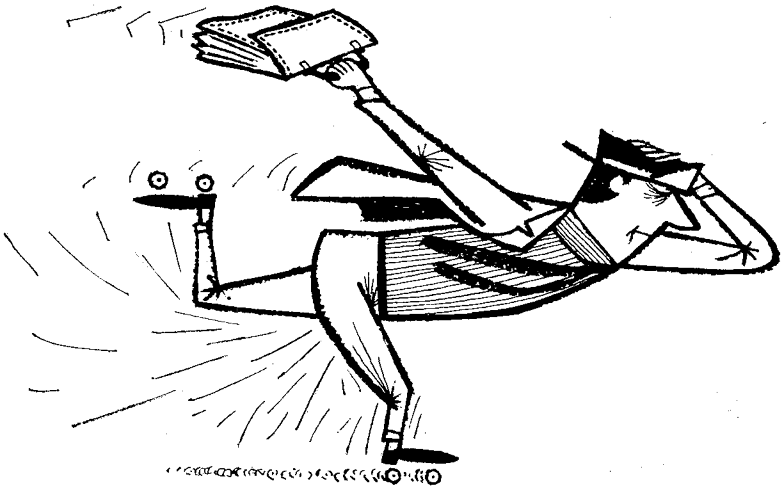
"Vast emptiness—and there is nothing in it to be called 'holy,' Sire."

"Who is it that is now confronting me?"

"I know not, Sire," replied Bodhidharma, by which he evidently meant to imply that such fripperies as the individual personality or ego were quite irrelevant to his teaching. He then retired to a monastery in the State of Wei, where he meditated in solitude and from time to time accepted a few disciples, to whom he might convey his wisdom less by words than by personal example.

In the development of Zen from the time of Bodhidharma to that of the Sixth Chinese Zen Patriarch—a monk named Hui-neng, who lived from 638 to 713, during the great civilized period

Whether business has you whirling

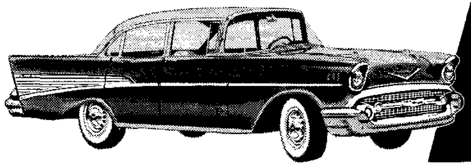


or you're cutting a fancy figure

you'll save more time when you

rent a new car from Hertz

Why it's a plain, plump fact. Rain or shine, to save time go by fast train, plane or ship. Rent an expertly maintained Hertz car there. That's The Hertz Idea! Your choice of a sparkling new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car. To be sure of a car at your destination—*anywhere*—use Hertz' world-wide reservation service. Call your courteous local Hertz office. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books *everywhere!* (Hertz has International and Domestic reservation offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles.) Hertz Rent A Car, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.



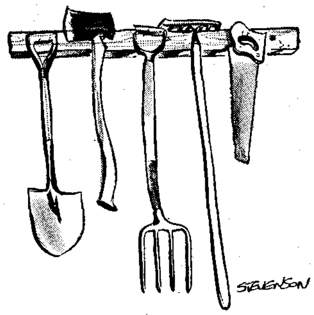
More people by far...use
HERTZ
Rent a car

"Rent it here . . . Leave it there"—Now, nation-wide at no extra charge!
(Between Hertz cities on rentals of $25 or more. For Chevrolet Sedans and comparable models only.)

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Autumn in New York
or any other city begins with the silk faille dress and its own beautifully detailed jacket. This one, exactly the kind of thing we have in mind. Black, navy, blue or beige. Sizes 10 to 20. **55.00**

of the Tang dynasty—the doctrine took on an increasingly Chinese character, according to Dr. Suzuki. And if one disregards the usual fatuous generalizations about the "Oriental mind" and reflects on the fact that the brooding, highly imaginative, and strongly argumentative Hindu and the patient, practical, humor-loving Chinese are as different from each other as they are from, say, a Frenchman or a German, this transformation comes as no surprise. Metaphysical speculation of the systematic sort is as rare in Chinese thought as it is prominent in Indian thought. Mysticism, with its reliance on faith and intuition, is, of course, intellectually simpler than metaphysics, and the Chinese instinct for practicality laid hold of the mystical certitudes of Zen and made them into a simple, functional way of life. It was Hui-neng, apparently, who cast the doctrine in the form it has retained to the present day. He is reported to have been an illiterate; in any case, he was no intellectual. But his quick, intuitive perception of the nature of the doctrine caused his superiors to elevate him from the status of a humble rice-pounder and carrier of wood to a position at the head of the order. He practiced the method of unhinging the logical faculties of his disciples by emphasizing the importance of intuition as opposed to philosophical meditation, and, in fact, seems to have invented the famous question "Before your father and your mother, what is your original aspect?" When a worried disciple approached him with the platitudinous, if sobering, statement, "Birth-and-death is a matter of grave concern, and time waits for nobody," Hui-neng demanded, with calm, mystical simplicity, "Why dost thou not grasp that which is birthless and see into that which is timeless?"

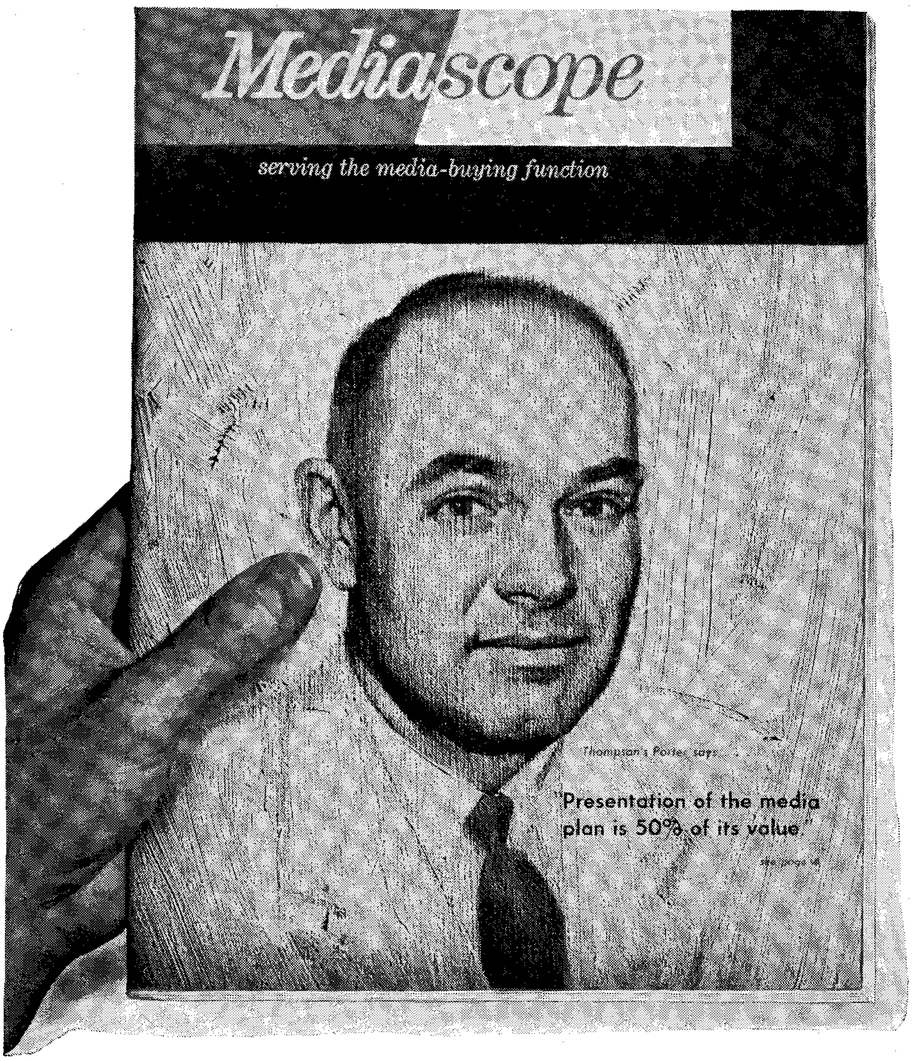


In all this, as Dr. Suzuki points out, there are to be found close resemblances to the teaching of the semi-legendary sage Lao-tzu, as recorded in the well-known Chinese mystical classic called the Tao Tê Ching, and several historians besides Dr. Suzuki have held that Zen has perhaps been more influenced by the Chinese doctrine of Taoism than by Mahayana Buddhism. But there are also those who maintain that Lao-tzu and Taoism may have been influenced by Buddhism in the beginning; in any case, the thesis is beyond any possibility of demonstration by historical record. The important point that Dr. Suzuki makes is that Zen is a peculiarly Chinese contribution to mysticism and would probably never have existed if the non-speculative and practical Chinese mind had not evolved it. And though the cult has since died out in China, it still retains much of its Chinese flavor.

HUI-NENG'S question about that which is birthless and that which is timeless is the question that Dr. Suzuki, with all his formidable scholarship, has spent a lifetime circling, and whose answer, despite his efforts, remains, as he cheerfully admits, incommunicable in rational terms. He knows what the answer is, and so do the masters of Japanese Zen, who have received their understanding of it from previous masters, generation after generation, since the time of the Sixth Chinese Patriarch. The question is the kernel of Zen, and, according to Zen doctrine, either you see the answer or you don't; in any event, there is no point in thinking about it, for thought will lead you nowhere. Dr. Suzuki, however, with his comparatively Western philosophical approach, is at least able to throw out a few hints concerning the nature of the answer. It is what was described by Bodhidharma as "vast emptiness"—a term that Dr. Suzuki and the Zen masters still use—and this emptiness seems to result from an elimination of all attachment to the concepts of the mind, these being replaced by a concentration on a state of oneness with the immediate instant at which experience occurs—an instant that, according to the doctrine, is so brief and evanescent as not to be measurable in time, and, being timeless, is eternal as well as instantaneous. If this appears to strain the boundaries of rationality, Dr. Suzuki is quite content to let the boundaries bulge; again, you see it or you don't, and your seeing it, if you do see it, is a matter of intuition, not logic. Time, thus viewed, is an illusion of the logical mind, having no relation to reality, which exists only at the timeless instant of its perception. Everything except this instant is unreal, being a figment of the memory or of the imagination—a product of logical constructions based on what is already past and therefore exists only in the mind. The instant cannot be described, for the very act of description requires intellectual terms that have no connection with your experience of it. The intuitive recognition of the instant, and thus of reality, is regarded by Zen practitioners as the highest act of wisdom, and, in consequence, Zen monks deliberately seek to outwit their thinking faculties by immersing themselves in practical acts—gardening, tea drinking, fencing, archery, and the prosaic details of everyday life—in the belief that in such pursuits the instant of real experience will at some point manifest itself.

This practical, if non-rational, doctrine has permeated great areas of Chinese and Japanese life and art, and is especially well exemplified in the type of painting known in Japan as *sumiye,* in which the artist, working with ink, sets an instantaneous impression on paper and is prohibited by the nature of the medium from going over or altering the strokes his brush has applied. Dr. Suzuki frequently uses *sumiye* as an example in his attempts to explain Zen. "Life," he has written, "delineates itself on the canvas called time, and time never repeats: once gone, forever gone; and so is an act: once done, it is never undone. Life is a *sumiye* painting, which must be executed once and for all time and without hesitation, without intellection, and no corrections are permissible or possible. Life is not like an oil painting, which can be rubbed out and done over time and again until the artist is satisfied. With a *sumiye* painting, any brush stroke painted over a second time results in a smudge; the life has left it. All corrections show when the ink dries. So is life. We can never retract what we have once committed to deeds; nay, what has once passed through consciousness can never be rubbed out. Zen therefore ought to be caught while the thing is going on, neither before nor after. It is an act of one instant. When Bodhidharma was leaving China, as the legend has it, he asked his disciples what was their understanding of Zen, and one of them, who happened to be a nun, replied, 'It is like Ananda's looking into the kingdom of Akshobhya Buddha; it is seen once and never has been repeated.' This fleeting, unrepeatable, and ungraspable character of life is delineated graphically by Zen masters who have compared it to lightning or a spark produced by the percussion of stones. . . . The idea of direct method appealed to by the masters is to get hold of this fleeting life as it flees and not after it has flown. While it is fleeing, there is no time to recall memory or to build ideas. No reasoning avails here. Language may be used, but this has been associated too long with ideation, and has lost directness and being in itself. As soon as words are used, they express meaning, reasoning; they repre-

A new magazine
edited for all the people
who buy advertising—
and for nobody else


Mediascope
serving the media-buying function
Thompson's Porter says:
"Presentation of the media plan is 50% of its value."

A new and valuable medium
for anyone with advertising to sell

Starting in October, Media/scope will be issued every month. Starting with that issue, Media/scope will accept advertising.

Media/scope

SEE OUR SERVICE AD IN SRDS

An SRDS Publication Serving the Media-Buying Function
Walter E. Botthof, publisher
NEW YORK, N. Y. • EVANSTON, ILLINOIS • LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
NICHOLSON'S
Lamplighter
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
AND BOTTLED BY
J & W NICHOLSON & CO LTD · LONDON · ENGLAND
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
"AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY"

It's Lamplighter Time...

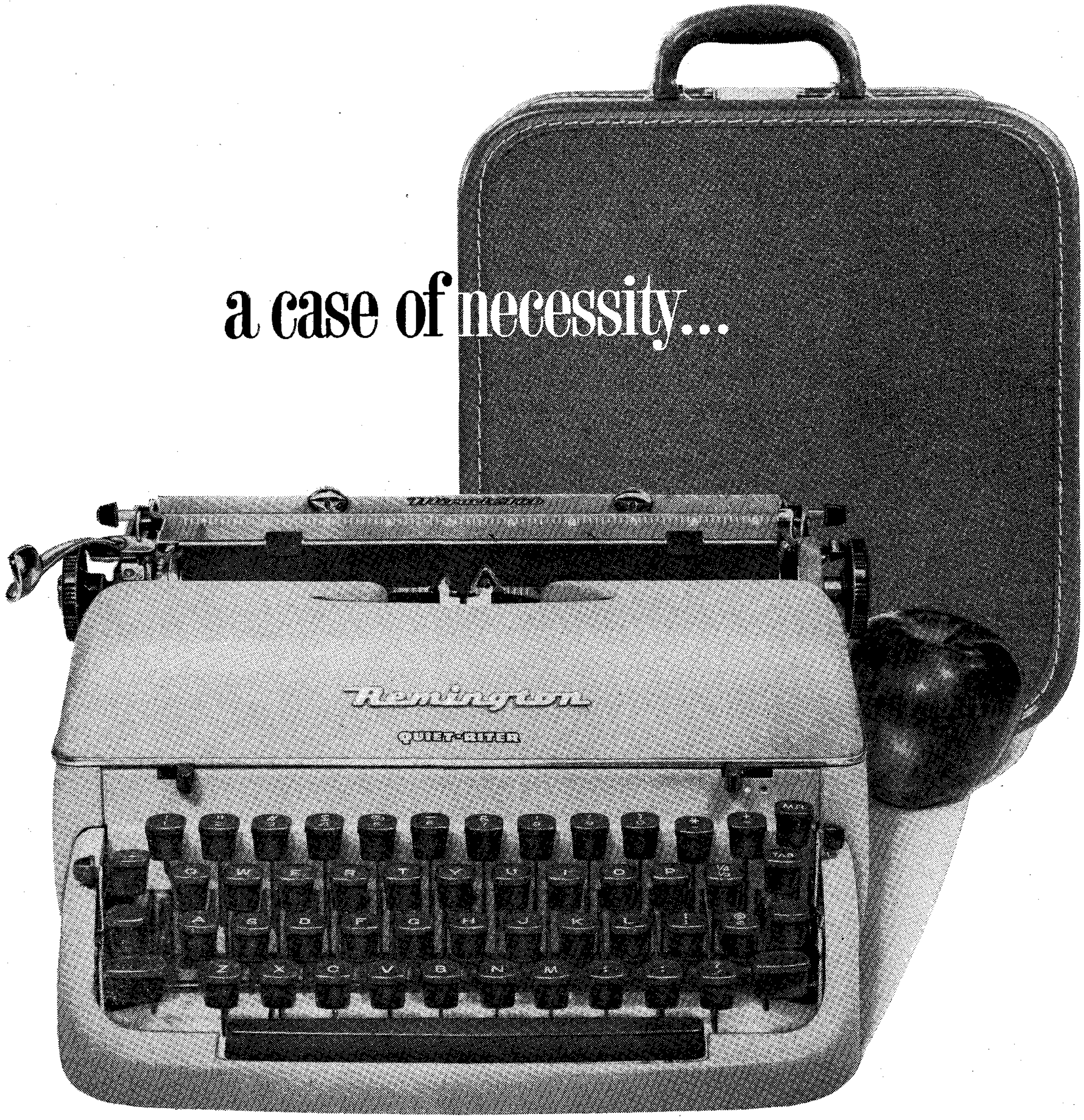
"As dry as you can buy"

LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 94 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

sent something not belonging to themselves; they have no direct connection with life, except being a faint echo or image of something that is no longer here. This is the reason the masters often avoid such expressions or statements as are intelligible in any logical way. Their aim is to have the pupil's attention concentrated in the thing itself which he wishes to grasp and not in anything that is in the remotest possible connection liable to disturb him. Therefore, when we attempt to find meaning in *dharanis* [magical formulas] or exclamations or a nonsensical string of sounds taken as such, we are far away from the truth of Zen. We must penetrate into the mind itself, as the spring of life from which all these words are produced. The swinging of a stick, the crying of 'Kwats!' [a favorite exclamation of Zen masters], or the kicking of a ball must be understood in this sense; that is, as the directest demonstration of life—no, even as life itself. The direct method is thus not always the violent assertion of life-force, but a gentle movement of the body, the responding to a call, the listening to a murmuring stream, or to a singing bird, or any of our most ordinary everyday assertions of life."

To Westerners, accustomed to think in terms of measurements and statistics, and to regard religion as primarily a matter of moral precepts, this emphasis on intuition may appear wholly foreign; indeed, the "immediate instant" of Zen may seem to be an imaginary notion, roughly equivalent to nothing at all. Yet mystical experience as defined in Zen—that is, the intuitive perception of rationally unexplainable or incommunicable phenomena—is, after all, prevalent enough, and even commonplace, especially in the aesthetic field. It is impossible to describe accurately in prose the taste of a glass of wine, say, or the excitement produced by a tense moment in sport. Such things have to be left to the poets, and even the poets can only hint at them. They are part of life as it is lived, rather than as it is explained. Moreover, it is obvious from the behavior of Japanese Zen monks—and of Dr. Suzuki himself—that this concentration on the immediate instant is something that produces, at least outwardly, an extraordinary impression of equilibrium and peace of mind. Pragmatically, at any rate, the doctrine would appear to have something to it.

In the course of his lifelong propagation of the doctrine, Dr. Suzuki has lived through a great deal of time and history, about which—although time and history are banished from the heart of Zen—he can recall a surprising amount. He was born in the prosperous rice-growing center of Kanazawa, two hundred miles northwest of Tokyo, and was named Teitaro, which is a fairly common Japanese name. (The name he uses today—Daisetz, which is a Westernized spelling of the Japanese "Daisetsu"—is a Buddhist name bestowed on him by a Zen master, and he likes to claim that it means "Great Stupidity," though a gentler and more accurate translation would be "Great Simplicity.") His birth took place in the third year of the reign of the illustrious reforming Emperor Mutsuhito, and only thirteen years after Japan had been opened to contact with the West through the historic efforts of Commodore Perry. It was a time of trouble in Japan. The Emperor had decreed the abolition of the samurai—the soldierly aristocrats of Japan during the long Tokugawa era—and the Suzukis, who had been a family of physicians for generations and, as professional people, ranked in the samurai class, found themselves divested of their hereditary rights, including an annual grant of rice (then a standard medium of exchange) from the local feudal lord. Young Teitaro's father—a physician, in the family tradition, and a man who devoted a great deal of time to pondering the Confucian classics—died when Teitaro was six, leaving the support of the family to three elder sons. A disastrous civil uprising broke out shortly afterward, and the attendant inflation of Japanese currency brought on a financial depression that made the Suzukis' plight even worse. To cope with these problems—common to all cultivated but disinherited gentry in times of change—the Suzukis resorted to various expedients. One of the elder brothers managed to get a job as a schoolteacher, and Suzuki's mother, whom he describes today as "just a good old-fashioned feudal mother," took in boarders to help with the grocery bill and to pay the ten cents a month that it cost to put Teitaro through elementary and secondary school. His mother had wanted him to be a doctor like his father, but education in medicine cost too much, and at eighteen Suzuki became a schoolmaster in a remote fishing village on the Sea of Japan, teaching arithmetic, reading, writing, and English. The English he taught then is a source of considerable hilarity to him today. The words themselves, which he had painstakingly learned from books, were



a case of necessity...

every student **needs** a REMINGTON QUIET-RITER® portable

Tests by leading educators prove that students who use typewriters get up to 38% better grades. Students themselves will tell you that it's easier to "think" on a typewriter. They express their thoughts more quickly and *more clearly*. And typed work is so much neater and easier to read!

Most students ask for the REMINGTON QUIET-RITER because it's the *only* portable with MIRACLE TAB, Super-strength Frame, Larger Sized Cylinder and full 44-key keyboard with Finger Speed Keys... *and these are the features that students need and want.*

Every student needs and *should have* a new REMINGTON QUIET-RITER. Ask your Remington Dealer to show you how easy it is to buy!

$1 a week Terms payable monthly, including taxes and a small carrying charge. Available in Canada, same terms.

Remington Rand
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

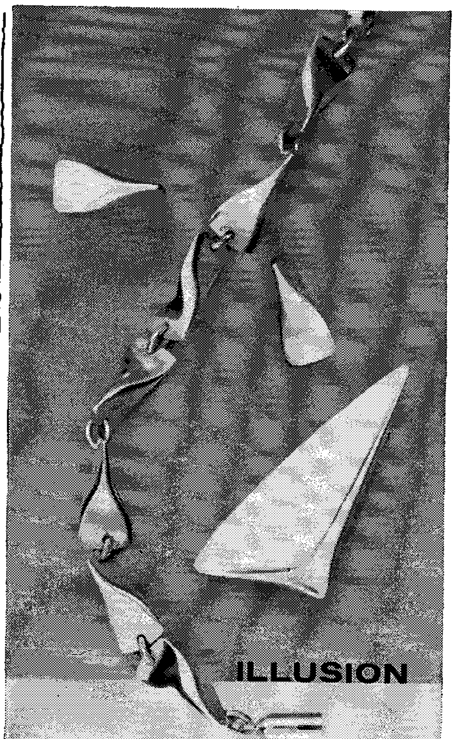
"... AND AGAIN THIS YEAR, THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, PEOPLE ARE BUYING MORE REMINGTON® TYPEWRITERS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND."

The season's pet—
MM's slender, oval handbag
of make-believe leopard, red,
blue, grey, taupe woven wool,
black rayon velvet or wool
broadcloth. 20.00 plus tax.
Lord & Taylor, New York

VITAL STATISTICS
Addresses, birthdays, holidays, Christmas cards and gifts, a 5-year calendar, measurements, lists of tradesmen and services—it records literally everything in a 5-in-1 pocketable 6½" x 4½" book. Indexed, loose-leaf. Brown, red, green, black, white hide. **10.95**
Mail, phone SU *7-4000*

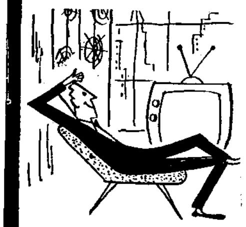
MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

English, all right, but the grammar—as was common in Japanese schools at the time—was entirely Japanese. For example, the sentence "I have two legs" was rendered solemnly by Dr. Suzuki to his pupils as "Two legs in me are." Not until he first visited the United States, years later, did he make the devastating discovery that the English he spoke bore no relation to the English spoken by everybody else, and he had to learn the language all over again. While he was employed as a provincial schoolmaster, his mother died, leaving him with no one but himself to look after. Consequently, he went to Tokyo, where, with the help of one of his elder brothers, he attended the Imperial University, in a rather unsystematic manner. (He never graduated officially from any institution of learning; the "Dr." prefixed to his name is an honorary D.Litt. degree that was conferred on him by Otani University, in Kyoto.) Indeed, he spent most of his spare time as a novice in one of the great Zen monasteries at nearby Kamakura. Soon his disciplines at the monastery occupied his entire attention; he became a favorite pupil of a Zen master named Shaku Soyen, and his life was, in effect, that of a Zen monk. Shaku Soyen had visited Ceylon to study Hinayana Buddhism and the Pali scriptures, and Dr. Suzuki took up the study of Pali with the idea of following in his footsteps. The footsteps, however, led not to Ceylon but to Chicago, where Shaku Soyen went to attend the Parliament of Religions held at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. In Chicago, Shaku Soyen became acquainted with a millionaire zinc manufacturer named Edward Hegeler, a transplanted German from Bremen, who, as a hobby, ran a publishing house devoted to religious and scientific books and periodicals in nearby La Salle, Illinois, and who needed a translator to help in his editorial department. Shaku Soyen recommended Suzuki, and so, in 1897, at the age of twenty-seven, the ex-schoolmaster and novice monk found himself transported from the quiet pine groves of Kamakura to a small Midwestern zinc-manufacturing community. To a Zen philosopher, however, the immediate instant is as perceptible in La Salle, Illinois, as it is anywhere else, and Dr. Suzuki unperturbedly settled down to reconstructing his English grammar and helping an Orientalist named Paul Carus translate the Tao Tê Ching from Chinese into English. He also devoted himself to the study of Sanskrit, which he mastered without a teacher



Winged in feeling and form... truly modern. Georg Jensen sterling silver from Denmark. Earrings, $16 pair, bracelet, $53; brooch, $14. Fed. tax incl.
GEORG JENSEN Inc.
667 5th Ave. New York 22

KEEP COOL IN NEW YORK


AT THE SAVOY PLAZA
A HILTON HOTEL
AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS WITH TV AT NO EXTRA CHARGE
5TH AVE. AT 58TH ST. • EL 5-2600

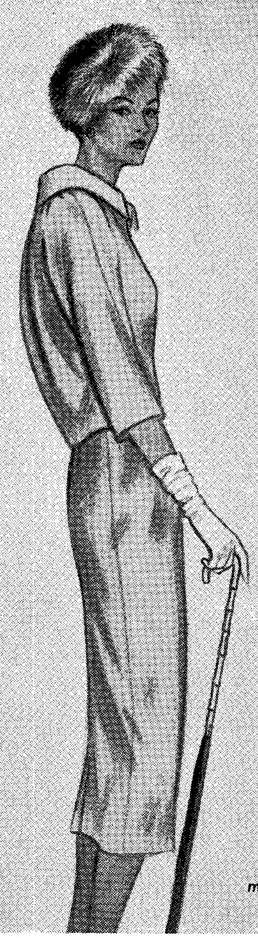
RECORD EXCITEMENT

in a romantic mood
In a Romantic Mood—
Oscar Peterson
With Strings
MG V-2002
Verve

Cherio
RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P.M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P.M.
46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

by poring over Whitney's "A Sanskrit Grammar," a work he still speaks of with deep respect.

The institution run by Mr. Hegeler, who disliked what he called the "myths" of Christianity and was obsessed by the idea of studying religion "scientifically," was known as the Open Court Publishing Company, and its publications included, besides books, a quarterly called the *Monist*, to which many prominent Orientalists contributed, among them Friedrich Max Müller, the great pioneer translator of Asiatic literature. Dr. Suzuki's duties, for which he received his board and lodging plus three dollars a week spending money, consisted of proofreading, editing, and translating from Chinese and Japanese. He put in eleven years at the job, and during that time he wrote his first important book in English, "Outlines of Mahayana Buddhism." He also made several tours of America as secretary and translator for his master, Shaku Soyen, who had returned to deliver a series of lectures. One of the tours took Dr. Suzuki to New York, where he met, and was strongly attracted to, an American woman named Beatrice Erskine Lane; she was a graduate of Radcliffe and a follower of Theosophy, and subsequently wrote, with his help, several books on Oriental religion. At the end of Dr. Suzuki's eleventh year with the Open Court Publishing Company, Mr. Hegeler sent him to Europe, where he spent several months copying Sanskrit documents at the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, and translating Emanuel Swedenborg from English into Japanese, in London. He then returned to Japan and resumed his studies under Shaku Soyen, but in 1910 he was travelling again—once more heading for Europe, via the Trans-Siberian Railway, a trip on which he remembers being detained in Vladivostok as a suspected spy. (Memories of the Russo-Japanese War were still fresh.) In 1911, he was back in Japan for an important event—his marriage to Miss Lane—and for further study. Already he was assuming the peculiar role of interpreter of Eastern religious ideas for the West and of Western religious ideas for the East that he has played ever since. This time, he stayed put for a while. The outbreak of the First World War pinned him down (he was excused from military service because of physical disability), and teaching posts at the Peers' School and the Imperial University, in Tokyo, kept him busy. Then, in 1921, he accepted a position at Otani University, in Kyoto,



I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE

The put-over, an overblouse that stops short at the hipbone . . . newest young way to dress this fall . . . here in a two-piece dress by Junior Sophisticates in a soft flannel blended of wool-and-fur, beige or grey in 7 to 15 sizes 55.95

mail orders (please add 55¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

Bee

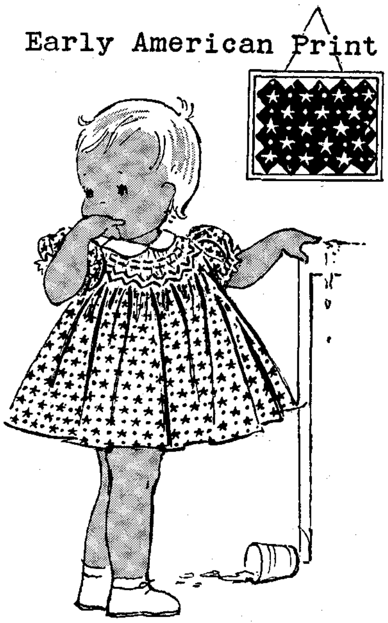
is for beauty . . . so is

SUPER-ROYAL CREAM

Scientists have known for years that Royal Jelly can turn an immature bee into a fertile and beautiful Queen with a life span up to forty times longer than her subjects' — but only recently has it been found that this potent combination of vitamins and proteins has a wonderful effect on the skin.

Now Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with vital essential oils and natural emollients in a cream so beautifully effective you'll see its benefits from the very start. Try it and see how clear — how fresh and radiant — your skin can be! 10.00 18.00 30.00 PLUS TAX

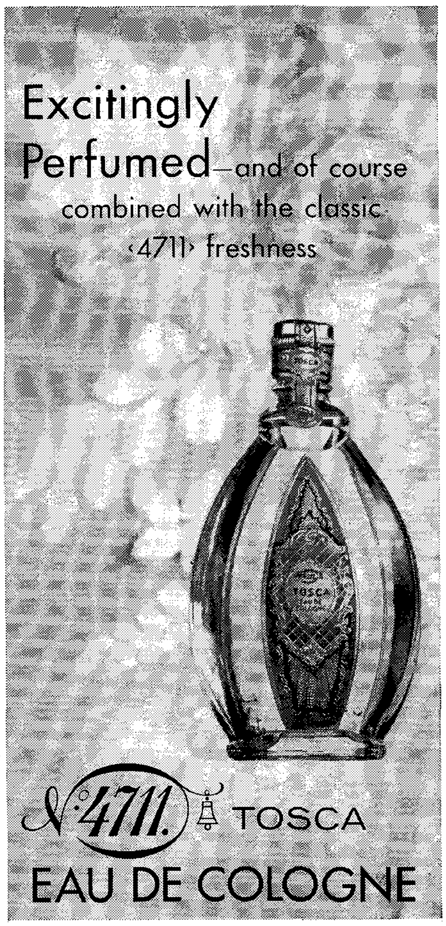
Germaine Monteil
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



Early American Print

Our Good Little Girl Dress, everyday wearable prize-at-the-price! A nostalgic charmer, in cotton, with new-again Bishop neckline and hand smocking, in colors that match the print. Cranberry red or copen blue on white, sizes 6 mos. to 3 yrs. Or the print in reverse; white on red or blue; 2, 3 yrs. 4.00
Please add 25¢ for shipping

dorothy Kay
WAYLAND SQUARE, PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.
Our catalog of young fashions for fall and winter on request



Excitingly Perfumed—and of course combined with the classic ‹4711› freshness

№ 4711 TOSCA
EAU DE COLOGNE
IMPORTED from COLOGNE the City of ‹4711› Fame
by Colonia, Inc. New York

where he spent twenty years and where he taught, among other things, English. "By then," he says, "I was better at it."

The twenty years at Kyoto constituted the longest time Dr. Suzuki ever stayed in one place, though he did break loose for a bit in 1936. He was then approaching seventy and was beginning to enjoy an international reputation as an Oriental sage. His "Essays in Zen Buddhism," a three-volume work he wrote in English while he was at Otani University, had been published in London, and the charm and lucidity of its style had attracted the attention not only of Oriental scholars but of a considerable portion of the intellectual public. Some strictly orthodox Zen masters may have grumbled at his temerity in attempting to explain the unexplainable mystery of their doctrine, but even they had to admit that he had become Zen's most successful and most widely respected missionary outside Japan, and that if anyone could communicate Zen to the West, Dr. Suzuki was the man. His intimate knowledge of the English language and of Western habits of thought—things that few orthodox Zen masters had ever concerned themselves with—had enabled him to bridge the chasm between the Orient and the Occident, and one tangible result, which was no doubt gratifying to the masters, was a sudden increase in the number of Occidental students seeking enlightenment at the monasteries in Kyoto and Kamakura. As a result of all this, Dr. Suzuki had become as revered a figure at home as he was abroad. And he was indeed revered abroad. In 1936, at the World Congress of Faiths in London, he made such an impression that Sir Francis Younghusband, a prominent British Orientalist, later wrote in his preface to "Some Sayings of the Buddha" (Oxford): "A Japanese Buddhist, Suzuki, attended . . . the Congress. . . . He delivered an excellent address. But it was not the address which impressed the Congress; it was himself. It was the charm of his personality which captivated his audiences. He had studied the teachings of Buddha. He had taught the teachings of Buddha. But he had gone much further than this. He had saturated his whole life with the teachings of Buddha and, in his own way, he expressed those teachings so that everyone who saw or heard him was drawn to him and disposed toward Buddhism." A few years after the death of his wife, in 1938, Dr. Suzuki resumed his peripatetic habits. Among the people who were drawn to him in the course of his tours were Count Keyserling and the

Poor, Pitiful Pearl makes a glad little girl

Little girls love Pearl, who looks sad (and changes to a beauty, like Cinderella, when she changes clothes). Her woefully wonderful 18 inches make girls glad to mother this doll that looks like a character—and is, from a Steig cartoon.

Pitiful Pearl is lifelike, well-made of modern vinyl plastic. She wears a long, blonde, washable saran wig.

And best of all is the way you can transform Pearl to a party girl when she's dressed up in the smart change of clothes that come in her carrying case. Complete, $10.00. Order S 26-272.

Send for free Toy Catalogue Q-1

F.A.O. SCHWARZ
World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

Connoisseurs prefer
Asbach Uralt Brandy
from the Rhine
8 yrs old · 80 Proof
German Distilleries Ltd., 175 Riverside Drive, N. Y.

CHARMING MOUNTAIN HOME
6 mi. N. of Asheville, N. C. One floor lofty 30 ft. chestnut panelled Living room with fpl. Dining room, mdn kitchen, 4 bedrooms, 3 tiled baths, forced hot air oil furnace. Large covered terrace, breathtaking views, 2 sunny open patios. 2 Bdrm, 2 bath Guest House completely equipped; sheds, etc. 50 wooded acres, flowering shrubs. Mild winters, cool summers. Low taxes and easy maintenance. $55,000.
Details W. W. Shope, Weaverville, N. C.

Established 1864
Keeler's
STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

well-known psychiatrist Karen Horney, who later accompanied him on a trip to Japan in order to study certain possible relations between Zen and psychoanalysis. He became a frequent lecturer at the annual Eranos conference, in Ascona, Switzerland, at which disciples of another psychiatrist, C. G. Jung, concern themselves with syncretic studies of Eastern and Western mythology. He was a prominent star of the East-West Philosophers' Conference, held in Honolulu in 1949. Meanwhile, during the Second World War, Dr. Suzuki was in Japan, where he held the unwavering interest of the Japanese secret police because of his relentless fight for greater tolerance and understanding and because of his denunciation of militarism in the national cult of Shinto.

Since 1951, Dr. Suzuki, with financial assistance from various American universities, has made New York his headquarters, but his vigorous hopping from continent to continent has continued, and he still maintains a home on the grounds of the Engaku-ji monastery in Kamakura, as well as a large house nearby, where, in his absence, a permanent secretary oversees what is probably the largest private library of Zen literature in the world.

DR. SUZUKI has been quoted as remarking, "I do not follow Zen; Zen follows me"—a prideful statement somewhat at odds with his customary habit of modesty—and, indeed, though he is not in the strictest sense a Zen master, there can be no doubt that the world looks upon him as the foremost of the many venerable sages who are the present inheritors of the wisdom of Bodhidharma and Hui-neng. This position has made the Doctor an object of pilgrimage to thousands of people who are interested in the doctrine, and the social duties that consequently devolve upon him are not altogether to his taste. On the whole, he likes to live in New York, partly because so many of his fellow-New Yorkers ignore him and partly because, as he explains it, America gives him a feeling of youth, which his Japanese followers are always dispelling by their insistent reverence for his gray hairs. "I would love to live in Japan if people didn't bother me so much," he says. As it is, he manages to preserve a reasonable amount of privacy in his home on West Ninety-fourth Street. Still, there are those who insist on personal contact with him, and to these people he is invariably affable, even though they take up a lot of valuable time. The trouble is, of course, that Dr. Suzuki is as impressive personally as he is through the medium of his writing and scholarship. As a personality, he radiates not only the general glamour that attaches to aging Oriental men of wisdom but a special serenity that makes him a magnificent living example of the doctrine he preaches. To those who think in terms of weekly paychecks rather than of *kalpas*, the doctrine probably hasn't much to offer, and it is very unlikely that captains of industry, political revolutionists, or even people in a hurry to catch a train would find it helpful in attaining their worldly desires. Yet even the most skeptical visitor, when under the spell of Dr. Suzuki's soft-spoken, earnest, but humorous words, is apt to find himself believing—for the moment, at least—that zero is in fact equal to infinity, that the timeless and eternal instant of perception is all there is to the real world, and that "emptiness" is the thing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

• •

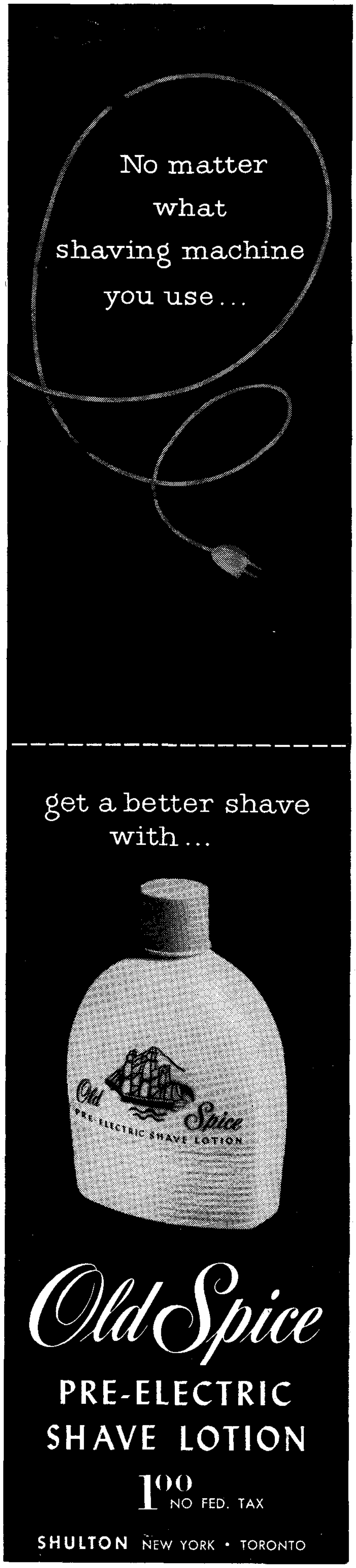
FIRE ISLAND WALKING SONG

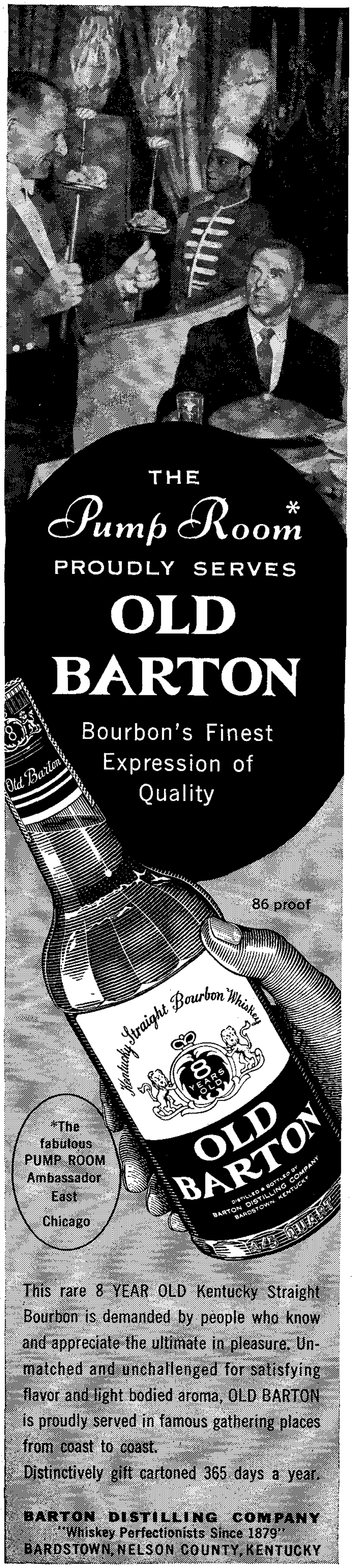
(Sung, at the top of his voice, by my six-year-old son, while dancing along the beach almost, but not quite, out of the reach of the waves)

I know a large dune rat whose first name is Joe
And he skips beneath the boardwalk medium slow
Out to the edge where the daylight glisters
And he hasn't any brothers and he hasn't any sisters
And he hasn't any uncles and he hasn't any aunts
And he hasn't any Sunday-go-to-meeting pants.

Oh, he lives all alone in the big tall grassages
And through the brush piles he has secret passages.
He dines on moonbeams and washed-up scobbles
And he never has the toothache or the collywobbles.
He comes out at night and he dances by the sea
And he's a pretty nice dune rat, if you're asking me.

—E. F. K.


No matter what shaving machine you use . . .
get a better shave with . . .
Old Spice
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION
Old Spice
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION
1.00 NO FED. TAX
SHULTON NEW YORK • TORONTO



THE
Pump Room*
PROUDLY SERVES
OLD BARTON
Bourbon's Finest Expression of Quality

86 proof
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
8 YEARS OLD
OLD BARTON
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY BARTON DISTILLING COMPANY BARDSTOWN KENTUCKY
Old Barton

*The fabulous PUMP ROOM Ambassador East Chicago

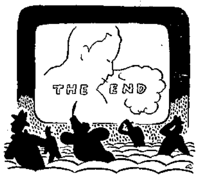
This rare 8 YEAR OLD Kentucky Straight Bourbon is demanded by people who know and appreciate the ultimate in pleasure. Unmatched and unchallenged for satisfying flavor and light bodied aroma, OLD BARTON is proudly served in famous gathering places from coast to coast.
Distinctively gift cartoned 365 days a year.

BARTON DISTILLING COMPANY
"Whiskey Perfectionists Since 1879"
BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Paris—Gay and Damned

I PRESUME it is every man's privilege to fall in love with Audrey Hepburn. She is a tough girl to resist. At the moment, she is appearing in a delightful fantasy called "Love in the Afternoon," and the object of her affection is Gary Cooper, portraying an aging American roué ensconced at the Paris Ritz. In this one, Miss Hepburn, God bless her, plays the cello, and is the daughter of a Parisian private eye, Maurice Chevalier. The story makes practically no sense, but it is airy and light, and really quite a treat. Mr. Cooper has come a long way from his tight-pants and shoot-from-the-hip days. As the roué, he looks convincingly old about the ears—even jaded—and for company he surrounds himself with a gypsy band that plays and plays and plays. Wherever Mr. Cooper goes, the gypsy band goes, too, and Miss Hepburn is not far behind. He tries to ignore her wiles, but her fascination gets the better of him, and he finally employs her father—not knowing, of course, that *the man is her father*—to investigate her. The girl has got under his skin. There is a happy ending, in one of those splendid, vaulted Paris railroad stations, with a smoking, chugging locomotive and the hero's scooping up of the girl and bringing her aboard at the last minute. Everyone involved in the enterprise seems truly to have entered into its antic mood—a mood set with brilliance and gaiety by Billy Wilder, who produced and directed the film, and, along with I.A.L. Diamond, wrote the script.



I THINK I spent more time in Paris last week than the average Parisian, what with also having had a look at the film version of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," adapted by Peter Viertel, directed by Henry King, and produced by Darryl F. Zanuck, who, I suppose, is being called Papa by his friends. Everybody is in it—Jake Barnes, Lady Brett Ashley, Robert Cohn, Mike Campbell, the Count, Bill Gorton, and so on. All in all, not a bad film, and in fine color. A good deal of the Hemingway prose has been discarded in favor of Viertelism, or perhaps Zanuckism, but the essentials of the story manage to come through. The scene shifts rather rapidly from Paris to Spain, and, come to think of it, I probably spent even more time in Spain last week than in Paris, since I was subjected to more views of bull rings, and bulls, and cows, and picadors, and toreadors, and fiestas, than the average Spaniard encounters in the course of a lifetime. Miss Ava Gardner, as Lady Brett Ashley, tumbles with a vengeance for the dashing toreador, Romero (Robert Evans—hair all greased), and poor old Jake Barnes (Tyrone Power) has the nobility of the ineffectual. Mel Ferrer plays Robert Cohn as though Robert Cohn were Mel Ferrer, but Errol Flynn, as that glorious romantic, Mike Campbell, contrives to bring spirit and enticement to the part. Eddie Albert is Bill Gorton, and he is a funny fellow. The picture may strike you as longer than the book—it runs something over two hours—but the photography is superb, the scenes move swiftly, and some suggestion of the desperately damned generation Hemingway was writing about creeps onto the screen.

A GOOD many old-time professionals were around last week, another being Bing Crosby, who showed up in an interesting, straightforward film called "Man on Fire." There are some pretty frank scenes in this picture—the story of a divorced man who refuses to give the custody of his son to his former wife, currently married to a gentleman in the State Department. Crosby, as the father, is remarkably direct and believable; Malcolm Brodrick, as his son, is as fine a young actor as I have seen in a long time; and Anne Seymour, as a judge who has to make a rather terrifying custodial decision, turns in a performance that is extremely compelling. The dialogue (Ranald MacDougall wrote the screenplay) is of a high order, and by the time the whole thing was over I was deeply moved by the plight of several human beings caught in an intensely human situation.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

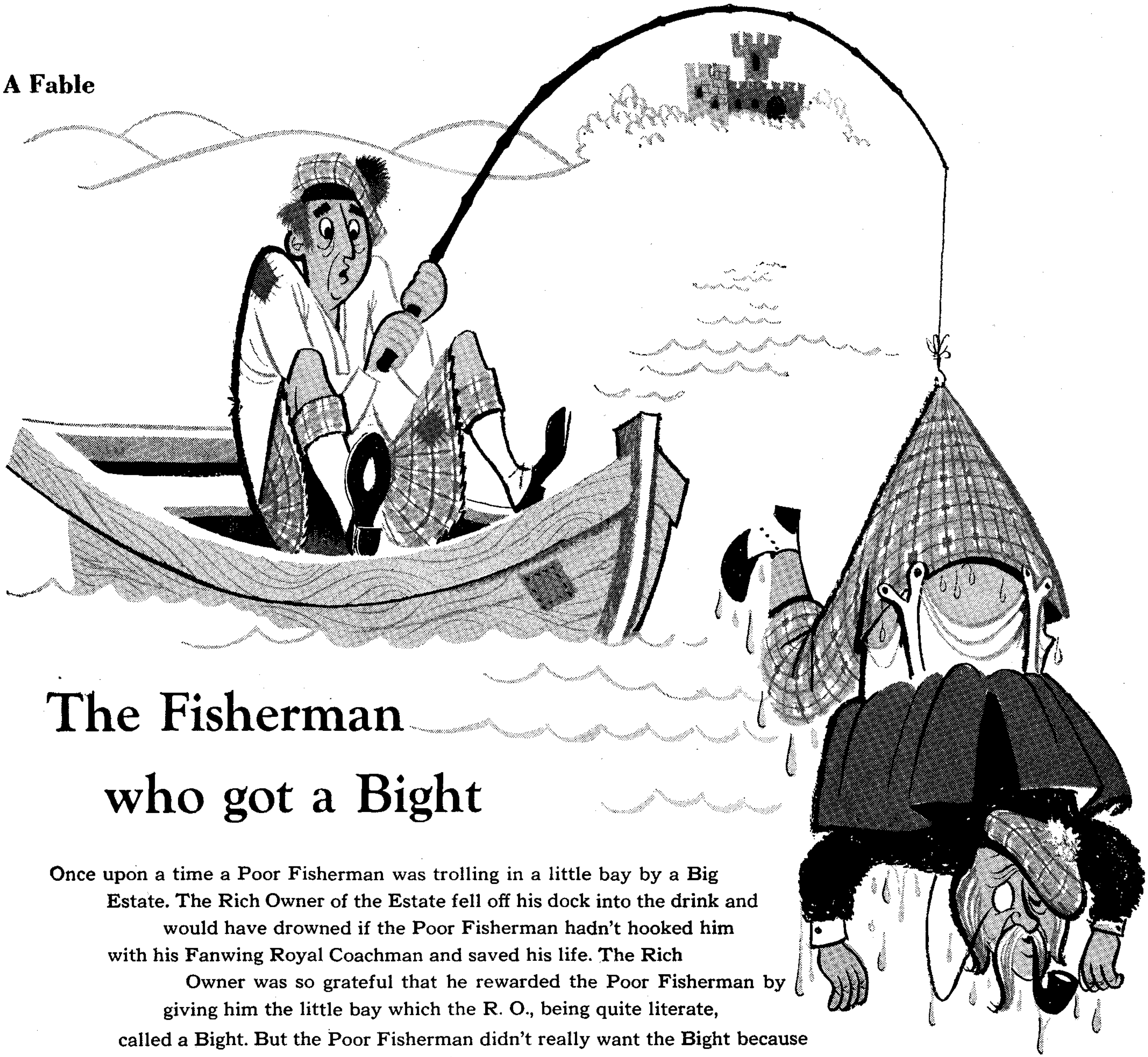
•

CHORUSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHORUSED

[*From the Journal-American*]

"He never throws anything straight," said Gil Hodges and Roy Campanella in chorus. "His fast ball moves in and out and his curve is always down and away. Also, he has the control and know-how."

A Fable



The Fisherman who got a Bight

Once upon a time a Poor Fisherman was trolling in a little bay by a Big Estate. The Rich Owner of the Estate fell off his dock into the drink and would have drowned if the Poor Fisherman hadn't hooked him with his Fanwing Royal Coachman and saved his life. The Rich Owner was so grateful that he rewarded the Poor Fisherman by giving him the little bay which the R. O., being quite literate, called a Bight. But the Poor Fisherman didn't really want the Bight because the Rich Owner was the only thing he'd ever caught in it. So he wanted to sell it. Not very bright about Bights, he just assumed the People would know he had a Bight for sale and that the Bight was a beaut. So he didn't tell them. And they didn't learn about it. And the Poor Fisherman is still paying taxes on his Bight. And if you think he was Poor before, you should see him now!

Moral: Don't hide your Bight under a bushel. Advertise! And when you do, remember Radio. 98% of the People have Radios through which you can hawk your wares. And those same People spend over 17 hours weekly listening like crazy. (Two thirds of them listen at night, by the way.)

THE SUCCESS OF ITS USERS SPEAKS CLEARLY FOR SPOT

NATIONAL SPOT RADIO

Radio Division

EDWARD PETRY & CO., INC.

The Original Station Representative

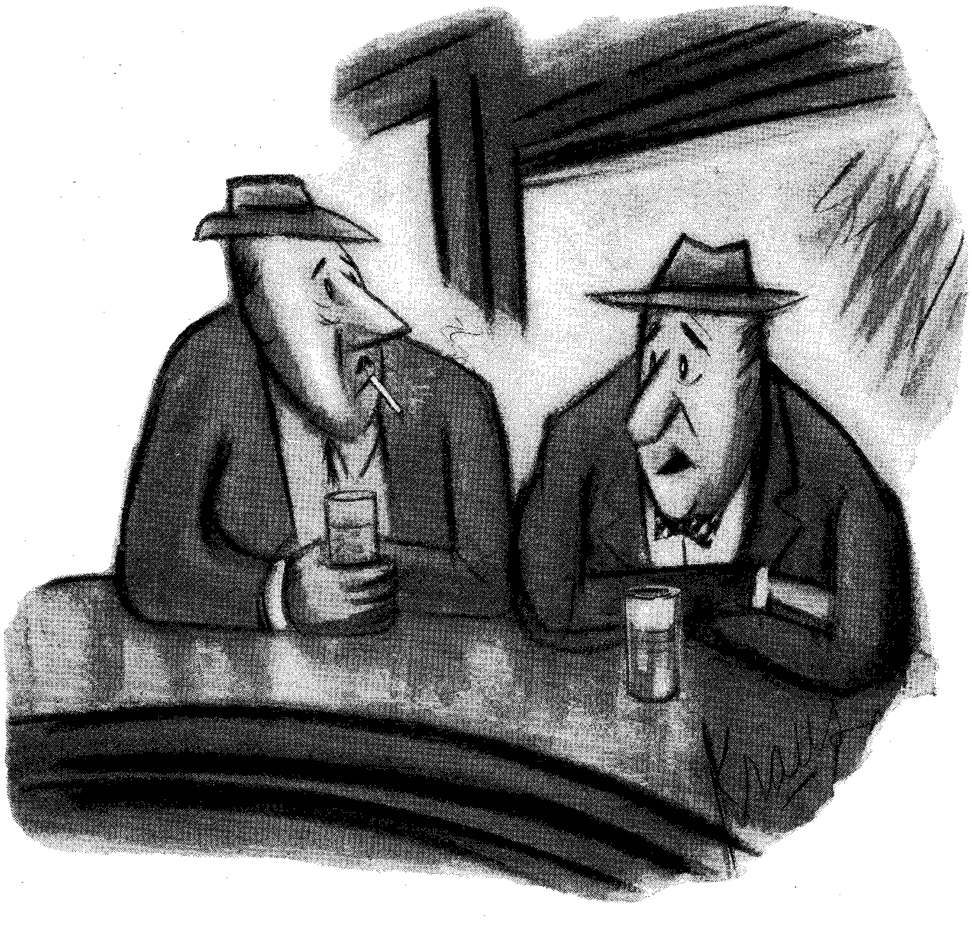
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • BOSTON • DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

GENTLES ALL

ONE balmy Saturday evening a few weeks ago, I took a subway out to Jamaica with the unusual object of attending an al-fresco performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in King Park, which I had identified, shortly before I set out, as a tiny green rectangle on my Hagstrom's map of the city. Ordinarily, my theatregoing, while adventurous enough—especially nowadays, when plays are being staged in lofts, basements, and, it has almost seemed on occasion, abandoned packing cases—does not extend as far off Broadway as nether Queens, a section of the city that I'm afraid I have come to regard with the insularity of the confirmed Manhattanite, associating it more with used-car lots and cemeteries than with Thespis. My interest in this particular production, however, was not an ordinary one. It stemmed from my having read in the newspapers several months previously about an enterprising citizen named Joseph Papp, who had managed to make the proper authorities realize that what the people of New York needed during the forthcoming summer was free performances of Shakespeare in public parks throughout the five boroughs, and that he, as head of a group called the Shakespeare Workshop, was the chap to put them on. I keep an ear fairly close to the city's pavement, and I must say that I had not been aware of any special clamor for the Bard on the part of my fellow-townsmen. I knew, moreover, that our municipal chieftains do not readily give their approval to any but the most loudly demanded, necessary, functional, or revenue-producing civic programs. Consequently, I put Papp down as an individual endowed with rare powers of both perception and persuasion.

Although overexposure to inept performances of Shakespeare had left me something less than a cultist, I nevertheless tacitly gave the project my personal approval, too. Any attempt to reclaim even a few corners of our parks from the muggers and the teen-age wolf packs is all right with me, and to enlist the drama in aiding our more peaceful citizens to enjoy evenings in their rightful greenery struck me as highly felicitous, for the attractions that still keep me a fascinated, hidebound resident of New York, at a time when everyone else seems to be moving to Westport, settling in Mallorca, or taking up sports cars, are its theatres, its parks, and its people in their infinite variety. The prospect of finding all these combined in one package was pleasing indeed, and I made a mental note to be sure to catch one or more of the three plays—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Macbeth" were the others—that Papp planned to offer under the collective designation of the Summer Shakespeare Festival.



"What worries me is what if the damn fallout gets into the beer."

MY attention was drawn to the project again in June, by the reviews that the Festival's initial free offering, "Romeo and Juliet," received upon its opening in Central Park—ironically, raves of the kind that are supposed to make Broadway producers rush out to buy humidors of ninety-cent cigars and sign long-term leases on plush suites of offices (and that presumably make off-Broadway producers consider moving to *an* office). The infrequently enthusiastic Walter Kerr, of the *Herald Tribune*, for one glowing example, wrote that the production was "in many respects the best 'Romeo and Juliet' I have ever seen." This reception not only reminded me of my intention to attend some manifestation of the Festival but also made me, as a student of city crowds, curious to learn how the common folk were reacting to such an uncommon gift. Accordingly, I looked up the phone number of Papp's home (producers of free shows, no matter how well received, don't even *consider* moving to an office), called him there, and asked him if he could suggest an evening and a place that might be particularly rewarding to an observer with my object in view.

Thinking out loud, Papp assayed the audiences that his company had already encountered or that—on the basis of a personal preliminary canvass of the other areas in which it was scheduled to appear—he expected it to encounter. While all of them were or would be fairly catholic in makeup, he said, the Central Park crowds naturally contained the heaviest representation of standard Broadway and off-Broadway theatregoing types; since the Bronx performances, which were to begin a couple of nights later, would be given on the Hunter College campus, a more knowing audience might logically be anticipated there than in the other outlying parts of the city; the Brooklyn and Staten Island sites, being large, centrally located parks, assured crowds not

precious protection . . .

WOOLITE

YOUR

WOOLENS

WASH BACK THAT FRESH NEW LOOK

- Woolite's exclusive secret formula.
- No shrinkage or matting.
- No need to block.
- Recommended by famous woolen wear makers on their washing instruction tags.
- For synthetics, blends, silks and cottons, too.
- Costs only 1½¢ per washing.
- In the blue-and-white striped tin at department and specialty stores or wherever fine woolens are sold.
- Also in the 20-packet Travel Pack.

THE ONE COLD WATER SOAP WITH THE SEAL OF QUALITY OF THE UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY

WOOLITE

The Miracle Cold Water Soap made by the makers of Lastic Life, the golden cold water soap for elastic garments

Woolite, Incorporated: North Hollywood, California; New York, Chicago.

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

For business or pleasure trips, long weekends or extended vacations, insist on . . .

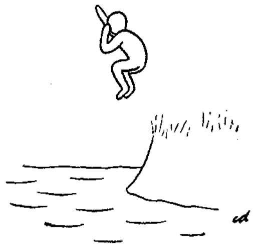
AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only 1%.

Sign when you buy them . . .

. . . sign as you spend them. Your matching signatures are the only identification you need.

only of the passing curious but of more serious seekers after live drama, who might take the trouble to travel from distant sections of their boroughs; and while there was another Manhattan location—East River Park, in the Corlears Hook section of the lower East Side—where the patrons might seem on the face of it to be about as atypical a Shakespeare audience as one could find, they would nevertheless not be entirely unsophisticated, having been softened up by productions of "Julius Caesar" and "The Taming of the Shrew" that Papp's Workshop put on down there last summer as an exploratory forerunner of the present venture. He concluded that my best bet would be to catch one of the two performances of "Romeo and Juliet" scheduled to be held in King Park, pointing out that its small size and its location—it is tucked away in the heart of a cosmopolitan but folksy neighborhood remote from the center of the city—would probably assure the least theatre-minded, or, at any rate, the least Shakespeare-minded, audiences of all. "We'll be striking deep into virgin television territory out there," he said, and offered to escort me to Queens by subway to see a Saturday-night performance in King Park, adding that he would fill me in on the background of his singular mission as we rode.



"TO tell the truth, I was just about ready to give up the tour after the Bronx," said Papp on the appointed Saturday, easily projecting a stage-trained voice above the clatter of an E train, on the Independent line, that we had boarded together after meeting in midtown Manhattan. Slight of build and boyish, Papp is a deceptively unvolcanic-looking thirty-six-year-old native of Brooklyn, with rather long black hair, strands of which have a tendency to fall down over his forehead when he is keyed up or busy—as, I came to realize, he is most of the time. In addition to carrying on his Shakespearean activities, he works the other side of the theatrical street by holding down a regular job as a television stage manager with the Columbia Broadcasting System—a circumstance that has enabled him to pour several thousand dollars of his own money into his civic project but that leaves him little time for sleeping.

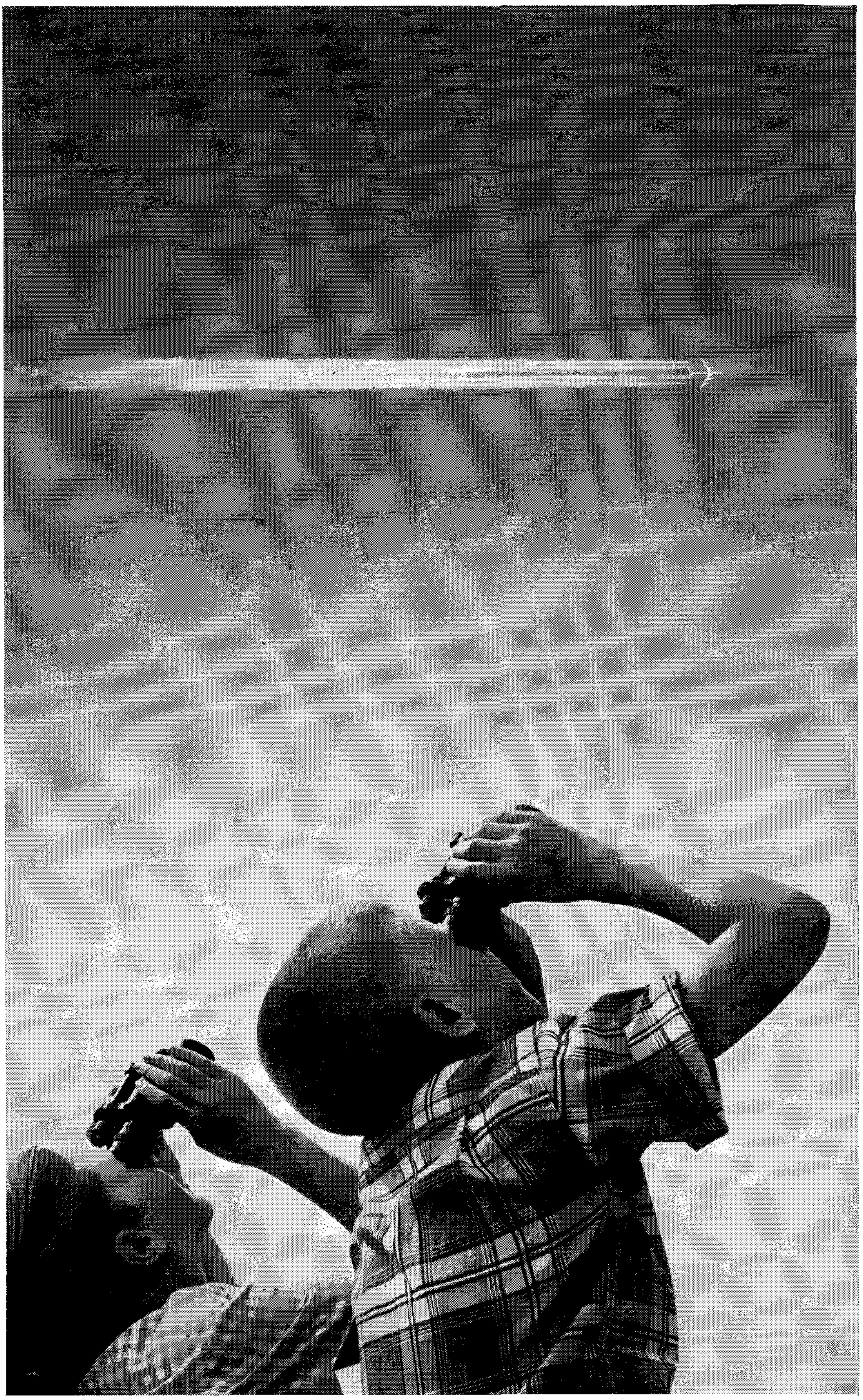
Brushing back a stray lock of hair, Papp went on to say that, either because of a paucity of the knowing in our northernmost borough or because of scant publicity, audiences of only two or three hundred had turned out during the Workshop's two-night stand on the Hunter campus. "It was very demoralizing," he said. "We'd got used to playing before a packed house—or, I should say, a packed lawn—of two thousand people a night down in Central Park. On top of that, our equipment began to come apart right off the bat. The way things look now, we'll probably have to settle for fewer travelling productions than we had planned."

Papp pulled out a sketch of the Festival stage set and a couple of supplementary drawings showing how its floor, mounted on a large trailer truck, could be folded up to form the walls of a van in which Juliet's balcony and the façades of an Elizabethan Verona were stowed for transportation to the next borough. I remarked that the arrangement struck me as extremely ingenious. "Considering that the whole thing cost us only three thousand dollars, yes," Papp said, refolding the papers. "But let's just pray that it holds up for the summer. And that our stage crew does, too. They're all apprentice actors, apprentice stage managers, apprentice electricians—nice young lads and eager as hell—but what we could use is muscle. This equipment is heavy, and besides we have to set up and dismantle a couple of thirty-five-foot steel light-and-loudspeaker towers for each performance." Papp gave the shrug of a man long since resigned to the realities. "Muscle costs money, though, and apprentices don't. Well, anyway, we managed to make the move to King Park, and last night, when we got there for the opening, the old fire came back. Two hours before show time, there were about five hundred people in the seats, and by the time the lights went up, we had standees all around the seating section. Apparently, word of mouth is mighty potent in Jamaica."

I asked Papp to backtrack and give me the history of his Festival. He explained that it all got started four years ago, when—after seven years spent, successively, serving a hitch in the Navy; directing a Little Theatre group on the West Coast; stage-managing, and playing the role of Biff in, the national company of "Death of a Salesman;" and starting to work at C.B.S., for which he has stage-managed a number of spectaculars—he conceived the missionary idea of bringing free Shakespeare to the public. He rented a small auditorium in a lower East Side church and began presenting Shakespeare there three evenings a week, with a company he had assembled under the name of the Shakespeare Workshop, his notion being to perfect an acting style suitable to his larger plans. The group began to attract respectful attention from devotees of off-Broadway theatre, and after two seasons in the church Papp, casting about for a means of broadening both his base of operations and the Bard's following, came upon an amphitheatre that the W.P.A. had built during the thirties in East River Park, which lies alongside Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, just below the Williamsburg Bridge. It was almost ideal for his purposes, being the only completely equipped outdoor theatre owned by the city, and used, only infrequently, for concerts and folk-dance recitals, and it was available to him free—stage, dressing rooms, electric current, and all. The Parks Department agreed to let Papp have it for the 1956 summer season, but he had little success in lining up other supporters—financial or moral. He was told that audiences down there wouldn't understand Shakespeare, and that even if they did, the tough kids in the neighborhood would break up the shows. Undaunted and practically unfinanced, Papp and his necessarily unpaid cast went ahead with rehearsals anyway, and on opening night—"Julius Caesar" was the show—an audience of two thousand lower East Siders, from babes in arms to family patriarchs, turned up at the amphitheatre, noisily exhorting the troupe, in a babel of tongues, to get on with it.

"It sounded like Ebbets Field during a pre-game warmup," Papp said, recalling the scene as we jounced along in the subway. "Frankly, I was scared to death. I didn't have the faintest notion of what to expect. Obviously, most of those people out there had never even seen live actors before. They might stone us to death, for all I knew. As soon as the floods went up and the play started, though, they became absolutely still. Too still, I thought. Not a sound, right through Marullus's tirade against the mob for honoring Caesar and forgetting Pompey. You know."

Stretching out an arm, Papp declaimed, " 'You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!,' " causing two nuns seated opposite us in the subway car to draw back in concern. Papp smiled at them reassuringly and turned to me again. "At the end of the speech,



Vapor trails high in the sky will remind you that the 707 is flying its proving runs. Soon these fine planes, the first American jet transports, will be coming off the production lines. American Airlines will be the first to offer jet air travel in the United States. Early in 1959 American will use the 707's on transcontinental Mercury service. AMERICAN AIRLINES
America's Leading Airline

a great cheer went up—the kind you hear when Gil Hodges hits in the clutch," he went on. "Here was an audience that really *identified*. I've never felt so relieved in my life."

Further conversation revealed that Papp's dream of bringing Shakespeare to the city's masses is honestly derived, partly from a penchant for memorizing long passages of the plays, which he discovered he possessed back in his days as a student at Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, and partly from his origins—the brawling slums of Williamsburg. "I spent a good bit of my early boyhood in gang fighting," he recalled, and, in view of his lack of heft, it struck me that he must have been either very durable or very fast. "There used to be Jewish gangs—I came from a family of Polish Jews—and Italian gangs and colored gangs in our neighborhood. The colored gangs outnumbered the others, so my gang used to team up with the Italians in street fights. I remember there was one gang—the Mohammedans—that was led by a character called the Crutch. He had a huge chest and arms but withered legs. He could hobble fast, though, and God help you if the Crutch ever got his hands on you." Papp gave a slight shudder at the thought, and then continued, "Anyway, one day when I was about thirteen I was standing on a street corner watching one of the neighbors punch another guy in the face and it suddenly came over me that there must be something better than fighting. I started to change from that point. I began taking books out of the library, and I discovered Shakespeare. The thing about Shakespeare—what makes him endure—is that he transcends time and class. That's why I think he has something to say to the people of New York."

After a pause, Papp said, "It shouldn't really be surprising that these park audiences go for Shakespeare. After all, whatever their accents and dialects, most of them are basically the same types as the groundlings who crowded the pit of the Globe in his day. Just plain people—workingmen and shopkeepers—but 'gentles all,' as Shakespeare used to address them. And they're like Globe audiences in another way, too. They're actually in suspense. How often do actors get to play 'Romeo and Juliet' for people who don't even know how it's going to end?"

Once beset with the idea that the Bard had a message for the residents of all five boroughs, Papp began thinking about a simple method of delivering it, and eventually he hit on the idea of a mobile stage that could be set up in the city's parks. An old gang friend from Brooklyn, now the proprietor of a machine shop, helped the cause along by finding him a second-hand trailer truck and rigging it up, at cost. Getting municipal coöperation was something else again. Understandably, not just anybody can walk into the office of the Mayor or the Parks Commissioner and be handed a permit to create alarums and excursions on public property throughout the city. It took Papp six months to locate the proper city officials and get their ears. Having convinced them that he was not merely one of those young visionaries determined to keep the civic arteries from hardening but a levelheaded showman as well, and—what was perhaps still more persuasive—that he did not expect the city to lay out any money, he was guaranteed the use of the parks, with some Parks Department employees, two thousand folding chairs, and police protection thrown in.

Papp's next move was to raise the cash, but his proposition—to stage three plays, with a revolving cast of about forty people, each production to be given fourteen performances, in six widely scattered locations, and affording backers no return on their investment—was not one calculated to flush a covey of angels. However, he astutely got hold of a handbook listing various philanthropic foundations, simultaneously launched an exhaustive campaign of buttonholing well-heeled theatrical friends, and wound up with thirty thousand dollars. This would pay for a modest amount of equipment and provide Actors' Equity off-Broadway-minimum salaries of forty dollars a week for the Equity members of his cast, thus assuring them of at least a starvation diet—enough to keep them performing almost every night and rehearsing almost every day all season long. ("Romeo has a wife and three kids, and he was so strapped at the time that we had to guarantee him a month's pay before he could take the part," Papp recalled.) The remainder of the cast, as well as the technical people, consists largely of volunteers, who have presumably kept themselves alive during the summer by foraging for roots and berries in the parks. Papp next applied his protean wangling talents successfully

ENRICHED WITH
CUPIONI®
A BEMBERG® RAYON YARN CREATION

BLAIR FASHIONS' urbane go-to-town costume: a straight but soft jacket over a short-sleeved dress with silk organza bow, jewelled pin. The washable, crease-resistant fabric by BLUE-SIMON is a crisp-textured blend of Cupioni, acetate and rayon. Navy, charcoal grey, and charcoal brown. Sizes 12 to 20. **$17.95**

Available at fine stores everywhere

Bemberg®
ARISTOCRAT® OF RAYON YARN

For name of store nearest you write to:
AMERICAN BEMBERG
Main Office: 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

to getting the free use of some lighting and amplifying equipment and to recruiting the services (for nothing, or practically nothing) of his highly regarded director, Stuart Vaughan, and of such other back- and offstage indispensables as an electrician, a set designer, a stage manager, a choreographer, a fencing instructor, a wardrobe mistress, a press agent, and—to provide original recorded background music with an Elizabethan flavor—instrumentalists, sound technicians, and a composer, David Amram, who is a rising young jazz and classical French-horn virtuoso.

These accessories of the drama responded splendidly, in Papp's opinion, but, as with every production since Aeschylus's time, last-minute crises arose. "For one thing, the amplifying system had difficulty picking up Juliet," he said. "She's an Actors' Studio girl and a wonderful performer, but on the quiet, introspective side. 'I see this part in pastels, and they want me to play it in oils,' she told me. 'But, honey,' I said, 'it was *written* in oils.' Well, by opening night we'd just about worked that problem out, and then, two hours before show time, our electrician, a Little Theatre man from out of town, went off to supper"—Papp paused dramatically—"and never came back! Ancient damnation! Just walked out of the show, without a word, after four weeks with us, and left us with eighty-five light cues and nobody who'd ever worked them before. I thought the guy must have been hit by a car, or something, and we told the cops about his disappearing, but a few days later he sent us a card from his home town, congratulating us on the reviews."

We stood up—drawing wary glances from the two nuns—as the train pulled into the Parsons Boulevard station. "I guess Shakespeare's ghost must have been with us," Papp said. "We managed to get by all night without a single major miscue."

A SHORT walk from the subway brought us to King Park, a piece of land about the size and shape of Bryant Park with the Library site thrown in. It was still a good half hour before show time, so I decided to walk around and get the feel of the neighborhood before joining its recreation-seeking residents. Papp said he had some production matters to attend to, the most vital of them being to make sure that the fastenings for the standing torches used in the tomb scene were properly adjusted. A few evenings before, he explained, one of the torches had toppled over in a high wind, threat-

PUBLIC
PIER

BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Worth Waiting For!

Because it's something special, folks all over America find Black & White Scotch Whisky worth waiting for. Its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

WHY KENTUCKY PIGS DIE HAPPY

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Kentucky porkers die happy when they're downright sure their shanks will wind up on the platter as genuine Kentucky country ham.

And what a morsel it is! Smiling up at you from its own red-eye gravy, it's something to say grace over!

Preparation of this Kentucky confection is more ritual than chore. The moon hangs just so as the process begins. There's been many a bitter feud in defense of a brine formula.

Curing recipes are whispered from father to son, and reputations hang from many a smokehouse string.

As to the curing, some folks say the farmer who raised the pig may marry, bring up his young 'uns and pass to his Maker before the ham is decreed fitly mellow for the pan.

Good things in Kentucky have a way of growing slowly. This goes too for my specialty—the distilling and aging of genuine Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon.

Both our ham and our bourbon call for the finest of grain, and time-in-the-making means no more to the distiller than it does to the hog. Both of us, in the Kentucky tradition, take our own sweet time in perfecting our product.

That's why there's never too much of either to glut the market or overstuff the customer.

Fact is, your aged Kentucky country ham is seldom served "by the slab." Its flavor is too generous for that. It eats best as a combination tid-bit and main course.

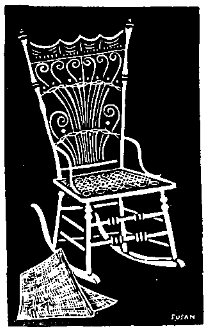
Likewise, if you are a man who takes his whiskey somewhat on the sparing side, selecting your brand for enjoyment and not for bulk, you may wish to join the inner circle of discriminating hosts who have discovered the satisfying flavor of OLD FITZGERALD in modest helpings, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

(*Advertisement*)

ening to set the stage ablaze. The accident occurred right after Romeo had skewered Paris and swallowed the poison, and, as if the audience had not already been sufficiently bewildered by the unlikely events taking place in the Capulet crypt, the hero, displaying a highly uncorpselike presence of mind, jumped up, stomped out the flames, and then slumped back over the unconscious Juliet's bier. I told Papp I could appreciate his wanting to forestall any recurrence of such a debacle, and after promising to save me a seat down front, he hurried away.

I soon perceived that the neighborhood—physically reminiscent of the one in Chicago where I grew up, and unlike most other sections of New York I have come across in my wanderings—had a settled, unhurried air about it. Quiet, narrow streets ran between modest tree-fronted apartment houses with names like Lenore and Alsop Court engraved on the keystones over their entryways, and on one lamppost a Stevenson-Kefauver placard still held out, untorn. Evidences of the cosmopolitanism and lack of pretension that Papp had mentioned also caught my eye. On the north side of the park, facing it across Eighty-ninth Avenue, stood Mary Immaculate Hospital, and on its west, or 150th Street, side I noticed the Yeshiva of Central Queens and the clubrooms of International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union Local 129. Under an elevated line on Jamaica Avenue, bordering the park on the south, was a row of cut-rate drygoods, hardware, and furniture stores, interspersed with a Montgomery Ward's, a market specializing in pork products, and a cluttered little corset and bra shop whose bold sign identified it as a "Centuer," whatever that is. There, too, I saw that the proprietors of the Savoy movie theatre, perhaps panicky at finding themselves in a competitive squeeze between television and Shakespeare, were offering a triple feature. This was scarcely to be wondered at, for, two blocks down the avenue, another movie house, the Jamaica, stood deserted, its marquee dark and forlorn in the twilight.



Coming around to the fourth side, East 153rd Street, where there were only dwellings, I entered the park, which proved to be pleasantly landscaped and pastoral, with a plenitude of benches, bushes, winding, tree-bordered walks, and cement chess-and-checker tables. It also had a rather surprising central landmark—a four-story white-shingled Dutch-and-Georgian Colonial house. A metal plaque on the front of this structure informed me that it was the King Mansion, built in 1750, and that it had once been the home of Rufus King, who was a delegate to the Continental Congress, a four-term United States Senator, an American Minister to England, and the father of a Governor of New York State. A sign said that the house was open to the public in the daytime. I peeked in through a window and saw that the front room was attractively furnished with period pieces. It looked nice and homey—the perfect haven for a heavily burdened public servant seeking a place in which to ease down the weight of a new nation and rest a spell between journeys. Walking to the rear of the house, past a two-story kitchen and servants' wing with a gabled roof and a covered porch, I began to wonder what Senator and Mrs. King would have thought of the goings on in their back yard, where, I could see, a thousand or more neighbors had collected, sitting on folding chairs on the lawn, and where, in and around a cupolaed band shell directly behind a darkened stage, a group of actors wearing capes, doublets, plumed hats, tights, and flowing gowns were rehearsing their lines, pacing up and down and gesticulating to the thin evening air.

On my way toward this back-yard scene, I stopped for a few minutes to kibitz on the checker players, most of them robust elderly men in clean, open-collared shirts with rolled-up sleeves. Theirs was a darting, non-contemplative brand of checkers, with much woodpecker tapping of the pieces on the tabletops. The players all seemed to know one another, and I gathered from scraps of their banter that the majority of them were veteran members of craft unions. None gave any indication of planning to join the theatre crowd, but I did hear two old-timers—fellow-kibitzers, one of whom spoke with a soft brogue—obliquely discussing the Festival's endeavors as they watched a stagehand sweep off the stage. They decided that a third friend, who hadn't been showing up lately, should have been there that evening.

"A fine-read fellow he is," said the one with the brogue. "Ahlways tahkin' on books."

"Yes," said his companion with respect. "And he *remembers* what he reads, too."

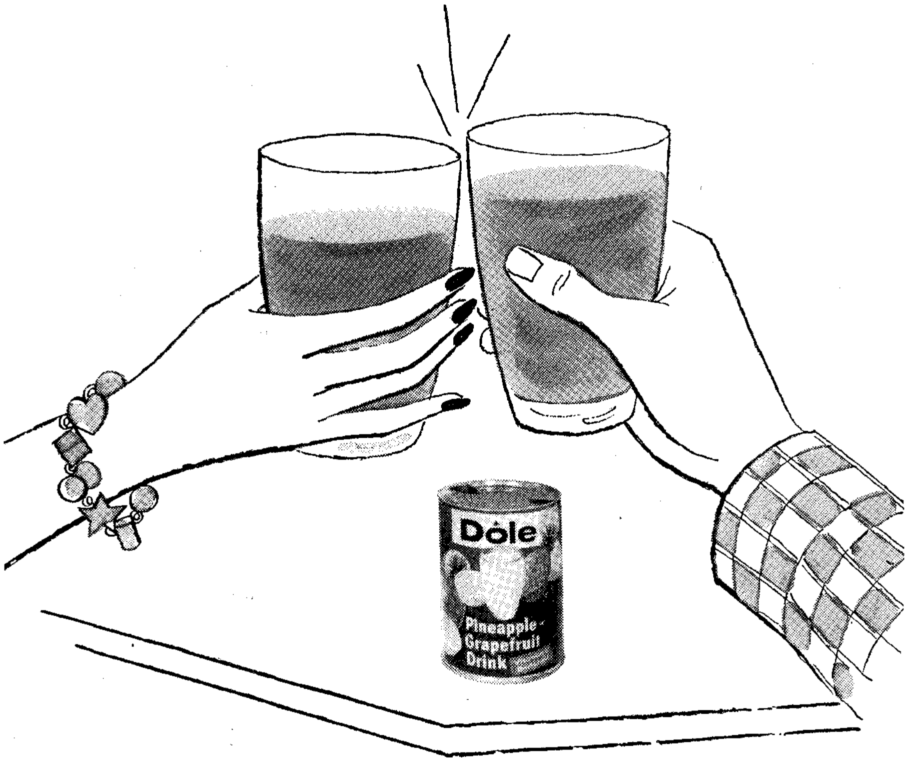
Not all the tables were occupied by checker players. At one of them was a family of four, eating a picnic supper of chop suey out of paper containers and oblivious of the occupant of an adjoining one—a young derelict, asleep with his head on the table's hard surface, beside a wrinkled brown paper bag out of which the open neck of a wine bottle protruded. Walking past this tableau—and skirting a tangle of tag-playing nippers in tiny *yamilkes*—I continued on to the seating section, a grassy expanse roughly bordered by trees, where an assistant of Papp's showed me to a seat. The stage was still unlighted, so I took stock of my immediate seatmates, and found them to be a group that would have nicely graced one of the city's official anti-discrimination posters. In front of me sat three spectators whose conversation left no doubt that each of them represented a generation of an Italian family—grandfather, daughter, and small grandson. In back of me were two high-spirited old ladies chattering half in Yiddish and half in English—grandmothers, or *bubbes*, I deduced from the occasional details that I caught of their evidently immensely complex family affairs. On my right, a slim colored boy wearing a flashy sports coat and a narrow tie was displaying a keen interest in a teen-age girl with skin the color of brown sugar, who, sitting directly in front of him, beside a girl friend, was trying to ignore a sporadic line of sweet talk that he was softly directing toward her. Beyond the preoccupied youth, an old Chinese fastidiously spread a newspaper over a seat and lowered himself into it. (I wondered if he had a whistle in his pocket, for it has been a rather sketchily documented theory of mine that all New York Chinese carry whistles ever since a night five or six years ago when, down on Mott Street, I saw an elderly resident of the district produce one and blow shrilly on it, effectively scaring away a young tough who had unaccountably started beating him over the head with a rolled-up newspaper.) On my left were two women of indeterminate origins, who were both well on in years and were both dressed in incongruous flowery party frocks, and just ahead of them sat two youngsters wearing shiny jerseys that proclaimed them players on a softball team called the Gents.

It was an amiable, chattering throng, none of its members precisely on the edges of their seats with anticipation, and I was speculating on how large a

Rosette Pennington
20 E. 56th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
PLaza 9-3737
Princeton Shopping Center
Princeton, N. J.

Worsted jersey sheath,
its keyhole neckline accented
by silk satin. Fully
lined for shape retention.
Black, navy, red, green.
Sizes 8 to 16.
By Filcol.
Exceptional at
$45.

Mail and phone orders filled.
State second color choice.



"to Togetherness"*

© McCALL CORP.

*inspired by McCall's of course

(*Advertisement*)

for men and women
OUR OWN MAKE SHIRTS
OF SCOTTISH OXFORD
in Tattersall checks

Expertly made by us of fine Scottish oxford cloth, with long sleeves and button-down collar. Red-and-black, navy-and-light blue, or yellow-and-black checks on white. Men's, 14½ to 16½ (state sleeve length), $11.50. Women's sizes 10 to 18, $10.50

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST. • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Bargain Air Fares
to Latin America
MIAMI TO
RIO
30-DAY EXCURSION RATE
$392.70 ROUND TRIP

Fly REAL to Gay, Romantic Brazil! You'll travel first-class in a Douglas four-motor Skymaster (four flights weekly), with complimentary hot meals served aloft, attentive bi-lingual stewardesses, 66 lb. baggage allowance.
You'll have fun on Copacabana Beach... dance to exciting rhythms in fabulous nightclubs...see Sao Paulo, and other cities and sights that make Brazil your most thrilling travel adventure. Send for free illustrated brochure No. NY-700.

SEE YOUR
TRAVEL AGENT
FLY REAL
(BRAZILIAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES)
545 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.
LATIN AMERICA'S LARGEST AIRLINE

task Papp had cut out for himself and Shakespeare when a voice abruptly emanated from a number of loudspeakers that had been set up here and there about the grounds. "Fa-la-la-la . . . testing," it both sang and said, and the audience cocked a collective ear.

SOON afterward, the set was suddenly suffused with a glow of clear amber light, and an impressed "Ah!" went up from the spectators as they found themselves convincingly confronted with the terra-cotta façades, including balcony, of a courtyard in an Italian Renaissance town. To a spattering of applause, the entire cast, in full regalia, made a graceful, sweeping, torchlit entrance through a series of arches and doorways, and took up positions on the stage. A moment later, we were listening to a most regal Prince (Robert Blackburn) as he delivered the prologue:

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene . . .

the Prince began, and the audience started right in identifying. The grandfather in front of me whispered excitedly in Italian to his daughter, who passed the word along in English to her child. "Grampa says he's got cousins in Verona—in Italy," she explained, and the little boy looked properly impressed at having such elegantly, if oddly, dressed relatives across the sea.

Having nobly succeeded in capturing the crowd's attention for

the two hours' traffic of our stage

(actually, as it turned out, the traffic flowed for more than two and a half hours), the Prince executed a grand bow and withdrew, followed by the rest of the cast. There was some respectful applause, and then, almost at once, the Capulets and the Montagues were having at each other. I soon discovered that the play had acquired several additional characters, who did not appear onstage but whose lines often fitted into the standard script with an odd appropriateness:

TYBALT: Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
BENVOLIO: I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
TYBALT: What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward!
1ST BUBBE: Ai-ee, fiding, fiding. Always it's got to be fiding?

Then, following the appearance of the Actors' Studio Juliet—a flaxen-haired wisp of a girl named Bryarly Lee, who evoked long, appreciative sighs—the young Moor on my right, cued by the object of his attentions, got into the act:

LADY CAPULET: Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
JULIET: It is an honor that I dream not of.
BROWN-SUGAR GIRL (*tittering*): I *bet* not.
YOUNG MOOR (*bending forward*): Tell me 'bout that, honey.
BROWN-SUGAR GIRL: I tell a *policeman*, that's who I tell, you don't stop pestin'.

A short time later, one of the two women in the flowery dresses, both of whom had been sitting silent, asked the other if she was enjoying the play, whereupon her companion announced loudly that she hadn't been able to make out a single thing they were talking about on the stage. "There's no singing!" she added incredulously. "I thought there'd be *songs*." A wave of shushings arose from the surrounding seats. "Well!" said the woman, indignantly surveying her critics. Then she rose and flounced off, dragging her companion with her. Both seats were quickly taken by an ample lady in a house dress, who had no sooner settled herself than she was hailed by an equally ample lady in the row behind.

"So what brings *you* here?" the latter demanded, in a loud whisper.

"Same thing as you," her friend replied jovially. "I come to see all those good-looking young men in the fancy pants. I come to see what I can see."

"Lot of good they'll do *you!*" the other said, sinking a finger into her friend's shoulder. They both had a good, bawdy Shakespearean laugh until they, too, were shushed and we all settled down to concentrate on Mercutio—played with style and dash by an actor named Jack Cannon, who had a fine Mephistophelean beard—as he addressed a torchbearer:

MERCUTIO: Give me a case to put my visage in.
A visor for a visor! what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.
1ST BUBBE: So vot's, so vot's?
2ND BUBBE: A mesk he's putting on.
(*Then, triumphantly*)
Just like I was telling about Rhoda.
With some people, is always wearing two faces.

Mercutio then got his teeth into the Queen Mab speech—a rich, meaty passage—and as he conjured up the vision of the fairies' midwife, a breeze arose, causing the torches in the hands of the actors to flicker mystically, and bellying out the curtains of Juliet's balcony bedchamber. The audience murmured its approval.

Romeo soon had his partisans, too. A

former amateur boxer named Stephen Joyce, who bears a physical, though not a vocal, resemblance to the late James Dean, he played the role with such a convincingly adolescent mixture of bounce and mooniness that I completely forgot his offstage status as a husband and father. When Romeo bounded into the forbidden Capulet garden and sighted Juliet—

> It is my lady; O! it is my love

—her nightdress billowing in the helpful Long Island zephyr, the ancient sorcery once more seemed to be at work. Men—young and old—slipped their arms around their ladies' shoulders, and heads moved closer together. Nor was the Young Moor on my right to be denied his role:

Romeo: O blessed, blessed night!
Young Moor: Oh, yes, *talk* them pretty words!
Brown-Sugar Girl (*feebly*): You don't quit, now, I . . .

The balcony scene loosened the crowd up considerably, summoning the first real applause since the prologue. (Papp had told me that his alert Central Park followers and his uninhibited East Side audiences generally applauded heartily after every scene or rousing speech, and I got the feeling that the Jamaicans were undemonstrative not because they were unmoved but because, like *nouveau-riche* guests who aren't quite sure which fork to pick up at a formal dinner, they were at first hesitant to show their hand for fear of doing it at the wrong time and committing a *gaffe*. Whatever the cause of their reticence, the cast, as I learned later, was rather upset by it during the opening scenes.) The jesting Mercutio now began to receive heavy backing, particularly from the two grandmothers behind me. At one point, he embraced Juliet's nurse—rollickingly portrayed by Patricia Falkenhain—in mock passion, and departed with an unrefined gesture that made her whoop.

Mercutio: Farewell, ancient lady, farewell.
2nd Bubbe: Like mine own son, the dentist. A kektah!

Presently, Mercutio and Tybalt had their duel—a realistic, clashing sword-and-dagger fight. Punctured, at last, because of Romeo's blundering interference, Mercutio staggered off, understandably crying a plague on both houses. His popularity was established when, a moment later, Benvolio came onstage to wail

> Brave Mercutio's dead

and various muffled expressions of dismay arose from the identifiers. This in-

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J.PRESS

262 York St. — New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. — Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. — New York

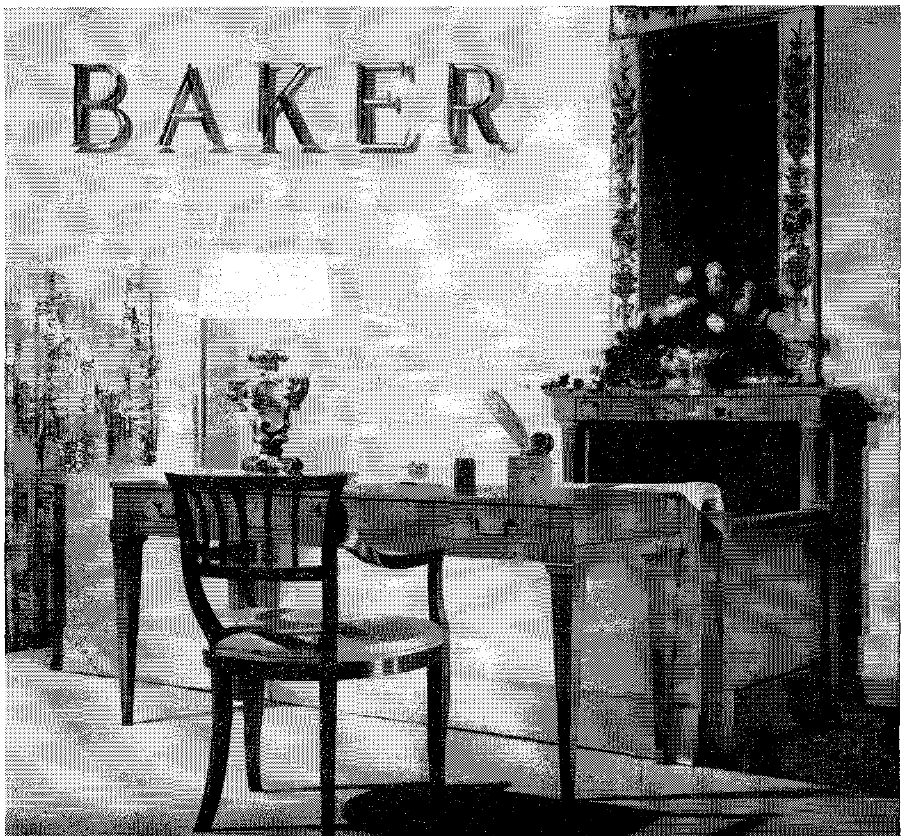
. . . 55 YEAR AUTHORITY . . .

A three word summary for the all-exclusive J. PRESS concepts of the right kind of clothes and of the hats and furnishings to go with them. Fall 1957 J. PRESS editions now in our Stores and at our coast to coast Travel Exhibits scheduled below.

TRAVEL *EXHIBITS:—*

Atlanta
Dinkler Plaza Hotel
Sept. 26 & 27
Buffalo
Statler Hotel
Sept. 11
Charlottesville
Paul's Below the Steps
Sept. 18, 19 & 20
Chicago
La Salle Hotel
Sept. 23, 24 & 25
Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
Sept. 18 & 19
Cleveland
Statler Hotel
Sept. 10 & 11
Columbus
Deshler-Hilton Hotel
Sept. 16 & 17
Dallas
Adolphus Hotel
Sept. 23 & 24
Dayton
Van Cleve Hotel
Sept. 16 & 17
Denver
Albany Hotel
Oct. 14 & 15
Detroit
Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel
Sept. 12 & 13
Hanover
J. PRESS Showroom
Oct. 1 & 2
Houston
Rice Hotel
Sept. 25, 26 & 27
Indianapolis
Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 18 & 19
Kansas City
Muehlebach Hotel
Sept. 16 & 17
Los Angeles
Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 30 & Oct. 1 & 2
Louisville
Brown Hotel
Sept. 20 & 21
Memphis
Peabody Hotel
Sept. 30 & Oct. 1
Milwaukee
Pfister Hotel
Sept. 23 & 24
Minneapolis
Radisson Hotel
Oct. 21 & 22
New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 23 & 24
Oklahoma City
Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 20 & 21
Omaha
Blackstone Hotel
Oct. 16 & 17
Philadelphia
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Sept. 12 & 13
Pittsburgh
Penn-Sheraton Hotel
Sept. 26 & 27
Portland, Oregon
The Benson Hotel
Oct. 7 & 8
Rochester, Minn.
Kahler Hotel
Oct. 19 & 21
Rochester, N.Y.
Seneca Hotel
Sept. 10
St. Louis
Chase Hotel
Sept. 20 & 21
San Francisco
St. Francis Hotel
Oct. 3, 4 & 5
Seattle, Wash.
Olympic Hotel
Oct. 9 & 10
Toledo
Commodore Perry Hotel
Sept. 12 & 13
Tulsa
Mayo Hotel
Sept. 18 & 19
Washington, D.C.
Willard Hotel
Sept. 16 & 17
Wilmington
Du Pont Hotel
Sept. 10 & 11

The J. PRESS Brochure Mailed Upon Request



THE BAKER FURNITURE LIBRARY, AN INSPIRATION OF IDEAS, $1.00
BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 25 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
NEW YORK ● CHICAGO ● GRAND RAPIDS ● LOS ANGELES ● SAN FRANCISCO
DALLAS ● ST. LOUIS ● ATLANTA ● CLEVELAND ● INDIANAPOLIS

justice, the end of Tybalt at the hands of the enraged Romeo, and the pursuit of the latter by the Prince's men stirred up the two ballplaying Gents, who had taken the preceding doings pretty stoically:

ROMEO: O! I am Fortune's fool.
BENVOLIO: Why dost thou stay? (*Exit Romeo, flying.*)
1ST GENT: Go, Romeo, go.
2ND GENT: Make it, man.

Romeo, *in absentia*, was officially exiled from Verona by the Prince, and the lights faded on the scene of disorder, bitterness, and woe to shouts of "Bravo!" from the delighted Italian trio in front of me that did not quite drown out a curtain line supplied by the 1st Bubbe:

Poor Julie.

During the intermission—this version of the play was divided into two acts—I strolled back to the cement tables and found that the checker players were still going strong, under lamplight, but that the young wino had departed, leaving his bottle. (What a shock it must have been to the poor fellow, I thought, when, emerging red-eyed from his sodden purgatory, he raised his head and found a mob of Italianate Elizabethans swirling before him!) A few minutes later, I saw that some floodlights illuminating the area in front of the stage were being switched off and on, to signify the impending start of the second act, so I returned to my seat. I found it occupied by the ample friend of the ample lady with a weakness for handsome young men in fancy clothes. Prudently deciding not to tangle with that pair, I took one of several empty seats nearby, which had apparently been abandoned by non-appreciators of the Bard; the great majority of the audience was still on hand, though, expectantly settling down for the second half of the show. My new neighbors proved less interpolative than those I had left, and this lack was hardly compensated for by a clutch of small fry who were indulging in a lot of tittering and scuffling about, despite pleas from the adults in the vicinity. Finally, a determined, muscular middle-aged man in a sports shirt rose from his seat, reached over, grabbed two of the ringleaders by an arm apiece, and hustled them quietly but firmly out of the seating section—a punitive measure that had a sobering effect on the other youngsters, which lasted for the rest of the performance. When the bouncer came back to his seat, he received a muffled spate of applause. I gathered that permissiveness had not gained much of a foothold in Jamaica.

Act II progressed charmingly, and without incident, in the blessed and now moon-flooded night. The torches stood firm by Juliet's bier, and she succumbed gamely to her own dagger thrust after having just as gamely played the part in oils—out of sheer necessity, if for no other reason, since for most of the evening she, along with the rest of the cast, had had to compete not only against the ad-libbed lines inserted by the audience but against the roar of planes (flying low and directly overhead as they followed one of the main routes of departure from Idlewild Airport), the rumble of elevated trains, the barking of dogs, the scream of bicycle sirens, the chirping of crickets, and the broadcast of a ball game picked up by the portable radios of a few men who, gluttons for entertainment, stood on the fringes of the crowd. Enough of Juliet's pastel quality got through to the spectators, though, for in the scene where her father (played, with commendable fury, by Albert Quinton) explodes at her refusal to enter into a bigamous marriage with the noble Paris, shouting,

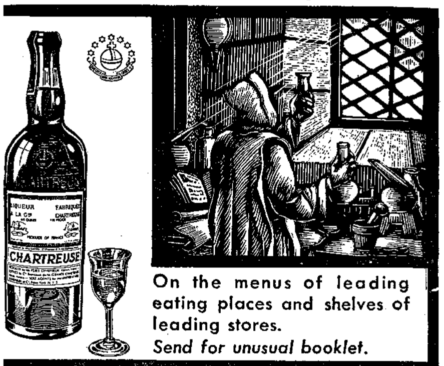
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My fingers itch.
. . . hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

many of my fellow-theatregoers—unpermissiveness forgotten—audibly gasped at the idea that menace thus should threaten sweet fragility.

Come to think of it, one small incident did catch my eye during the second act, but it went unnoticed by most of the rapt audience. It occurred in the tomb scene, when Romeo dispatched Paris with such vigor that the dagger spun from his hand and flew offstage into a patch of grass serving as one of the wings, whereupon an alert urchin, in an excess of identification, scooped it up and started to dash off with it. He had gone only a few steps when he was overtaken by a tall young man in a business suit who darted out from backstage and brought him to the sward with a neat tackle. The young man then retrieved the weapon, gave the boy a pat on the noggin, and sent him back to his seat.

PROLONGED applause—and, inevitably, one or two roguish cries of "Author!" from urbane members of the audience—broke out at the end of the show. I stayed in my seat for a while and watched the crowd file toward the street. Presently, I caught sight of the Young Moor; he was definitely not filing but cavorting along—

Edelweiss
is the flower of French
gloves—the washable, doeskin-
finished lambskin that is made
by one of the finest glovemakers
of the world just for
Lord & Taylor


On the menus of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.
Send for unusual booklet.
CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N. Y. 3

JAZZ FROM THE "ROARING TWENTIES" RECREATED IN HIFI BY
GEORGE WRIGHT'S VARSITY FIVE
ON HIFIRECORD R-805
JUST RELEASED!
JAZZ'N RAZZ MA TAZZ

burlesquing the players—beside the Brown-Sugar Girl, and she, by now, was laughing. After a bit, I went around to the band shell, where I found Papp, his hair well down on his forehead, busy issuing instructions to the stage crew as they broke down the equipment for the next move—to the mall in front of the Cadman Plaza War Memorial, in Brooklyn. He knocked off long enough to introduce me to Romeo, Juliet, and Mercutio, who had just emerged in mufti from their dressing rooms, under the shell, and to Vaughan, the director—an earnest, mannerly young Midwesterner, who turned out also to be the dagger-retriever. I congratulated him on his directorial abilities—it seemed to me that he had brought some remarkably fresh ideas to the old play—and also on his athletic prowess. He minimized the latter, saying that he had been impelled by motives of strict economy. "On our budget, we can't afford to lose a single prop," he told me. "Besides, the kid might have got into trouble with the knife later on."

"And blamed the whole thing on the Montagues," said Papp. "Great publicity for *us*."

Several awe-struck members of the audience had gathered around the three actors, and two of them—teen-age girls—came forward to ask Juliet for autographs. "You and Romeo go steady outside?" one of them asked.

Miss Lee told her no, but spared her the unromantic information that Romeo was a careworn family man of twenty-six and that she herself was twenty-three, rather than the fourteen she had purported to be on the stage. After the youngster had skipped happily away with her autograph, I asked the three actors how they liked playing Shakespeare with so much unabashed audience participation. They agreed that it was challenging, but that it was also—once they had become adjusted to the initial shock—oddly reassuring.

"At least, it's a pretty good sign they're paying attention to you," said the bearded Cannon—a genial fellow, who, on being introduced, had informed me that he was the first Mercutio to come out of Salmon, Idaho.

"Sometimes their comments are actually constructive," said Joyce, a Romeo who was now wearing a T shirt and dungarees but still looked to be in his teens. "When some kid in the front row yells 'Missed him a mile!' just as I'm supposed to be running Tybalt through, I make sure to darn near *graze* him the next night."

Miss Lee said that on the whole she had found playing Juliet in the parks

lazy back
Pillows are so important!
Pillows make the difference! Decorative sofa pillows turn a couch into a conversation corner. Pillows reflect your taste and creative talent. Be confident knowing you have the very best . . . insist on Lazyback, finest pillows made. At fine stores. Nettle Creek Industries, Richmond, Indiana.

The more you know about Scotch,
the more you like
Ballantine's
Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF
ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

ELECTRIFYING!
LENA'S RECORD-BREAKING
EMPIRE ROOM PERFORMANCE
IN ITS ENTIRETY...ON
RCA VICTOR EXCLUSIVELY

LENA HORNE at the
WALDORF ASTORIA
RCA VICTOR

Long Play $4.98 Complete on
45 EP (Economy Package) $2.98
(ALSO AVAILABLE ON STEREO-ORTHOPHONIC TAPE)
RCA VICTOR
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 37th YEAR
CLOSED SUNDAYS
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood,
Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD JULIE
MULHARE · ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
REGINALD DENNY
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
REX HARRISON Returns to Cast Sept. 2

both artistically and personally rewarding. "It's really quite nice when I make my entrance to hear some girl in the audience exclaim, 'Gee, she's so *young!*'" she told me. "But I must admit that some of the comments are disconcerting. The other night, when I stepped out on the balcony, I distinctly heard a girl in one of the front rows say, 'Look, Dolores, she's more flat-chested than you are.'"

After a little more talk, Vaughan and the others bade Papp and me a weary farewell, and headed for home and a night's sleep. Glancing at his watch, Papp remarked that it was already after midnight, and that if the stage crew didn't get a move on, night's candles would be burnt out before the dismantled equipment had even got started on its way to Brooklyn.

At that moment, a grizzled Parks Department employee came up behind him. "Hey, Joe, we got troubles," he said, in a gravelly voice.

Papp, without turning, asked, "What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?"

The Parks man chuckled briefly, and then, as Papp faced around, told him about some difficulty with the trailer that might delay the move. Papp groaned.

"Yeah," said the Parks man, with a pleased grin. "'At's the most unkindest cut of 'em all, huh?"

"Go, get thee hence!" cried Papp, giving the fellow a friendly shove in the direction of his task. "That truck's got to roll before dawn."

—J. M. FLAGLER

•

If moss is taking over your lawn it probably needs more lime, fertilizer, light, or air in the soil.

Eat a better breakfast.—*Shelby* (*N.C.*) *Cleveland Times.*

And stop that constant whining!

•

The greeting card has completely killed the art of letter-writing. By and large, no one today knows how to write a thank-you note, an anniversary felicitation, a missive to a sick friend or even a billet deux.—*Inez Robb in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Granted.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Racing Form*]

MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J., July 22.—J. E. McAuliffe's Emerald Prince, claimed here for $10,000, is going to have one of those story-book opportunities.

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
In the New Musical
New Girl in Town
with
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
AIR-COND. 46th St. Thea. 226 W. 46 St.
CI 6-4271 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!"—McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
damn yankees
THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL
with ALLEN CASE • DEVRA KORWIN
and NATHANIEL FREY
Air-cond. ADELPHI Thea., 152 W. 54 St.
JU 6-3787. Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"ELECTRIFYING THE TOWN!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times

Ethel Merman
in
Happy Hunting
Fernando Lamas
Prices: EVES: Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. MATS. WED. & SAT.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44th St.

PULITZER PRIZE & DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES THEATRE, 46th St. West of B'way

"HOWLING MUSICAL HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"LI'L ABNER"
with EDITH ADAMS PETER PALMER
HOWARD ST. JOHN STUBBY KAYE CHARLOTTE RAE
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St.

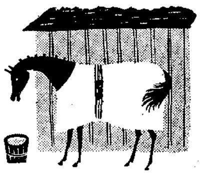
"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY"—KERR, Her. Trib.
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
in
A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDWARD ANDREWS
Air-Cond. BOOTH, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Lunch • Dinner | After-Theater Supper • Diners Club • Bar
Russian Tea Room
150 WEST 57 ST. • CO 5-0947
Open Sundays and Holidays NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

THE RACE TRACK

Big Odds, Boys

AMONG the little surprise packages at the Spa last week was Reneged, who brought off a 15–1 chance for the Woodley Lane Farm in the Saratoga Handicap on Saturday. Never worse than second, he took the lead at the mile and staved off Ricci Tavi in the last quarter. Career Boy was third, lengths ahead of Riley, who is getting to be a constant also-ran. Dedicate, the favorite, was fifth. Reneged, a son of Revoked, is no stranger to the Spa. Two years ago, he won the Flash Stakes there and was second in the Special, but shortly after that he suffered the dread disability horsemen call a bowed tendon. This is a rupture of the sheath of the flexor tendon, which runs from the ankle to the knee, and the injury gets its name from the fact that when the tendon is loosened, it curves out like an archer's bow. Bowed tendons occur most frequently as the result of a strain, but they can also be caused by improper shoeing, or even by leg bandages that have been put on too tight. In any case, recovery is slow, and when a horse finally does resume training, he is never quite as good as he used to be. Reneged, though, returned to the races last autumn and won the Jerome at Belmont and the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs. He has been slow finding his racing legs this season, but he certainly had them in the Saratoga Handicap. I don't suppose that Dedicate, who gave fourteen pounds to Reneged (and more than that to some of the others), has ever run harder or to so little purpose. Apparently, the weight he carried and the deep, sandy track were too much for him.



Speaking of bad luck, earlier in the week Searching lost the Diana Handicap, the most important race for fillies and mares at the meeting, by a head to a 10–1 shot named Pardala. There's no question that Searching was much the best, but early in the race her saddle slipped (something I don't remember ever happening before to a horse saddled by Hirsch Jacobs), and Atkinson, who rode her, had all he could do just to stay on her back. Since this came so soon after his mishap in the Travers, when his mount fell at the start, Atkinson must think there is a small hex on him at Saratoga this year. He hasn't had as many winners as usual, either, but had two last Saturday—one of them Prank, a handsome Greentree colt, who beat a dozen other two-year-olds. Prank's daddy was Tom Fool, and he may be worth keeping an eye on.

AS almost nobody expected, Jewel's Reward won the Washington Park Futurity in Chicago last weekend, paying 12–1. Coming up fast in the stretch, he beat Fred Hooper's Alhambra, the odds-on favorite, by more than a length. Strong Ruler was third. I had had a notion Alhambra wouldn't win, despite the fact that he'd been first in all six of his starts. It seemed to me that he'd had too hard a time winning the Prairie State the previous week. Frankly, I'd never have picked Jewel's Reward, either—a big chestnut colt who had won only once in seven tries—but his owner, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, who has the Midas touch, had enough confidence in him to pay $7,500 to make him a supplementary entry in the race. Her share of the purse was $92,050. The next day, by the way, Ivan Parke, who had been Mr. Hooper's trainer for fourteen years, took over Mrs. Graham's racers, and Walter McCue, who had saddled Jewel's Reward, joined that very long list of former trainers for Maine Chance Farm. The news that Parke and Mr. Hooper had parted company was a bigger surprise to horsemen than the result of the Washington Park Futurity. Parke brought Mr. Hooper into the horse business in 1943, starting him off with a few yearlings, one of which was Hoop Jr., who won the 1945 Kentucky Derby, and I don't think the stable has ever had a really bad year—something of a record.

LAST week, I popped up to Canada to make a progress report on one of my favorite racecourses—Fort Erie, which was done over last year. Well, much of the newness has worn off; the grandstand and the grounds are particularly neat, trim, and smart; the turf course and the infield are the greenest things you've ever seen, and the flower beds are the gayest; and altogether it's as pleasant and relaxing a place to go racing as I've been to all year. The horses aren't the best in the world, but they put on a good show. What more can you ask?

—AUDAX MINOR

Explore
the
Caribbean
or the
Whole
Wide
World
in the fully air-conditioned
Caronia

LARGEST LINER EVER BUILT
ESPECIALLY FOR CRUISING

Whether you choose two weeks of fun roving the sunny Caribbean this September . . . or a 108 day voyage around the world next winter, you'll enjoy life to the utmost in this famed 34,000-ton Cunarder . . . fully air-conditioned . . . all rooms with private bath or shower. Expertly planned shore excursions at fascinating foreign ports.

1958 GREAT WORLD CRUISE
JANUARY 21

108 Days—17 Countries—$3,200 up, visiting 23 of the world's most colorful ports in Trinidad, Brazil, Tristan da Cunha, South and East Africa, Seychelles Islands, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, Philippines, Hong-Kong, Japan, Hawaii, California, Mexico, Panama.

CRUISES THIS SUMMER!
2 SEPTEMBER VACATION CRUISES
to the West Indies & South America
SEPT. 6, 13 Days, 6 Ports, $345 up
SEPT. 21, 15 Days, 7 Ports, $375 up

OTHER WINTER & SPRING CRUISES:

ALL-MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
BRITANNIC—JANUARY 24
66 Days, 22 Ports, $1,275 up

MAURETANIA SUNSHINE CRUISES
West Indies & South America
FEB. 11, MAR. 5 and 22, APR. 8
12 to 18 Days, from $315

See your local travel agent or
Cunard, 25 Broadway, or
441 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

CUNARD
"NO GREATER NAME IN CRUISING"

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 22

NEXT week or the week following—sometime, at any rate, before the snow flies—the President should have on his desk H.R. 6127, the civil-rights bill that has been the main piece of business here for most of the summer. It may reach him in what he will regard as an unacceptable form, and thus be sent back to Capitol Hill with a veto message, but whether or not it becomes law, it will merit a place in history as the first piece of civil-rights legislation to clear both houses of Congress since the Reconstruction period. In 1875, the Congress passed and President Grant signed what was familiarly known as Sumner's Bill, which required equal treatment for Negroes in inns, theatres, public conveyances, and the like, and which also, in a distant anticipation of the 1957 bill, prohibited the exclusion of Negroes from juries. It was declared invalid by the Supreme Court eight years later, on the ground that the federal government could not shield anyone from discrimination by private persons or by institutions owned and managed by private persons. ("The wrongful act of an individual," the Court majority held, "is simply a private wrong" unless it has been declared a crime by state or municipal law, and Congress, it said, was not empowered to pass laws involving "private rights between man and man *in society*." Mr. Justice Harlan, the grandfather of a present member of the Court, dissented bitterly, arguing that the Congress had ample warrant in both the Thirteenth and the Fourteenth Amendments.) The present civil-rights bill, even in its unamended form, is a good deal more modest than Sumner's, though bolder than most proposals that have been advanced in recent years. The unamended version, which was accepted by the House but is now pretty much of a nullity, sought only to assure for Negroes the exercise of those rights that are already established in law, including, besides the newly won right to attend integrated public schools, certain rights specified in a group of Reconstruction statutes that have so far withstood the scrutiny of the higher courts. As amended by the Senate, the bill deals principally with a single right—the right to vote, which, according to the Fifteenth Amendment, is not to be "denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Section II of that Amendment says that "the Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." In the view of some authorities, there is plenty of appropriate legislation already on the books; determined officials, it has been held, can defend the suffrage of Negroes or anyone else by using the criminal-conspiracy laws against those who interfere with voting rights. Nevertheless, the Senate version of the present bill would make the Fifteenth Amendment somewhat easier to enforce. In its meatiest section, it gives United States attorneys the right to request an injunction in federal courts against anyone who seeks to deny or abridge the suffrage of legally qualified voters, and it provides that the courts may enforce their orders by the use of the weapon of civil contempt, with the sitting judges determining—as they do in all such cases—both the facts and the law. Where there are charges of criminal contempt—charges, that is, of criminal failure to comply with court orders—the facts are to be determined by juries, and the juries are to be impanelled without any racial discrimination. In addition, the bill, in both versions, establishes a Federal Civil Rights Commission, with powers of subpoena and the authority to inquire into any abuses of civil rights that are brought to its attention, and sets up within the Department of Justice a Civil Rights Division. Since the Department already has a staff of lawyers who are presumed to be working on civil-rights problems, the creation of a separate division will merely provide increased dignity for these government prosecutors. Conceivably, however, increased dignity will lead to increased appropriations, which, in turn, might lead to more lawyers.

At the moment, the bill is tied up in the House Rules Committee, whose chairman, Representative Howard Smith, of Virginia, has said that he regards this as a suitable place for it to remain forever. "I am inclined to favor the course most likely to result in no bill," he told reporters a few days ago. The pressures to dislodge it are coming from the White House, from Speaker Rayburn, from Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin, from the national committees of both parties, and from the numerous Negro and civil-rights lobbies. It is expected that these pressures will prevail, and that when they do, the President will have before him the Senate version, with perhaps a few minor changes.

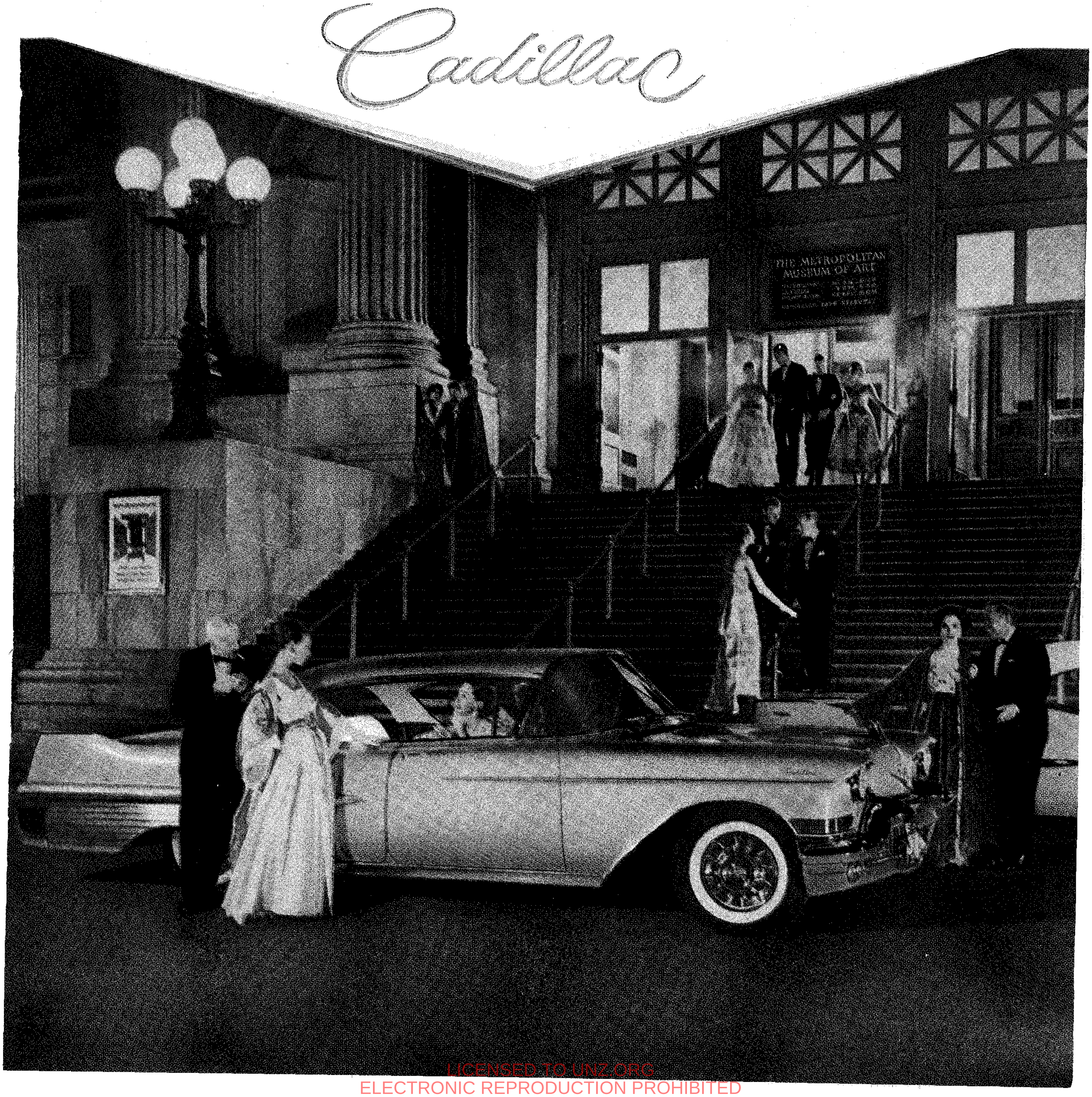
In his news conference yesterday, Mr. Eisenhower said he had high hopes that his party's leaders in the House

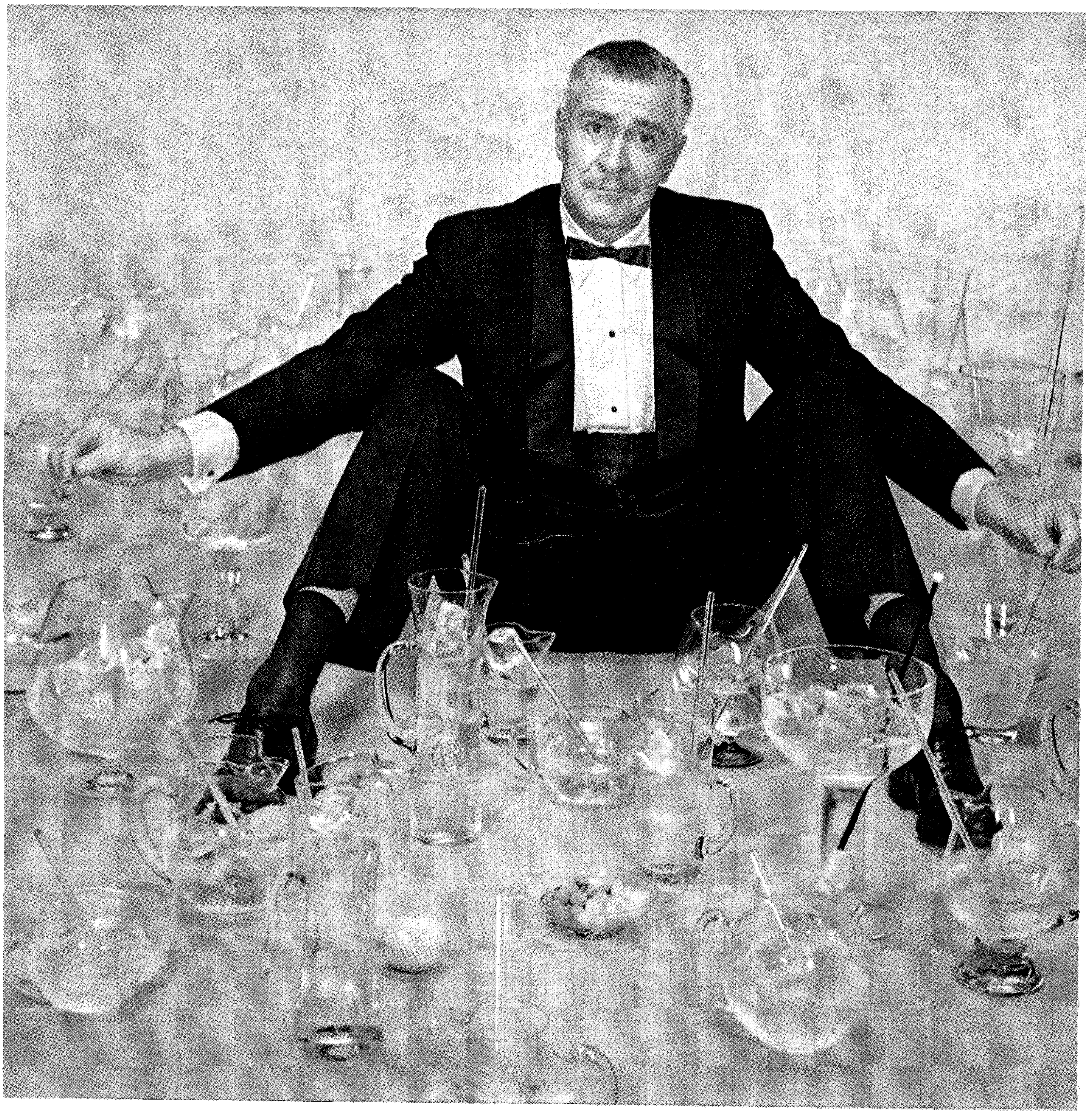
gowns by Lanvin-Castillo

No Man Is Ever a Stranger...

...to those who behold him as he sits at the wheel of a Cadillac car. For wherever it goes, the "car of cars" tells a wonderful and revealing story about its proud and happy owner. Its great beauty and elegance, for instance, leave no doubt as to his personal judgment. Its renowned safety and its luxurious Fleetwood coachcrafting reveal his concern for those who travel as his passengers. And its extraordinary economy of ownership and operation tells you all that is necessary about his practical wisdom. In fact, a Cadillac tells you so many things about its owner that you almost feel you know him—even before he alights at the curbside. If you are still a "stranger" to these Cadillac virtues, you should visit your dealer soon. He'll show you why this is the "golden moment" to make the move—from a standpoint of both economy and delivery.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION





TEQUILA
CUERVO
TEQUILA
JOSE CUERVO
TEQUILA, JAL.

WHITE OR
GOLD LABEL

86 PROOF

LOOKING FOR THE DRIEST...

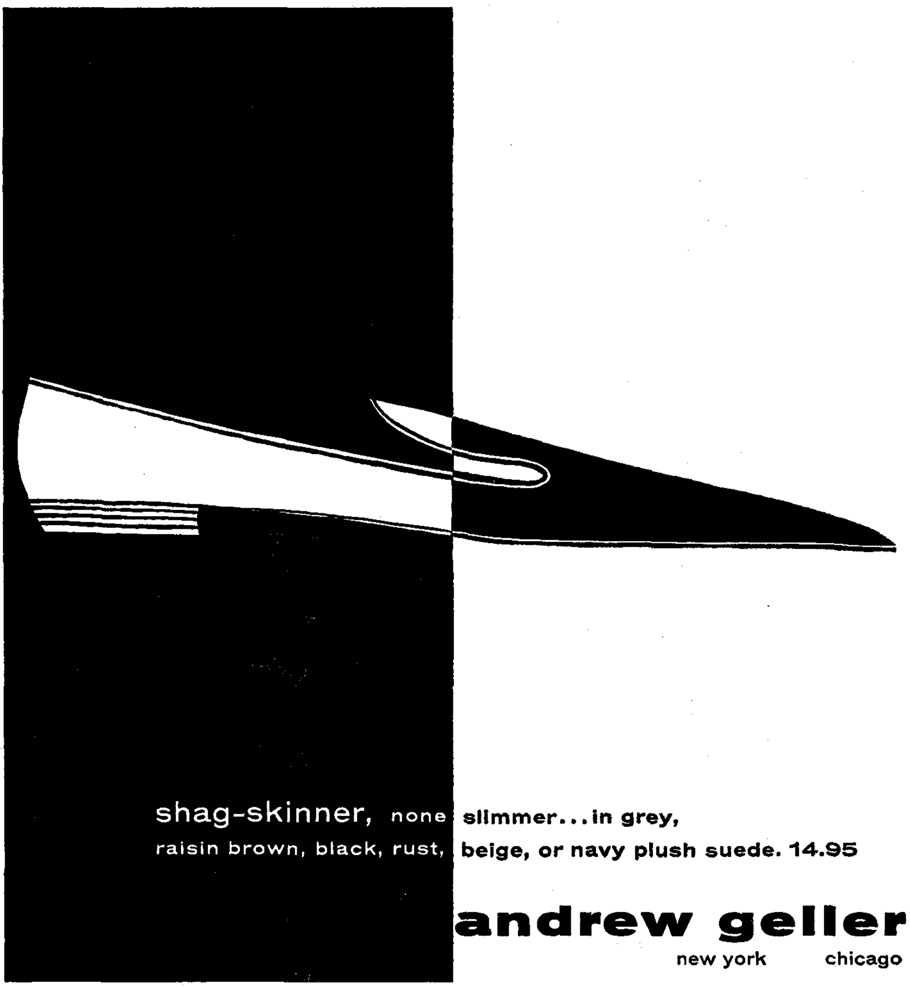
Ah, sweet confusion! But search no more . . . 'tis *tequila* martini, forsooth. So remarkably dry that some (who dare flout convention) surreptitiously add a dash of *sweet* vermouth! You needn't. Jose Cuervo begs no special favors . . . just concoct with Cuervo Tequila and vermouth . . . then expect a truly different and distinctive result. There is, in Cuervo, an uncanny capacity to bring out your latent and consummate artistry in Martinismanship. Arch an eyebrow if you must, but discover first what tequila does for a martini . . . or any favored cocktail. Jose Cuervo, please . . . no other adds such character to a manhattan, fizz or sour. For 150 years a fine liquor of the New World. Try it!

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

would find a way of bringing out a bill that he could sign. Members of the White House staff, however, are saying that if the President gets nothing better than the Senate version, he will veto it. This kind of talk is routine procedure for Presidential advisers when it appears that a bill may not be all they want it to be; they hope that talk of a veto will lead Congress to meet the White House terms. But the President faces a choice of this civil-rights bill or none at all in the present Congress, since it is clear that no more effective piece of legislation can be passed this year or next. Furthermore, he faces a choice of fulfilling one major campaign pledge in 1957 or none at all. Thus far, the Eighty-fifth Congress has tabled, voted down, or gutted every proposal that has come to it from the President. It has rejected his school-construction bill, put aside his health-insurance program, ignored his plea for Hawaiian and Alaskan statehood, and cut to pieces his immigration and foreign-aid bills. There are those who maintain that the Senate has mutilated his civil-rights bill, too, but the organizations that originally pressed it upon him—the state committees of his party in the North, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the trade unions—are agreed that the Senate version represents a substantial gain, and they want him to sign it. It seems unlikely that he will disappoint them.

IN any event, it has come as a great surprise to most people here that a bill with as much marrow and gristle as this one has managed to make it this year. Two years ago, the civil-rights militants were discouraged from attempting to get a law passed that would have done nothing more than create the independent fact-finding commission to be established by this bill—and that plan did not even call for subpoena powers for the commission. Last year, when the President spoke of his hopes for civil rights, he said nothing about new right-to-vote laws; he wanted only the commission and the civil-rights division in the Department of Justice. Six weeks ago, hardly anyone thought that a civil-rights bill of any description could get through the Senate. The only speculation then was when the Southern filibuster would begin and how much damage the Democratic Party would have suffered by the time the whole affair was over. The spokesman for most of the Southern senators—Richard Russell, of Georgia—had said that



shag-skinner, none slimmer...in grey, raisin brown, black, rust, beige, or navy plush suede. 14.95

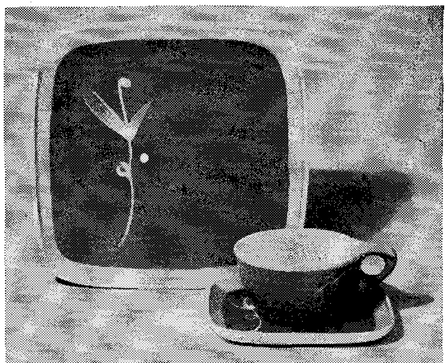
andrew geller
new york chicago

TREAS-URER
CYCLONE A.C. CLUBHOUZE
C
C
Hoff

A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. The proper surroundings are *so* important to an executive! So give *your* office comfort and quiet with a distinctive Bigelow carpet. Special designs and colors available. Call any Bigelow district office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., New York City. Bigelow, Number 1 name in Carpets.

(Advertisement)



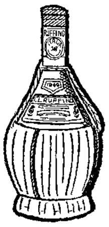
lovely ceramic tableware

A six piece place setting specially designed and exclusive with America House. Glazed in a beautiful, light Chinese blue or soft corn yellow with motif and rims in muted white. Heat and chip resistant. $12.00 per six piece place setting. 9" square dinner plate, $3.30 each. Cup and saucer, $3.25. Salad, $1.75. Bread and butter, $1.30. Soup bowl, $2.40. Express charges collect.

new catalog on request at

AMERICA HOUSE

32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0839



Only 2 things make Italian food taste better... a good cook and

RUFFINO

Italy's Prize

CHIANTI

Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

the Salton HOTRAY®

the automatic food warmer that keeps hot foods hot!

Write for name of nearest dealer.

Salton MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
308 E. 95th ST., NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

he hoped to avoid a filibuster, but he had warned that his hopes might easily be dashed. "We shall be reasonable men in the course of this debate, insofar as we are permitted to be reasonable," he told the Senate. It was, he said, within the power of the supporters of the legislation to preserve the reasonableness of the Southerners. "I say again," he said again, "that we assume no responsibility for what ensues. We did not provoke or bring this issue forward." Olin Johnston, a bellowing populist from South Carolina, proclaimed himself to be in good voice and said that he was ready with an amendment providing federal funds to meet the funeral expenses of the members of the Civil Rights Commission in the unlikely event that the commission should ever come into being. Johnston was one of three senators—the others being Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, and James O. Eastland, of Mississippi—who could not be counted upon to accept Senator Russell's leadership. So certain was the Washington *Post* of the inevitability of the usual Southern response that it reported on July 9th, when debate was proceeding in a relatively decorous fashion, that "the Senate has begun what may become its most momentous filibuster." A few days later, the *Post* reported that "the badly split Democratic Party has actually ceased to function as the controlling arm of the Senate for the duration of the civil-rights controversy." The second report was as premature as the first. No filibuster took place, and while the Democratic Party, which provided every one of the eighteen Senate votes against the amended bill, may not have improved its standing among Negro voters, it emerged from the controversy with a considerably greater degree of unity than it had had when the controversy started. The Democrats, in fact, not only controlled the Senate throughout the debate but shaped those sections of the bill on which the debate centered. If Mr. Eisenhower decides to sign the bill in the version he is most likely to get, he will have in common with Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman the experience of approving a piece of legislation whose vital and operative sections have come largely from the hands of Benjamin V. Cohen and Dean Acheson. When a deadlock appeared to be in the making over the Southern demand that anyone charged with contempt of court under Section III of the pending bill be granted a trial by jury, it was these veteran draftsmen—applying an idea developed by Senators O'Mahoney, of Wyoming; Kefauver, of Tennessee; and Church, of Idaho—who worked out the formula under which criminal contempt was to be found by a jury and civil contempt by the court.

COHEN and Acheson supplied the effective language of compromise, but the accommodations themselves were negotiated by the Senate's majority and minority leaders. It was Lyndon Johnson who forestalled a filibuster, and it was William Knowland who prevailed upon the Republicans not to press for the political advantages they might have won if they had resisted any trafficking with the enemy. Senator Knowland's task may have been quite as formidable as Senator Johnson's, but at least he had a rough and politically unassailable logic on his side. No Republican senator stood to lose anything by supporting either the militant version of the bill, as it originally came from the Attorney General's office, or the somewhat more moderate version worked out by the Democrats. As long as the Republican senators voted for the strongest bill available, they were above reproach. Senator Johnson, however, had to reconcile two directly conflicting interests in his party: the Southerners, who wanted no bill at all, and the Northern liberals—particularly those from the large Eastern states—who would have welcomed the chance to outbid the Republicans in favoring the minorities. He approached the Southerners with two arguments—one essentially patriotic and the other essentially political. The patriotic one was that a filibuster would put the United States in a bad light throughout the world; the United States Information Service, which nowadays broadcasts quite elaborate daily reports of the proceedings in Congress, would be forced to spread news of it over every continent, and it would surely be seized upon by anti-American propagandists. A good many senators—including Senator Russell—were impressed by this consideration, but the really clinching argument, in the view of those who assisted Senator Johnson, was the political one. The political argument was simply that a filibuster wouldn't work. The Southern Democrats, he pointed out, had been able to maintain the Senate rules that permitted filibusters only because over the past twenty years they had had an effective alliance with conservative Republicans. In the days of Senator Taft's leadership, the conservative Republicans never worked up much enthusiasm for civil-rights legislation, and they were perfectly content to go along with the Southerners in standing off the liberals on bills repugnant to the South in exchange for the frequent support they got from the South in their harassment of Democratic Presidents. But all that, Senator Johnson was able to point out, had changed. Mr. Eisenhower had demanded that civil rights be made a matter of high Party policy, and most of the Republicans in the Senate had gone along with the President. The coalition of conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans had been smashed, at least as far as civil rights were concerned, by the prospect of a shift in the Negro vote in the North from the Democrats to the Republicans. Senator Johnson said that in his opinion a filibuster this year would be broken at a fairly early stage, and that the certain consequence would be a civil-rights bill less considerate of the views of the Southern delegation than one that might be obtained by a gentlemanly compromise. There are some people here who have doubts about Senator Johnson's ingenuousness in advancing this argument, which is said to have mightily impressed the Southern delegation. It is a fact that the conservative Republicans had left the coalition on civil rights and were talking, for public consumption, like so many hot abolitionists. But it does not necessarily follow that on this account the civil-rights bill of 1957 could not have been filibustered to death. The final voting showed seventeen Southerners against any civil-rights law, and of these there were surely ten who would have joined a filibuster if one had got under way. In the past, smaller minorities have blocked legislation by the exercise of the right of unlimited debate. Nevertheless, a number of senators have said that they decided against a filibuster when Lyndon Johnson assured them it would lead to the enactment of a stronger bill.

Wherever Senator Johnson did meet with disbelief in his contention that a filibuster this year would be self-defeating, he resorted to the proposition that a filibuster this year, whether successful or not, would be the last ever to take place. If the civil-rights bill fell because of the rule of unlimited debate, the Republicans and the Northern Democrats would be under irresistible pressure to alter the rules in the next

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
JUSTERINI & BROOKS

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

The best is worth waiting for

The popularity of J & B Rare Scotch is very gratifying — but it has also resulted in unavoidable shortages. We're hoping to correct this and ask your forbearance if you, too, are having difficulty in securing your usual requirements. Thanks for your patience.

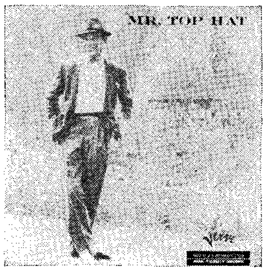
Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20

M W
SINCE 1896
MANNY WOLF'S
STEAKS · CHOPS
PRIME RIBS
LOBSTERS
49th ST. at 3rd Ave.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN
IN CENTRAL PARK
W. 67th ST. Entrance
SC 4-8100
DINNER—SUPPER
DANCING
NIGHTLY til 2, SATURDAY til 3
OPEN ALL YEAR (Exc. Mon.)
AMPLE PARKING



RECORD EXCITEMENT

Mr. Top Hat—
Fred Astaire

MG V-2010
Verve

LABOR DAY need not mean the end of feeling and looking fit. Continue to keep in trim by joining the Health Roof Club, so popular with busy business men. Open air sunbathing on Roof, game courts, golf practice, gymnasium, steam and massage. Entrance 247 Park or 480 Lexington.

Reopening Tuesday
September 3rd

Embassy Club

Theatre Dinner—$4.50
Dinner.
After Theatre Supper
CHAUNCEY GRAY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
QUINTERO
& HIS RHUMBA BAND
JANI SARKOZI
AND HIS ROYAL
HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

The Ambassador
PARK AVE. at 51 ST., PL 5-1000
R. K. Christenberry, *President*

IRRESISTIBLE!
RCA VICTOR'S EXCLUSIVE ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM OF BROADWAY'S NEWEST MUSICAL HIT!

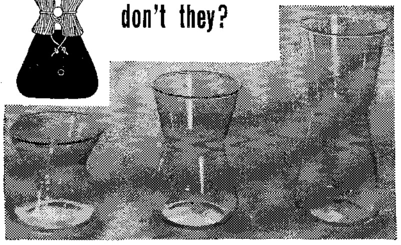
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
RCA VICTOR
Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town

Long Play $4.98 Complete on 45 EP (Economy Package) $2.98
RECORDED IN NEW ORTHOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY
RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES

THE Pearson HOTEL
CHICAGO
190 E. PEARSON ST.
A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.

Air Conditioning and Television in every guest room

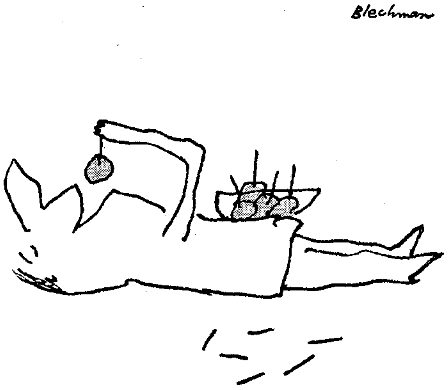
CHEMEX® Drinking Glasses!
They really look like me . . . don't they?



8 oz. 1.25 11 oz. 1.75 16 oz. 2.00
For iced coffee, juice, drinks, beer, cocktails. Handblown PYREX brand glass. Great Gift!
Sample box (2 of each) $10.00
© 1957 by
Send your order to:
CHEMEX CORP. 41 Murray Street, New York 7, N. Y.

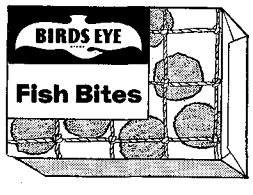
session, and the South is no longer strong enough to muster the thirty-three votes needed to turn back a movement to change the Senate rules.

By one means or another, Johnson persuaded every Southern senator that it would not do to have a filibuster this year, and he came close to complete success in his pleas to avoid inflammatory language. Now and then, Senator Eastland or Senator Johnston got off the reservation, but by and large the floor debate was in good taste on both sides. For all this, of course, a price had to be paid. Some of the bill's teeth had to be drawn, and the Republican and Democratic senators who favored the original version had to be persuaded to accept the amendments. The astonishing thing is that the bill passed with only a small part of its original substance gone, and the lesson that must evidently be drawn from this is that in law, as in real estate, it is a good idea to begin negotiations with a stiff asking price. If, for example, the bill had called only for a Civil Rights Commission with powers of subpoena and a Civil Rights Division in the Department of Justice—as it did in one of the early drafting stages—the elimination of one or the other of these would have been demanded by the South. But in the omnibus form in which it reached the Senate it asked for both of these and a good deal more, and Senator Russell became so absorbed in some of the unexpected additions—and eventually so enraged by one of them—that he never got around to objecting to several of the bill's leading features. What enraged him was a portion of the bill that added two new subsections to Section 1985 of the United States Code. Section 1985, it turned out, was a Reconstruction statute dealing with conspiracies to deprive citizens of their Constitutional rights. To most lawyers, it appears to cover no ground that is not covered in several other laws and in the Constitution itself, but it was aimed at the South when it was enacted, and it was cast in archaic Reconstruction language. (It provides penalties for those who "go in disguise on the highway" to deprive others of their legal rights—the penalties, of course, being the same for those who do not affect disguise or who stay off the highways.) Senator Russell spoke of the infamous origins of this statute—of the aim of its authors to "put black heels on white necks"—and he and his supporters regarded it as a great victory when they managed to eliminate the references to—and the implied endorsement of—



A cocktail guest name of Lore,
Who suddenly stretched on the floor,
Said: "These Birds Eye Fish Bites
Are such utter delights,
I *must* save my strength to eat more!"

also salubrious
as a main dish



Product of General Foods

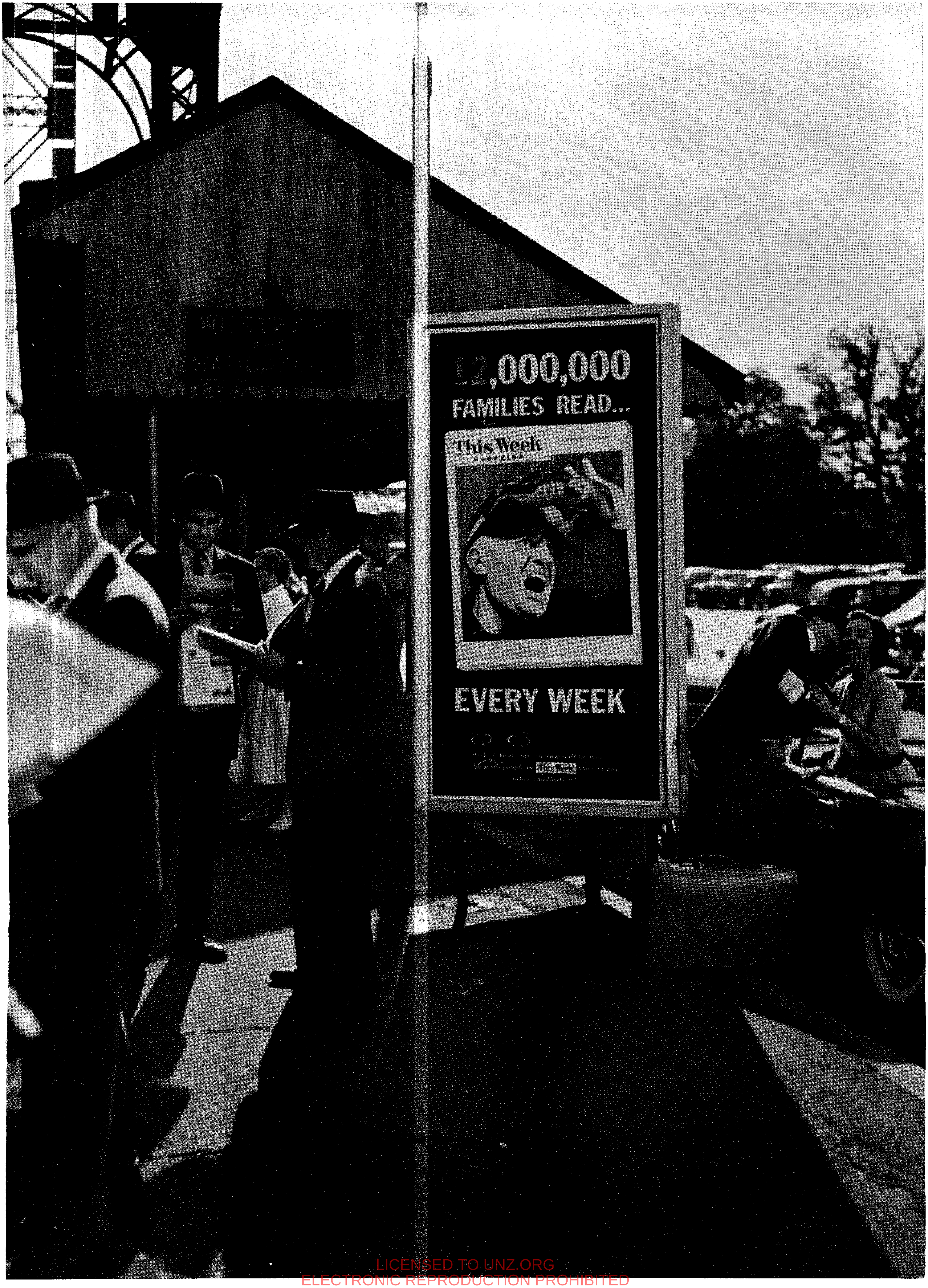
How to start a conversation!
Get away from the humdrum... serve those delicious island drinks with...

IMPORTED
DAGGER
PUNCH BRAND
JAMAICA RUM
8

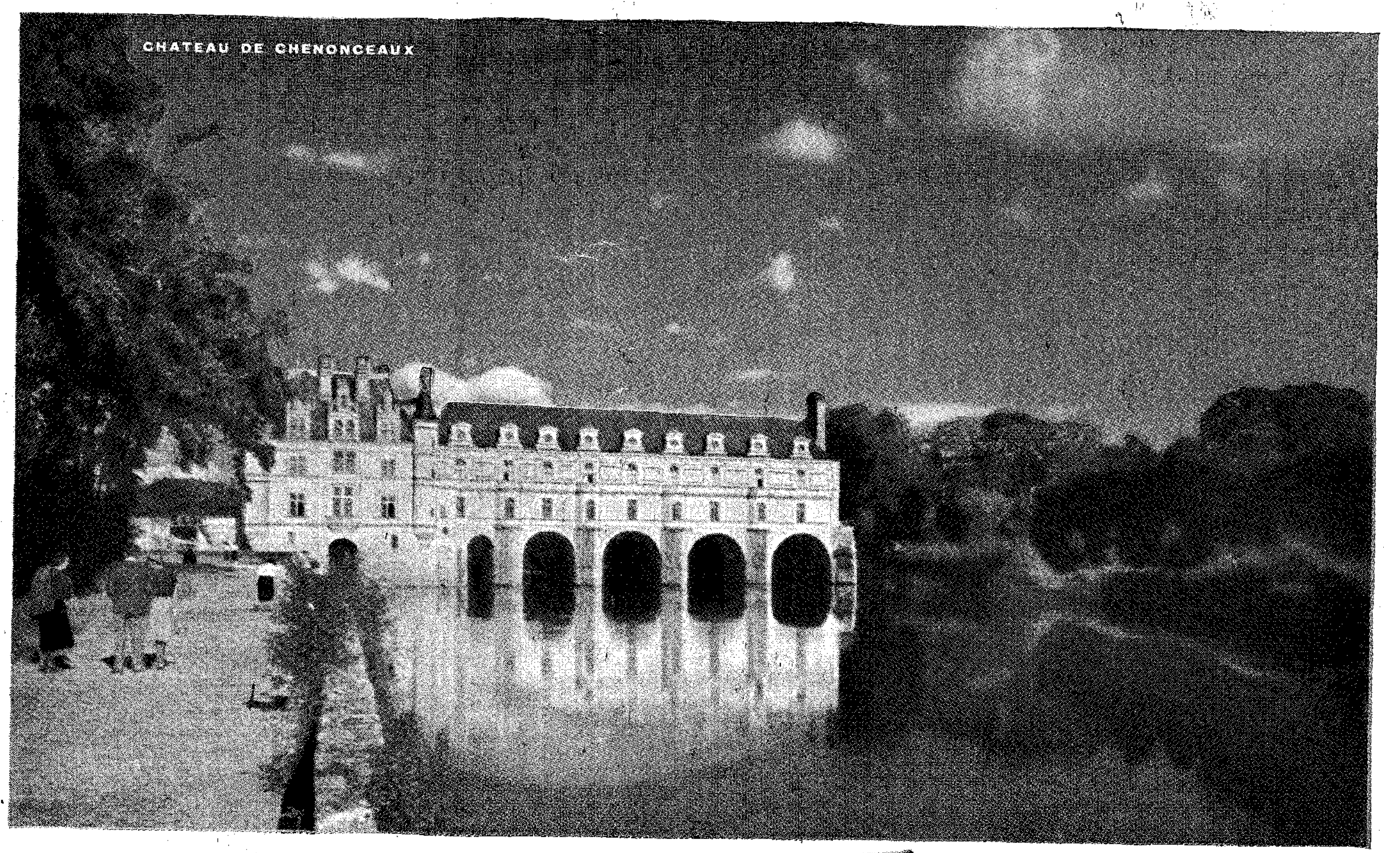
DAGGER
Jamaica Rum
8 years old
The recipes are on the bottle
97 Proof Schieffelin & Co., New York

Robert McPherson Sylvester refers to the Left Bank as "the after-nightclub nightclub"
You can swing, too . . . 4:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M.
at 309 West 50th, N. Y. C. Co 5-8956

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N. Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT


12,000,000
FAMILIES READ...
This Week
MAGAZINE
EVERY WEEK

France is motoring to Chateaux along the Loire . . . thrilling "corridas" in Roman arenas in Provence dining in a tiny auberge in Arcachon . . . basking on the Riviera the constant excitement of Montmartre and everywhere that wonderful "joie de vivre"!



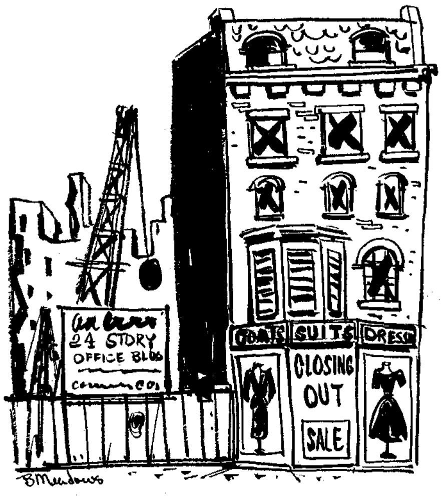
If you love life — you'll love . . . **France**

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Montreal

See your travel agent now . . .
for booklets and maps write:
Dept. NY-3, Box 221, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Section 1985. Their only other really serious demand was to have all contempt-of-court cases tried by juries. This went close to the heart of the matter and led to complications. A flat acceptance of the South's terms would have made the bill unacceptable to most Northern senators and to the administration, and would also have led to grave difficulties in the functioning of the federal-court system. It was at this point that Dean Acheson and Benjamin Cohen were brought in to make an effective distinction, in proper statutory language, between criminal contempt, in which, under this bill, the facts would be found by a jury, and civil contempt, in which there would be no jury trial. From the Southern point of view, the gain is almost wholly psychological; no Southerner can now be found guilty of an offense that, largely for technical reasons, is described as "criminal," except by a Southern jury. From the point of view of the federal prosecutors, the loss is of no great consequence. The main reason for instituting contempt proceedings is to obtain compliance with the law, and under the bill, as amended, this will be handled in the simplest and most expedient way, which, in the judgment of most lawyers, would be on the civil side of the law. In such proceedings, a federal judge may order whatever penalties he believes are required to obtain the defendant's acquiescence.

THE strategy that produced the civil-rights bill in its present form will be studied and analyzed here for some time to come, since the performance was, in almost every respect, the most successful one of recent years. An effective bill dealing with matters of great delicacy was passed. The party that seemed about to be torn in two by the controversy achieved greater unity than it has had in two decades. (In the



ORIGINAL MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
IMPORTED GERMAN BEER

Here, indeed, is beer with unique character and zest . . . born through masterful blending of the world's finest ingredients, matured to a palate-pleasing, full bodied flavor. In bottles or kegs, internationally famous Munich Löwenbräu —best known brand of German beer—is available in better restaurants, delicatessens and grocery stores.

Imported by
HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC.
NEW YORK 51, NEW YORK
LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
LARGEST BREWERY IN SOUTH GERMANY
IN EXISTENCE OVER 550 YEARS
MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
LIGHT SPECIAL
BAVARIAN BEER
BREWED & BOTTLED IN GERMANY
IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME________________________

ADDRESS________________________

(Please include postal zone number)

end, five Southern senators—two from Texas, two from Tennessee, and one from Florida—voted for the bill. The Florida senator, George A. Smathers, is reported to have said that he considered the bill no less pernicious when he voted for it than when he had spoken against it, but that he cast an affirmative vote as an expression of his gratitude to the Senate for the understanding it showed of the South's position. Moreover, it has been reported that two or three other Southern senators were perfectly willing to vote for the bill as amended but refrained from doing so because they feared that their support would give it a bad name in the North.) The bill, if it becomes law, will surely lead to an increased exercise of suffrage in the South, and will thus go a considerable distance toward restoring American prestige in those parts of the world where it has been lowered by reports of the disenfranchisement of American Negroes. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

●

Grace Kelly, as a princess, still has her sense of humor.

So says Alec Guinness, on location in Ceylon for Sam Spiegel's Horizon Picture, "The Bridge on the River Kwai," Columbia release in Cinema-Scope and Technicolor.

Guinness told co-star William Holden that when he was making a film with the beautiful star in the United States, he was presented with a stone tomahawk by an Indian tribe, and, as a gag, had a maid put the cold artifact in Miss Kelly's bed.

Eighteen months later Miss Kelly was a princess in Monaco, and Guinness was moving into a new home he had just built. Upon retiring the first night, Guinness stretched out in bed—his feet touching the cold tomahawk. "I can't imagine how she remembered, let alone got the thing in my bed so far away," said Guinness.—*Press release from Horizon Pictures.*

Come, now, Guinness, a lady doesn't forget a cold artifact.

●

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

(DYNAMIC LOUIS GLICKMAN DIVISION)

[*From a public-relations portfolio put out by Tex McCrary, Inc., New York*]

GLICKMAN CORPORATION

Dynamic Louis J. Glickman, 52, whose motto is "Make No Little Plans," has been involved in real estate transactions in the United States and Canada totalling more than a half-billion dollars.

Present holdings of the Glickman Corporation include properties in 24 key cities, notably New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston, Tulsa, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. and Toronto.

Glickman created a recent stir when he purchased famed Carnegie Hall in New York for $5 million cash. He plans to raze the structure and replace it with a unique, 44-story skyscraper office building.

Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3, St. James's Street, London
Product of Scotland
Imported by The Buckingham Corporation, New York
Sole selling agents for the United States of America

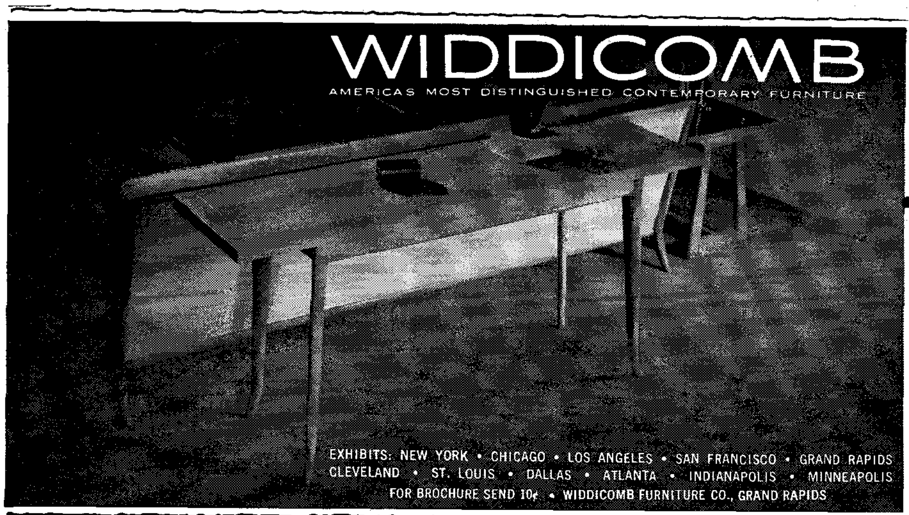
SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK


WIDDICOMB

AMERICAS MOST DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE

EXHIBITS: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • GRAND RAPIDS
CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • MINNEAPOLIS
FOR BROCHURE SEND 10¢ • WIDDICOMB FURNITURE CO., GRAND RAPIDS

To an Unknown Lady

— who seeks to be wise in the ways of love and in the art of happiness—candid advice on how to be happy and make men happy.

"Very charming, very French, very Maurois."
— *Harper's*

from
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
$2.95 at your bookstore
DUTTON

A. B. Griswold

DATED BUDDHA IMAGES OF NORTHERN SIAM

With an introduction by George Coedes

Here is the story of a splendid but little-known religious art. The plates illustrate nearly eighty images which bear dated inscriptions.

The chronology of art in all the Hinayana countries is full of unsolved problems. Against the dated series, which is far more extensive than any previously published, the author tests the usual methods of solving such problems, and reaches some disconcerting conclusions.

Connoisseurs and collectors will now be able, for the first time, to judge the bronzes of northern Siam adequately.

97 pages, 56 plates, 12 illustrations in the text, 1 map. Size 23 x 32 cm. Cloth bound. Swiss frs. 36.50 or $8.50

Orders accepted through Remington Putnam Book Co., 347 N. Charles St., Baltimore I, Md., any agent or bookseller, or

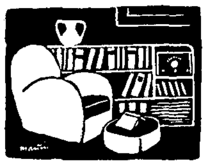
directly by ARTIBUS ASIAE, PUBLISHERS ASCONA, SWITZERLAND

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Use of Riches, by J. I. M. Stewart (Norton). A curiously old-fashioned novel, full of twists and surprises, about a British businessman and his wife, once married to a painter, who go off to Italy in response to an urgent, puzzling cable. Mr. Stewart, who writes detective stories under the name of Michael Innes, has a poky, elderly style, but, even so, he manages to keep things moving and to hang on to the reader all the way to the end.



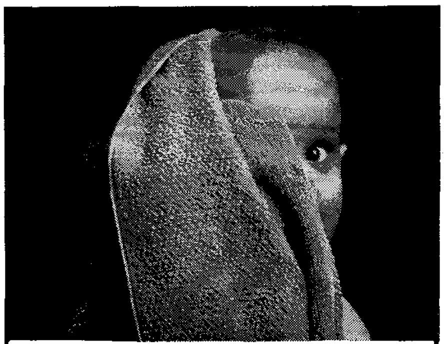
From the Dark Tower, by Ernst Pawel (Macmillan). Abe Rogoff, who has spent a good many fairly contented years commuting between the well-to-do suburb where he lives and his office in the Tower Mutual Life Insurance Building, is shocked by the suicide of his best friend into realizing that his life has degenerated into a dull and dishonorable rut. Rogoff is an extremely serious middle-aged man whose sincerity makes up to some extent for the banality of his mind, and this is the story of his efforts to free himself from the web of security and protection in which he has become imprisoned.

GENERAL

The Trial of Marshal Ney, by Harold Kurtz (Knopf). In 1815, not long after the Battle of Waterloo, Michel Ney, Marshal of France, was tried and executed for treason. Ney, whom Napoleon had given a high command and called "the bravest of the brave," had remained a marshal after Louis XVIII was installed in Paris for the first time. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Ney switched sides and commanded the Old Guard at Waterloo. It was not surprising that, upon the restoration of Louis, he should have been shot for treason, but to a great many Frenchmen the execution appeared to be a political murder. It was, as Fouché remarked on another occasion, worse than a crime, it was a mistake—and a mistake that was to haunt French political life for a half century. This book describes—minutely and with drama—the trial and the complex of events that preceded it, and contains a good deal of impressive detective work; the author proves that the Duke of Wellington did not intercede in Ney's behalf, as he could easily have done, and destroys the legend that Ney escaped his jailers and ended his life as a drunken schoolmaster in North Carolina. An excellent work that will interest anyone with an affection for nineteenth-century history. Illustrated.

These Are the British, by Drew Middleton (Knopf). A serious book, but graced by a light touch. The London correspondent for the New York *Times*, who has known England since 1939—when, one might say, her modern history began—takes a less sombre view of the British and their future in an uncertain world than many of England's own observers. He does not believe that Britain is "through" or that her toughness has been sapped by war, austerity, and permanent crisis. Mr. Middleton discusses everyday British life—the monarchy, the burgeoning middle class (now cautiously enjoying a new prosperity and sending its sons to the good public schools), and the workingmen's pleasures and travails. The Merrie England of foxhunting and roast beef, he says, is just about dead (a new coffee bar in Stratford on Avon is called the Hey, Calypso, and a pub in Cambridge serves ice cream at the bar), but he is sure that there'll always be an England: Lord Cholmondeley recently spoke in the House of Lords for the first time in thirty-two years; he talked about rabbits.

The Conquest of Peru, by William H. Prescott (Heritage). Samuel Eliot Morison, in his introduction to this splendid new edition, says that "Prescott is one of the very few historians whose works have successfully withstood a century of criticism, and which still interest and enchant us by the beauty, as well as the masculine strength, of their style." This estimate, though generous, is exact. It is possible only to add that the narrative power and unshakable authority with which Prescott depicted the malignant might of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Spain nowhere manifest themselves more rewardingly than in his blood-drenched account



Peek A Boo!

I see you're carrying First National City Bank Travelers Checks

You better had! Mom, Dad, and everybody does. Best thing you know for protecting your travel funds—wherever you go! Lost or stolen Travelers Checks are promptly refunded. Cost $1 per $100 purchased. Good until used. Buy them at your BANK.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THE SEASON'S UNRIVALED LAUGH BEST SELLER
"FUNNY INDEED" —N. Y. Times

By DOROTHY ERSKINE (THE CRYSTAL BOAT) and PATRICK DENNIS (AUNTIE MAME)

THE Pink Hotel

THE STORY OF A RESORT HOTEL

$3.50 PUTNAM

"Beautiful, unique . . . sensuous and wise in its scrutiny of love."
— *Gore Vidal*

Justine

"is the spirit of Alexandria, sensual and sceptical, self-torturing and passionate."
— *Cyril Connolly*

THE NEW NOVEL *by*
LAWRENCE DURRELL

$3.50 at your bookstore
DUTTON

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

"I came home forever!"

What a sigh of relief is contained in those words of Charles Lamb when he left his clerkship at India House in London in 1825. He would miss the high desk and stool he had occupied for more than 30 years, of course. But now there would be leisure to read the books he had been accumulating, to walk and talk with Coleridge and his other friends, to do all the things he had been putting off for lack of time.

Lamb looked forward to retirement because he was *prepared* for it, both mentally and financially, as everyone should be. Today Social Security helps, of course, and so does a pension. But few are the people who can live on those alone without supplementary income. And supplementary income is something that must be provided for in advance.

If you're concerned about your standard of living in retirement, we have two leaflets we think may interest you. One is called "So You'd Like to Retire in About 25 Years." The other, "Twenty Stocks for Long-Term Investment." They will be sent to you without charge or obligation if you'll just put your name and address on a card and mail it to—

FRANK V. DEEGAN

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities

of the brisk overthrow of the largest and most magnificent of Indian civilizations by a shifty illiterate and a handful of riffraff companions. Striking drawings in color by Everett Gee Jackson.

MODERN SCIENCE AND THE NATURE OF LIFE, by William S. Beck (Harcourt, Brace). An attempt, by an assistant professor of medicine at the University of California at Los Angeles, to bridge—if only for foot traffic—the widening abyss of incomprehension that separates the man in the street from the man in the laboratory. Dr. Beck's approach is not the usual refresher course in biology, physics, and chemistry, designed to lift us bodily to the mid-twentieth-century level. His means are more basic and far more useful. He defines (and illustrates) the scientific method, he discusses the philosophy of science that values "exploration and understanding above mere usefulness," and he heightens our perceptions to the point where we can recognize not only "the sweetness of a successful experiment" but "the gall of contrary evidence."

THE SCYTHIANS, by Tamara Talbot Rice (Praeger). An addition to the Ancient Peoples and Places series, this book deals with the mysterious and fascinating Scythians, a nomad people who minted no coins, had no alphabet, and left little reliable history. Their culture can be reconstructed from their unbelievably rich tombs, in which a chief might be buried with hundreds of resplendently caparisoned horses, the warrior himself clad in an ermine coat trimmed with gold, his nostrils stuffed with precious stones, his ears stopped with cloisonné enamel, and everything decorated and patterned with incredible intricacy. Mrs. Rice efficiently summarizes all we know about the Scythians, and her conclusion—that their principal legacy has been their superb art style—is amply borne out by the book's abundance of fine plates and text figures.

•

The Louisville Symphony, under Robert Whitney, will appear on Aug. 30 in an all-Gershwin program with Eugene List, pianist; Skitch Henderson will conduct the Louisville Symphony on Aug. 31, and Izler Solomon will lead the French Lick Festival Orchestra, which will combine Louisville and Indianapolis Symphony personnel, for the final concert. "Back Home to Indiana" will be the theme of the final night, and the music will be by Tchaikovsky.—*Edward Downes in the Times.*

A grand fellow and a great Hoosier.

SHE DESERVES TO EAT OUT

—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!

PRESSURE PACKED Chase & Sanborn COFFEE

Facing Lake Michigan on the Gold Coast

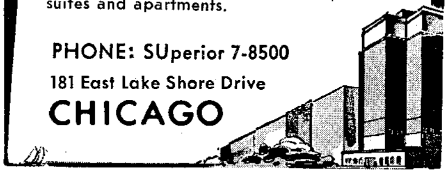
Lake Shore Drive HOTEL

Enjoy air-conditioned luxury only five minutes from downtown . . . steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments.

PHONE: SUperior 7-8500

181 East Lake Shore Drive

CHICAGO



RECORD EXCITEMENT

Anita—
Anita O'Day
Sings

MG V-2000

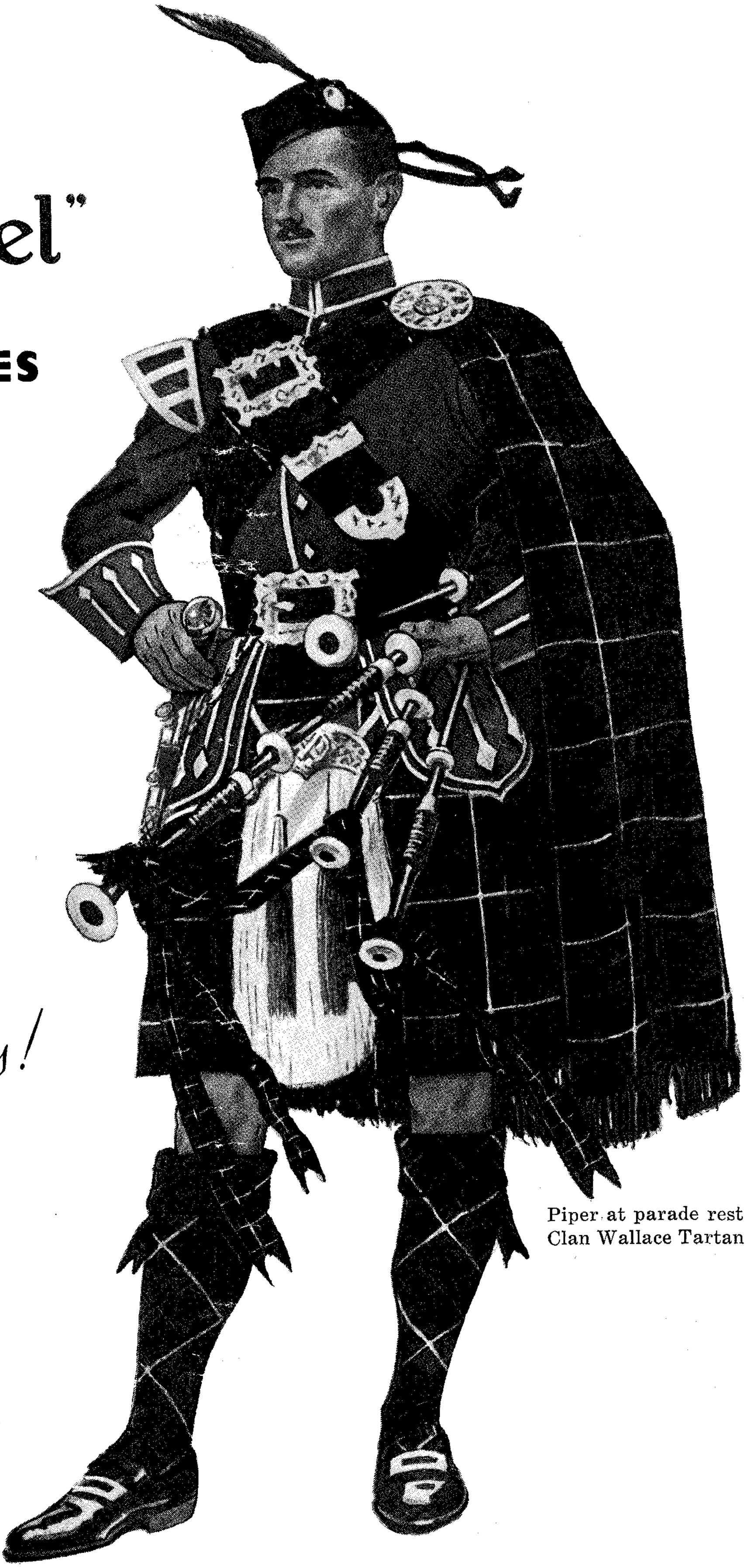
Verve

THE HOTEL OF THE AMERICAS

americana

BAL HARBOUR, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and ANCESTOR
SCOTCH WHISKIES



Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

Famed are the clans of Scotland ... their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Ancestor, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

"White Label"
Dewar's
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
Distillers
Perth
86.8° Proof
Ancestor
Dewar's
Blended Scotch Whisky
4/5 Quart

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

SCOTCH WITH A HISTORY
Imported in Bottle from Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
OLD Smuggler
Blended SCOTCH Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies · 86 Proof · Four fifths Quart
Blended and Bottled by Jas. & Geo. Stodart Ltd
Distillers, Forres, Dumbarton & Glasgow
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The Fashionable Scotch

SCOTSMEN, who are supercritical about their traditional drink, describe Old Smuggler as a "fashionable Scotch." Because it is developed with patience and scruple—because it carries on quality traditions that date back to 1835—and because it is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour.

More and more Americans agree with this verdict. Which is why, when Old Smuggler is poured, men frequently say, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

A Scotch of the choice character of Old Smuggler deserves to be seen in its true color; therefore, the bottle is made of clearest glass.

If you have not yet enjoyed the superb delight of Old Smuggler, why not ask for it by name the next time? You will be richly rewarded.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
Imported by
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N. Y., N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

OLD Smuggler

SCOTCH with a History